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HAS THE REVOLUTION A FUTURE?

edited by
Stephen Spender &
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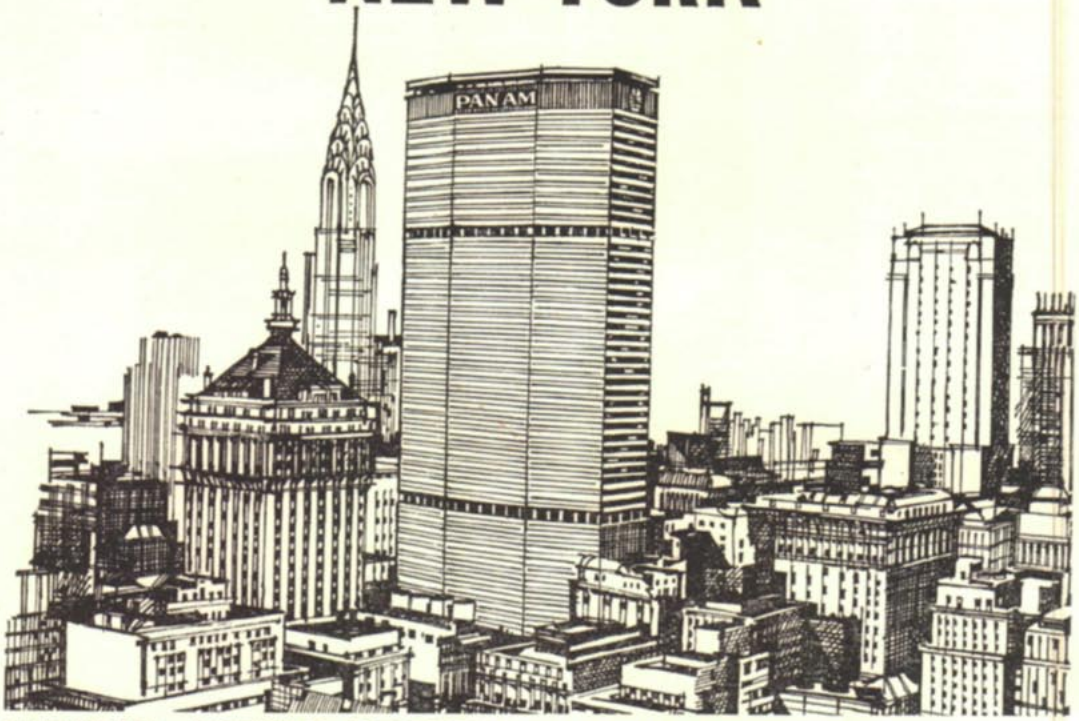

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Encounter

Edited by STEPHEN SPENDER *and* MELVIN J. LASKY

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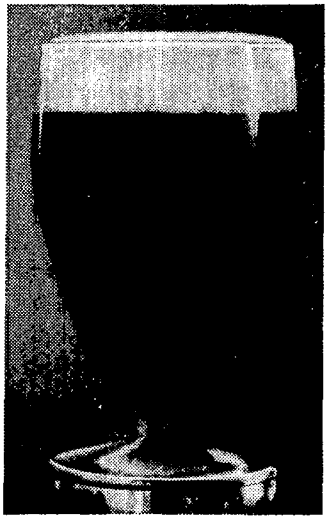

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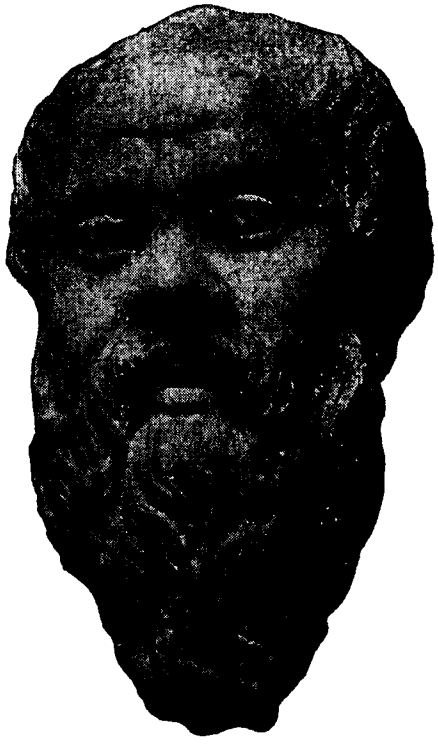

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Richard Lowenthal

Has the Revolution a Future?

The Prospects for Pluralistic Communism

THE HISTORY of World Communism, conceived as a united movement with a common doctrine and strategy formulated from a single centre, is at an end. One hundred years after the foundation of the First International (and fifty years after Lenin proclaimed the need to form the Third in order to replace the Second), the doctrinal and organisational unity of the "world party" created by Lenin has been finally broken by the rival claims to leadership of the two Communist Great Powers, and the resulting schism has opened up new possibilities of independent development to many non-ruling and even some ruling Communist parties. International Communism has no longer a single world-wide organisation, a single centre of authority, or a single "orthodox" doctrine.

But if the history of "World Communism" is at an end, the history of Communism in the world is not. Now as before the schism, a nuclear world power, the Soviet Union, is ruled by a Communist party; it exerts its regional hegemony over a number of East European countries (as well as over Outer Mongolia) partly by its ties to the Communist parties ruling them; and it seeks to retain (and, in part, revive) its guiding influence on the majority of other Communist parties, including the ruling party of Cuba. The greatest regional power in Asia, the Chinese People's Republic, is governed by its own form of Communism; it controls the Communist régimes of North Korea and North Vietnam, and is actively engaged in laying the doctrinal and organisational foundations of a new revolutionary International with its centre of gravity in the underdeveloped continents; in this effort, it already enjoys the support of some of the leading Communist parties of Asia as well as of considerable sections in Latin America. Further, a number of the non-ruling Communist parties, regardless of their allegiance to either side (and often in proportion to their growing independence), continue to play a major political role in their countries; a few at least must be considered as serious potential contenders for national power. Elements of the Communist ideology also exert a substantial influence on the political and intellectual élites of underdeveloped countries even where no effective Communist organisation exists at all.

This contrast between the dramatic break-up of the Communist "monolith" and the continued importance (and even vitality) of the pieces raises a fundamental question concerning the significance of the whole event. Are we simply confronted with a new plurality of Communist states and parties of a familiar type, each pursuing its own separate interests in power politics but each retaining the same structural characteristics and ideological goals? Is it con-

PROFESSOR RICHARD LOWENTHAL, *who is spending this year at Columbia University in New York, has just had published by Oxford University Press his studies of* World Communism: The Disintegration of a Secular Faith. *The book includes some of the articles previously contributed to* ENCOUNTER. *His new studies will be published by Stanford University Press* (*see p. 91*).

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ceivable that Communism should have ceased to be truly international, *i.e.*, world-wide and single-centred, without otherwise changing its nature? Or must the schism be viewed as both an effect and an additional cause of divergent trends of development in different parts of the Communist world—so that we are dealing with increasingly different types of Communist régimes and increasingly different versions of the Communist doctrine, exerting their attraction in correspondingly different social and cultural conditions? In other words, will the terms "Communist party" and "Communist régime" continue to have a clearly definable basic meaning despite the inevitable national variations of detail? Or will they eventually become as ambiguous as the term "socialism" has become following the break between Communists and Social Democrats after World War I?

Clearly, it is not possible to evaluate the prospects for the various Moscow-oriented, Peking-oriented, or independent forms of Communism without reference to the prospects for the further internal transformation of each of them. A first approach to an answer may emerge if we ask what factors have been decisive for preventing continued all-inclusive co-operation among independent Communist states, and for causing their differences to assume the form of a doctrinal schism.

I. *The Inevitability of Divergence*

The Causes of Schism

ANY ENQUIRY into the nature of the schism must begin by recalling the "Cæsaro-papist" character of modern totalitarianism with its inseparable unity of state power and ideology. In any totalitarian Communist régime, the rulers must justify their rule in doctrinal terms; for the subjects, loyalty to the faith and obedience to the state coincide. Accordingly, the unity of the Communist World Party, such as we knew it for more than three decades, was built around the existence of a unique centre of both political power and doctrinal authority—the Soviet Union.

This uniqueness was ended and the foundations of world-wide Communist unity undermined by two events: the rise after 1949 of a second Communist Great Power in China, and the blow inflicted on Soviet authority by Nikita Khrushchev's "secret speech" of 1956. The emergence of a plurality of sovereign Communist states, with different national interests and internal problems resulting in differences of ideological outlook, was bound to put an end to the centralism of the Communist secular church. This was first proved when Communist Yugoslavia established its sovereignty in conflict with Stalin.[1] With the rise of Communist China, the unique position of the Soviet Union as a command centre for all Communist parties became definitely a thing of the past, and this was recognised implicitly in Stalin's dealings with China and explicitly by his heirs.

At first, both Soviet and non-Soviet Communists hoped that they would be able to preserve unity of policy without a unique centre of power, and respect for Soviet doctrinal authority without subordination to Soviet organisational discipline. They might have succeeded for a time because of the historical role of the Soviet Union and the Bolshevik party as the original model for Communists everywhere. But the chances of such success were critically impaired when Khrushchev, setting out to destroy the myth of Stalin's infallibility, destroyed forever the belief in the infallibility of the Soviet Communist party and thus precluded himself from inheriting Stalin's world-wide prestige. The shock of "de-Stalinisation" was the direct cause of the East European crisis of October 1956 and though the Chinese Communists then rendered active help in restoring Soviet leadership—in the hope of decisively influencing its future use—they never forgot that it rested henceforth on borrowed authority. The "secret speech" was certainly *not* the original cause of the Sino-Soviet conflict, as the Chinese have later claimed. Yet by damaging the traditional prestige of the Soviet Communist party beyond repair, it created the pre-condition for Peking's challenge to Moscow's world-wide leadership which was to turn that conflict into a schism.

The emergence of a plurality of sovereign

[1] See my "Tito's Gamble," ENCOUNTER, October 1958.

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Communist powers, and the vacancy of international authority created by de-Stalinisation, were thus basic for making the disintegration of the organisation and doctrine of world Communism possible. Given these two conditions, *any* major differences of national interest and internal ideological needs between the two principal Communist powers might lead to open political and doctrinal conflict between them—for each would now decide its policies *independently* and seek to justify them in ideological terms. The only way to maintain a measure of unity despite this new pluralistic constellation would have been a common effort to *tolerate* the inevitable political and doctrinal differences—to develop a looser form of international cooperation based on pragmatic compromise and ideological non-aggression. This would have required that neither Moscow nor Peking should henceforth claim a position of world leadership based on a monopoly of orthodoxy for its own interpretation of the doctrine. For such claims, being no longer based on unique power or unquestioned tradition, could now be made with equal justification by *either* side, and could only lead to mutual accusations of "heresy." But once such accusations were publicly raised in the forum of the international Communist movement, not only the international influence of the Soviet and Chinese leaders, but even the legitimacy of their rule in their own empires would be at stake in the factional struggle thus opened. And this would make retreat and compromise impossible, and organisational and doctrinal schism inevitable.

INDEED, AN AWARENESS of these dangers seems to have been the basis for the compromise reached by the Soviet and Chinese leaders in early 1959, at the time of the 21st Congress of the CPSU, when they temporarily agreed to keep their different views about the "People's Communes" without further polemics. When the Soviets responded to the Chinese ideological attacks throughout 1960 not only by rebutting them, but by declaring their willingness to renounce their world-wide "leading role," they were probably groping for a return to such a solution. It could be said that while the Soviets never abandoned the claim to be in the orthodox Leninist tradition, they have in recent years been more interested in remaining immune from outside ideological criticism than in enforcing world-wide ideological conformity. Provided they were left a free hand in developing their domestic, imperial, and world-wide policies, they have been increasingly willing to tolerate a measure of political (and even doctrinal) variety among their allies and comrades.

Conversely, it has been the Chinese who have consistently proclaimed the need for complete ideological unity based on a single doctrinal authority, first seeking to maintain the Soviets in that role and later challenging them to ideological debate. When the Soviets formally abandoned the "leading role" during the Moscow conference of eighty-one Communist parties in order to end the debate, the Chinese regarded this new compromise as a mere stage in a continuing ideological struggle to impose their own views on the world Communist movement, including the Soviet Union. It was this Chinese determination to replace the discredited authority of the "revisionists" in Moscow not by toleration of differences, but by assuming themselves the role of sole fountainhead of Leninist orthodoxy, that led to the collapse of the compromise (during the 22nd Congress of the CPSU in 1961) and, foiling all later attempts at an ideological truce, made it impossible to preserve a looser form of world-wide Communist unity on a pluralistic basis.

This contrast between the willingness of the Soviet leaders to adjust their policy, even though inconsistently and with many hesitations, to the new pluralism of Communist power, and the Chinese insistence on restoring complete doctrinal unity under single-centred leadership, has been crucial for the growth of the schism and may be expected largely to determine its future course. In part, it is obviously to be explained by the disproportion of material power between China and the Soviet Union—the dependence of the former on the economic, military, and diplomatic aid of the latter, and her inevitable dissatisfaction with the extent of that aid. The Soviets, sure that in any compromise reached by quiet diplomacy among allies their superior power would normally prevail, were clearly interested in keeping relations on this pragmatic level and avoiding the embarrassment of ideological disputes. The Chinese, frustrated in their more discreet efforts to influence Soviet policies, were increasingly tempted to try and put pressure on their powerful ally by ideological attacks—by questioning the orthodoxy of Soviet behaviour in the forum of the international Communist movement. There is no need here

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to recount in detail the frustrations Peking suffered in 1958–59—the disappointment of Chinese hopes in Soviet capital aid; the lack of Soviet regard for Chinese prestige in the Lebanon crisis; the limitation of Soviet military support for the attack on Quemoy; the Soviet refusal to help China become an atomic power; the critical neutrality towards China's frontier conflict with India; the Soviet efforts to establish a basis for a dialogue with the United States—nor to re-trace their translation into ideological terms. Yet in the course of 1960, the Chinese Communists found that their ideological attacks were not leading to an increase of Soviet aid, but to its total cessation. If, nevertheless, they decided to continue the struggle even after the compromise of the Moscow declaration, this cannot be explained by pure considerations of "power politics." By 1961, Mao must have come to be convinced that the Soviet outlook had become incurably "revisionist"—that they differed not only about particular policies, but about the basic tasks of a Communist party régime in the building of "socialism" at home and in fostering the advance of the world revolution.

IN FACT, these different concepts concerning the central issues of Communist doctrine and strategy have been made more and more explicit in the programmatic documents published by both sides since the 22nd Congress of the CPSU. Of course, this recent elaboration of increasingly complete rival interpretations of the "Marxist-Leninist" doctrine has been largely a result of the factional struggle for control of the world Communist movement. Yet it would be superficial to see these competing systems as *mere* ideological superstructures erected to justify a personal or national rivalry for world leadership. For while the rival systems are new in their present form, they have been built around differences of outlook that existed before the schism and indeed were largely responsible for causing it by leading Moscow and Peking to hold different ideas about the possible forms of international unity. Nor can these differences of outlook be understood as merely reflecting differences of national interest in the field of foreign policy. They are as much an expression of different internal needs resulting from the different roads travelled and the different stages reached by the two leading Communist régimes in their "construction of socialism."

The Dynamics of "De-Stalinisation"

THE FULL importance of these different internal needs of the Communist régimes will become clear once we recall that it was primarily for internal reasons that Khrushchev embarked on the difficult and dangerous path of de-Stalinisation. The central domestic task facing Stalin's Russian heirs (and more particularly Khrushchev, as the exponent of the efforts to restore the primacy of the party over all other power machines) was to adapt the rule of the CPSU to the needs of a growing industrial society. Khrushchev had understood at an early stage that Soviet society could not develop further without a drastic change in the methods of governing it—*a renunciation of mass terrorism* involving a major reduction in the role of police coercion in daily life and a major increase in the role of material incentives for the ordinary worker and peasant. He quickly found that the burcaucrats trained by Stalin could not be induced to change their methods unless the legend of Stalin's infallibility was destroyed first. The very fact that Khrushchev wanted to accomplish the change in the name of an ideological party forced him to justify it by an ideological break.

But the unforeseen consequences of de-Stalinisation did not remain confined to the damage to Russia's international authority. Internally, too, the renunciation of mass terrorism and the new emphasis on encouraging a steady growth of productivity were bound to lead to further changes in the dynamics of Soviet development.

Under Stalin, the creation of the material skeleton of an industrial society had been accompanied by periodic violent transformations of the social structure, "revolutions from above" intended in theory to get nearer to the goal of "a classless society" and serving in practice to prevent any consolidation of the body social that might weaken the power of the totalitarian state. Towards the end of his life, Stalin had proclaimed that the achievement of "true Communism" would require (apart from quantitative advances in productivity and corresponding increases of real income and reductions of working time) one more major structural change —the transformation of collective farm property into all-national property, ending the distinction between "collective farms" and "state farms," between collective peasants and state workers.

As late as the 21st Party Congress in 1959,

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Khrushchev, in outlining his own programme for the building of Communism, accepted the disappearance of the distinction between collective farms and state farms as a pre-condition for reaching the goal; and he announced a catalogue of measures aimed at bringing about this structural change. Yet while Stalin had envisaged an abolition of all monetary exchanges between the collective farms and the state and their replacement by barter contracts as the crucial step in this transformation, Khrushchev's reforms had tended for years to raise agricultural productivity by making all costs and prices comparable in monetary terms. Moreover, he was anxious to accomplish the new structural change without a setback to productivity, hence without violent upheaval. In short, Khrushchev was seeking to combine the dynamics of ever new structural change, required by Communist doctrine, with the dynamics of economic rationality, imposed by competition with the non-Communist world at the stage of development reached by Soviet society. Experience soon showed that the two were in conflict—that every local advance in structural change promptly resulted in losses in agricultural output.

By the time of the 22nd Congress (1961), economic rationality had won. In the new party programme, structural change was no longer demanded as a pre-condition for the transition to Communism, merely anticipated as a by-product of the long-term rise in productivity. For the first time, the effort to build Communism was now defined purely in terms of *quantitative economic improvement*, no longer in terms of the deliberate use of state power as an agent of social transformation. Correspondingly, the Soviet state was no longer described as a "dictatorship of the proletariat" exercised by its vanguard, the Communist party, but as *"a state of the whole people"* led by that party. The significant revision here was not the admission that state and party had ceased to be "proletarian"—that had been clearly implied already in the Stalin constitution of 1936 and the party statute of 1939—but the claim that the party régime had ceased to be a dictatorship. It was intended to emphasise the change of political climate brought about by the end of mass terrorism, and to assure the Soviet people that while one-party rule would continue indefinitely, the era of violent social upheavals staged in the name of the party's goals was over for good. The new formula thus expressed the conviction of the Soviet leaders (both before and after the fall of Khrushchev, whose successors have promptly reaffirmed their loyalty to the new party programme and to the decisions of the 20th and 22nd Congresses) that at the present stage of development, their rule could better be justified by disguising than by emphasising its dictatorial character—that henceforth the stability of their régime and the growth of its material power would be better served by a somewhat relaxed form of autocratic rule than by the extreme of totalitarian tension.

Finally, the Soviet thesis that world war is not "fatalistically inevitable" and may even be "eliminated from the life of mankind" before the end of imperialism, and the increased verbal stress on "peaceful co-existence" even during highly critical phases in East-West relations, also have (apart from their truth content and their role in foreign policy) a function in this domestic context. A régime seeking to impose bitter sacrifices in a climate of internal tension tends to project the cause of this tension into the outside world and to justify its domestic harshness by a sense of imminent external danger. A régime seeking to appeal to the self-interest of its subjects in order to achieve a steady growth of productivity wishes to encourage a sense of security among them, and that means security not only from police persecution but also from imminent war. To be sure, this requirement may at times conflict with the need to justify special efforts and sacrifices for the armament race. Yet on the whole it is remarkable to what extent the Soviet leaders have in recent years tried to reassure their people that peace can and will be preserved.

The Dynamics of "Uninterrupted Revolution"

BY CONTRAST, the entire recent development of Communist China has been dominated by Mao's conviction that his rule could only be maintained if ideological militancy was kept up in an atmosphere of the besieged fortress. It would be an oversimplification to attribute this conviction directly to the comparative "youth" of the Chinese revolution, or to the lower level of China's economic development. For it should not be forgotten that China had been an active and successful pioneer of the co-existence campaign in Asia for several years beginning in 1954, and that in 1956 and early 1957 Mao had experimented with per-

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mitting intellectual criticism of his régime in the "Hundred Flowers" campaign, and even with tolerating the expression of popular grievances, as a safety valve for "non-antagonistic contradictions" in Chinese society. Students of Communist China seem to agree that it was the shock at the flood of domestic opposition which those experiments brought to light (even more than the shock of the Hungarian revolution) that caused Mao to turn, from June 1957 onwards, to a policy of deliberately keeping up a climate of internal tension and irreconcilable ideological struggle.

From that moment, Mao Tse-tung seems never to have looked back. The second session of the 8th Party Congress of the CPC in the spring of 1958 brought the "Great Leap Forward"—the attempt to achieve fantastic simultaneous increases in agricultural and industrial production mainly by mobilising "mass initiative," and the preparations for the "People's Communes." By the end of the summer, the total transformation of rural life by driving the entire peasantry into Communes within a few months (in conditions where long hours and poor rewards were enforced by militarisation of labour and egalitarian propaganda) was proclaimed as the next step of an "uninterrupted revolution" that was to lead to full Communism within a short time. Mao's insistence on branding "revisionism" as the main danger in the international Communist movement during the Moscow conference of November 1957 must be largely seen in this domestic Chinese context. The fact that the Chinese delegation at this conference, when it sought not yet a quarrel but the closest possible co-operation with the Soviet leaders, expressed behind the scenes serious doctrinaire qualms about Khrushchev's 1956 formula of the "peaceful" or "parliamentary" road to socialism, indicates the Chinese fear of any theory which might even remotely appear to blur the picture of an irreconcilable world-wide struggle. Clearly, the Chinese felt that any such appearance might interfere with their determination to maintain the atmosphere of the besieged fortress at home. That same determination must have been an important contributing factor in causing them to engage in various national conflicts with their Asian neighbours in the following years.

It is particularly significant that even after the catastrophic economic results of the "Great Leap Forward" and the "People's Communes" forced the Chinese Communist leaders to revise their expectations and correct their immediate policies, they refused to change the general climate of their internal development. Under the whip of hunger, the attempt to achieve a massive increase in heavy industrial production (without corresponding capital investment, by means of country-built furnaces) was abandoned, and agriculture was given priority. The internal organisation of the "People's Communes" was greatly loosened, turning them into units of administration rather than of actual production. The belief that by means of those Communes "full Communism" could be reached in less than a generation was dropped. The fact was stressed that the way ahead was long and arduous.

YET AT THE SAME TIME (despite the demands for a more far-reaching reversal of the line raised by a "right-wing" minority in the leadership in 1959) Mao and his supporters have continued to insist on the basic features of their "general line"—the need to develop China by its own strength; the rejection of any attempt to reward scarce technical cadres by increased income differentiation during the main period of industrial construction; the preservation of the Communes as a "germ" for higher Communist forms; and the preference for the militarisation of labour over any consistent policy of material incentives. To the outsider, such policies seem unlikely to solve China's tremendous economic problems. But to Mao and his team, they have the merit of preserving the atmosphere of intransigent ideological struggle against all dangers of *embourgeoisement*. It is indeed remarkable that the same insistence on extreme egalitarianism and uninterrupted revolution which in 1958 was justified by the promise of a rapid transition to full Communism has now come to be based on the opposite argument—*i.e.*, that the danger of a new privileged class attempting a "capitalistic restoration" will persist during the entire long transition period of "five to ten generations" or "one or several centuries," and can only be held at bay if the régime continues the most vigilant class struggle throughout that time.

In the ninth and latest Chinese official commentary on the *Open Letter* of the Central Committee of the CPSU of July 14, 1963 (it reads like a political testament of Mao Tse-tung), this argument is used to attack the "revisionist" outlook of the 1961 CPSU programme, and above all

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the thesis that after the destruction of the former exploiting classes, the "dictatorship of the proletariat" can be replaced by a "state of all the people." While in a Soviet context that thesis serves the rulers' need to give their subjects an increased sense of security from further violent upheavals, the implied promise of such security must appear to the Chinese rulers in *their* context as dangerous encouragement for opposition to their own harsh régime. In the framework of Marxist-Leninist doctrine, renunciation of dictatorship can be justified only by the ending of the class struggle following the final disappearance of "antagonistic classes." Conversely, the open defence of permanent dictatorship requires proof that the class struggle must *still* continue. The Chinese provide it by claiming that "new capitalist elements" will arise again and again pending the final achievement of Communism (and that the struggle against them may enter particularly acute phases at any time during that long period).

This gets Mao Tse-tung close to Stalin's notorious thesis—developed in his 1937 speech to the Central Committee as a justification for his blood purge (and specifically denounced in Khrushchev's secret speech nineteen years later) —that the class struggle must become *more acute* with the progress of socialist construction. The internal Chinese meaning of the argument becomes transparent in the concluding section of this "testament of Mao." It urges the Chinese party to train in time loyal successors to the first generation of revolutionaries—lest "revisionist careerists" should gain power and, by relaxing the struggle against the neo-capitalist elements, turn the country away from the true socialist path.

Once again, it is this internal need for unrelenting struggle that gives Chinese opposition to Soviet propaganda of "peaceful co-existence" and of the "peaceful road" to Communist power its peculiar dogmatic character. Stalin, after all, was also concerned to limit his foreign policy risks and to avoid world war—and there is no evidence whatever that the Chinese are seriously bent on provoking a nuclear holocaust. But Stalin did not *talk* so much about "reasonable" imperialists understanding the need for peace, and just this talk of Khrushchev's appeared particularly objectionable to Mao because of its effect on the ideological climate within the Soviet Union and the Bloc. Similarly, Stalin did in fact experiment with the "peaceful road" to power in the first post-war years. He authorised the use of "parliamentary" forms for the consolidation of Communist rule in the "People's Democracies," and encouraged the West European Communist leaders to see how far they could imitate the example without the presence of the Russian army. But Stalin did not make the successful example of the Prague *coup d'état* of February 1948 the basis of a *general formula* about the possibility of a peaceful conquest of power, as Khrushchev did in his report to the 20th Congress of the CPSU. Mao fears that such a formula might make the task ahead appear easier and the struggle less bitter both to Communists in underdeveloped countries with revolutionary possibilities and to those in the Communist countries themselves. In the international as in the domestic field, Mao's central charge against the "revisionists" is that their slogans lead to the ideological disarmament of the Communist ranks.

WHAT ALL THIS AMOUNTS TO is that a different concept of the domestic tasks and nature of a Communist régime entails a different concept of the "world revolution" and of its own role in it. The classical justification of totalitarian Communist rule is the need for permanent social revolution at home and permanent irreconcilable conflict with the non-Communist world. Both are interpreted as aspects of the class struggle. Because the stakes in this struggle are survival or death, it is bound to assume violent forms at crucial moments and can only be conducted effectively by a ruthless dictatorship acting as its international High Command. But if the class struggle is ended at home and domestic social revolution is beginning to give way to peaceful economic evolution, the domestic effort can no longer be presented as merely a sector of a single world-wide struggle. The link to the international Communist movement is loosened—even ideologically. This change has made it easier for the Soviets to accept the facts of Communist pluralism and renounce their traditional "leading role." But by the same token, the Chinese Communists' continuing commitment to unceasing revolutionary struggle at home maintains their need for seeing themselves as part of a world-wide revolutionary front. And when this front appeared to be threatened with disintegration because its former commanders had left their post, the Chinese were willing to assume their role.

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II. The Prospects for a "Maoist" International

The Will to Lead

IT HAS TAKEN years of successive disillusionments for the Chinese leaders to become aware of the full implications of their sense of mission. In 1956–57, they had begun to feel ideologically superior to Stalin's heirs, but had still wished to keep them in the "leading role" and to guide them quietly behind the scenes. In 1959, following a series of disappointments over Soviet policies, they had begun to criticise their allies in the forum of the international Communist movement, hoping to bring effective pressure to bear on them. Meeting unexpectedly stubborn resistance, they had by late 1960 come to think in terms of a protracted factional struggle which, after repeated compromises, would eventually enable them to become the recognised leaders of the world movement. But they probably still thought that a split could be avoided. It seems likely that it was only the 22nd Congress of the CPSU—the clash with the Soviet leaders over the Albanian issue and the memory of Stalin, and the adoption of the Soviet party's new programme—that finally convinced Mao and his team that the Soviet leaders were incurable "revisionists," and that it was the Leninist duty of the Chinese party to prepare for a split and the creation of a new, truly revolutionary International. At any rate, both the ideological output and the organisational tactics of the Chinese changed after this event. Ideologically, they broadened the area of the dispute to defend Stalin's memory and attack Khrushchev's domestic policies. Organisationally, they began to prepare positions for an impending break rather than for a long-term internal debate and openly strove to discredit the Soviets among the nationalists of the underdeveloped countries.

While thus looking towards a split, the Chinese leaders were still trying to avoid the onus of the initiative and also to delay the date. The longer they could work with a separate factional platform and organisation inside a formally united movement (as the Bolsheviks had worked inside the Russian Social Democracy until 1913), the better, they felt, would be their chances to extend their influence—provided they did not make any more ideological concessions for unity's sake. But when the double crisis of Autumn 1962—over the Soviet missiles in Cuba and the Sino-Indian frontier war—showed that the alliance between the two main Communist powers had been eroded to vanishing point, the course of five European Communist party congresses in the following months made it clear that the Soviets, too, now regarded a split as inevitable and would hasten it if they could. In the circumstances, the bilateral talks held in Moscow in June–July 1963 were viewed by both sides not as a last chance for reconciliation, but as a final confrontation before the break.[2] The Chinese published their *Proposal for the General Line of the Communist Movement,* with its all-out attack on the "revisionist" CPSU programme, on the eve of the talks, and the Soviets replied one month later with their *Open Letter* which contained among other charges the specific accusation that the Chinese were supporting splitting activities in various Communist parties. Expulsions and counter-expulsions had, in fact, begun in a number of countries, and the time had come to justify the organisational schism on grounds of principle. After the Sino-Soviet talks had failed and the Soviets had signed the nuclear test ban agreement with the United States and Britain in late July, the Chinese were ready for it: they called the agreement a betrayal, they began to disclose parts of the secret prehistory of the conflict, and they built up the case for splitting Communist parties that had fallen into the hands of "revisionist traitors."

BY THE BEGINNING of September 1963, the Chinese Communist press began to publish approving reports about the formation of anti-revisionist splinter groups in various countries. The first clearly Peking-financed organs of Communist dissidence made their appearance outside China; French and Spanish editions of the *Peking Review* had prepared the way several months before. Later that month, the Indonesian party leader, D. N. Aidit (reporting on a two-months' journey through the leading Communist

[2] As the underlying factors have not been changed by the fall of Khrushchev, it is my view that any new bilateral meeting following this event would have a similar, purely technical character.

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capitals on his return) proclaimed the principle that true Marxist-Leninists, if expelled by a revisionist party leadership, were entitled to form a new Communist party, and that such "circles, magazines, and new parties," if found to be truly Marxist-Leninist, deserved the support and solidarity of established parties under Marxist-Leninist leadership. On October 26th, the deputy head of the Chinese party's propaganda department, Chou Yang, declared (in a speech in Peking) the splitting of revisionist-led parties by Marxist-Leninists to be an "inexorable law" —for the surprising dialectical reason that the Communist movement, like everything else, "tends to divide in two." The speech was published two months later and, more important, its principal arguments recurred in early February 1964 in the seventh of the Chinese party's official commentaries on the Soviet *Open Letter*, entitled *The Leaders of the CPSU are the Greatest Splitters of All Time*. With the full authority of the Chinese party, this document took the line that in any split between "Revisionists" and "Marxist-Leninists," regardless of the factual circumstances, the political guilt rests with the revisionists. In other words, a pro-Chinese minority cannot do wrong when it splits a pro-Soviet Communist party. Finally, during the same period, the Soviet and Chinese parties had also changed roles with regard to the project of another Communist world conference. In 1962 the Chinese had urged and the Soviets evaded it. But from October 1963 it was the Soviets who sought a show-down conference to achieve a clear majority vote against the Chinese views, and the Chinese who worked to prevent it while they were building up their new International.

THE CHINESE WERE NOT, in fact, explicitly speaking of the need for a new international organisation. On the contrary, in their polemics against the Soviet leaders they kept stressing the independence and equality of all Communist parties, denying the right of even the most powerful outside party to interfere in any party's internal affairs and asserting that there could be no return to the times of the *Comintern* with its single command centre. In practice, however, they behaved exactly as the Soviet leaders had behaved in the formative years of the *Comintern*. They used their authority to re-define the principles of revolutionary doctrine and strategy, and to decide which party or splinter group was "truly" revolutionary in accordance with those principles. They used their diplomatic missions and publishing offices in various countries to make contact with dissident revolutionary groups, to subsidise their activities by employing them, and to finance their publications.

They also indicated their willingness to combine fission with fusion. Just as Lenin, in his effort to rally all militant revolutionaries, had appealed to revolutionary syndicalists even if they had no Marxist traditions and had rebuked the "intellectual arrogance" of those old-line Marxists who wished to reject them on those grounds, so the Chinese were now saying that the Algerian FLN had proved itself a more revolutionary force than the Algerian Communist party, and Castro a better revolutionary leader than the old Cuban Communists. For the new International in its initial stage, what mattered most was clearly to attract the most militant revolutionary elements of any country, regardless whether they came from inside or outside its established Communist party. This was most clearly shown in the one directly international organ that was created (also in September 1963) on the Chinese line and with Chinese money—the monthly *Revolution*, published in several languages from Paris as a magazine for Africa, Latin America, and Asia: for it based its appeal on no narrower doctrine than that of violent anti-colonialism. In fact, the Chinese leaders are convinced that this must also be the main basis of the appeal of the new International as a whole.

The Primacy of the Underdeveloped Regions

LONG BEFORE the factional struggle began, the Chinese had considered that their main chances of international influence lay in the underdeveloped countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America. As early as the end of 1939, Mao had first expressed the view that the revolution in all colonial and semi-colonial countries would follow the same "laws" as in China. On the morrow of final victory in the civil war, Liu Shao-chi had proclaimed the Chinese revolution as a model for all those countries at the Peking conference of Asian and Australasian trade-unionists. During the years that followed, China's authority among the Asian Communists had grown, apparently with toleration from Stalin. After Stalin's death the Bandung Conference had greatly increased China's prestige

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among Afro-Asian governments, and the formation of the "Afro-Asian Solidarity Committee" had given her access to a useful machinery for influencing the most militant revolutionary elements of both continents.

By the time the factional struggle with the Soviets opened in 1959–60, colonial "wars of national liberation" had become, in Peking's concept, a vital means for diverting the strength of the imperialists—above all, the main enemy, the United States—and wearing them down. Now they also became a useful lever for disrupting the Soviet diplomacy of "peaceful coexistence," *i.e.*, for interfering with any plans for a Soviet-American dialogue. In the Chinese documents of April 1960, which constituted their first coherent factional platform, the need to support anti-imperialist uprisings without regard to the risk of escalation or to the consequences for overall diplomatic relations with the enemy became one of the central theses. When the Soviets advised the Algerian FLN to negotiate with de Gaulle, they could be accused of opportunism; when they supported Cuba with economic aid and demagogic threats against the United States, they could be embroiled with the Americans; when they became involved in the Congo troubles, both lines could be pursued by Peking in turn. In any violent colonial conflict, Chinese interest was clearly on the side of militancy, while Soviet interest was divided between the wish to inflict defeat on the imperialists and the need to control the risk and the Chinese missed no chance for pointing out the difference to the Communists and sympathisers from the countries concerned. It is hardly surprising that both at the 1960 Moscow conference of eighty-one Communist parties and at the meetings of the World Federation of Trade Unions and the World Peace Movement, the Chinese line found a sympathetic echo chiefly among some of the delegates from the underdeveloped continents. Support for it proved much stronger in the Afro-Asian Solidarity Organisation than in any other international "front."

It is true that some of the revolutionary movements which thus received Chinese support were by no means Communist-controlled; they could be described as corresponding to the "Chinese model" only in that they were anti-imperialist, peasant-based, and above all violent. But as the bulk of the Communist parties of the advanced industrial countries took sides *against* China in the factional struggle, it became increasingly obvious to Peking that all the chances for revolutions, be it under Communist or non-Communist leadership, were concentrated in the colonial, ex-colonial, or semi-colonial countries. In the advanced countries, however large their Communist parties, there seemed to exist no immediate potential for revolutionary struggle at all. In Western Europe and North America, the Communist parties (except for insignificant minorities) had welcomed Khrushchev's "revisionist" thesis of the "peaceful road" to power. But the Communists of Vietnam and Laos were fighting a civil war under Chinese guidance. The Cuban Communists had, however reluctantly, joined Fidel Castro's revolution, and the Venezuelan and various other Latin American Communists were trying to imitate its partisan strategy. Strong factional opposition to the "peaceful road" strategy had developed—originally, it seems, independent of any Chinese stimulation—among the Brazilian Communists since 1957 and among the Indian Communists since 1958, while the Japanese Communists were expelling a "revisionist" group at the very moment of the 22nd Congress of the CPSU. Both the early struggle for national liberation in countries where the Communist parties were weak or non-existent (as in Africa), and the later Communist-led struggle against the continuing influence of the "imperialists" in formally independent countries thus seemed to offer the scene of irreconcilable, violent conflict that was required by the Chinese vision—and with it corresponding chances for Chinese leadership.

ONCE THE CHINESE had determined on preparing for a new, truly revolutionary International, it was natural that they should recognise this geographical shift in the main theatre of the world revolution. They did so by adopting, in early 1963, the formula that the countries of Asia, Africa, and Latin America now constitute *"the main focus of global contradictions"* and *"the storm centre of the world revolution,"* and that the struggle of their peoples would be "decisive" also for the ultimate victory of the proletariat of the advanced industrial countries. They have since stuck to this formula in the face of all Soviet charges of "racialism" and of all warnings against weakening the colonial liberation struggle by "isolating" it from the cause of the advanced "socialist" countries and from the movement of the Western industrial proletariat. This thesis is basic for the possi-

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bility of a new "Sino-centric" International in that it denies to the conflict between the Soviet-centred "socialist world system" and the imperialist powers its role as the main axis of the international class struggle. But it also constitutes the germ of a new doctrine that is incompatible with the teaching of either Marx or Lenin.

For Karl Marx, it was axiomatic that the victory of socialism would be brought about by the industrial proletariat of the most advanced countries on the basis of the highest level of economic development that capitalism could achieve. Lenin broke with this concept by seizing power in backward Russia on the ground that Russia constituted "the weakest link" in the imperialist chain, and by proclaiming the alliance between the revolutionary proletariat of the industrial West and the nationalist revolution of the colonial East. But he never left any doubt that he regarded the class struggle of the proletariat as the *decisive* force, compared with which the nationalist movements of the colonial and semi-colonial countries would be mere auxiliaries. The new Chinese doctrine reverses this relationship. It treats, in fact, the working class of the advanced countries as mere auxiliaries of the peoples of the underdeveloped countries, and unreliable auxiliaries at that. It thus adopts a position that was explicitly criticised by Lenin and Stalin in the early years of the *Comintern*, when similar views had been expressed by Sultan Galiev and for a time also by the Indian Communist, M. N. Roy. Nor can the Leninist orthodoxy of the new Chinese position be rescued by the fiction that the leading role of the proletariat in the new International will be assured by the leadership of the Chinese Communists. Though Lenin himself evolved a similar fiction to justify the possibility of Soviet régimes in Asian territories without an industrial working class, he never regarded such territories as the central part of the international revolutionary front. Moreover, the Bolshevik party in Lenin's time, though in fact independent of working-class interests thanks to its centralist organisation, was at least based on a predominantly proletarian membership and allied with important sections of the West European proletariat. In the case of Mao's party to-day, the claim to represent the industrial proletariat has become wholly fictitious. It rests neither on its history, its composition, nor its international influence, only on the vestigial notion that whoever conducts a militant revolutionary struggle against imperialist monopoly capitalism expresses *ipso facto* the "true class-consciousness of the proletariat."

YET JUST IN ITS CONFLICT with both Marxism and Leninism, Mao's new doctrine is based on some of the decisive historical facts of our time. In the forty years since Lenin died, the workers of the advanced industrial countries have become less and less revolutionary. In no such country have the Communists been able to lead a victorious revolutionary movement. By contrast, it is in the underdeveloped countries that huge masses of people, living in extreme insecurity on the edge of starvation, can be said to have "nothing to lose but their chains." Their despair has offered opportunities for a number of victorious revolutions, including Communist revolutions. The course of contemporary history has thus made it impossible for the Communist leaders to be faithful to Lenin's Marxist belief in the industrial working class and to Lenin's passion for revolutionary struggle at the same time—though they have tried hard not to admit the fact to themselves. Under the pressure of their conflict with the Soviets, the Chinese leaders (whose links to European Marxism and to the industrial proletariat have always been tenuous) have at last made a choice: their new International will be wholly revolutionary, but only marginally proletarian.

The Chances of "Chinese-Type" Revolutions

WHAT, THEN, are the chances that further revolutions of the under-privileged peoples will, in fact, lead to the victory of totalitarian parties committed to permanent, irreconcilable struggle against the "imperialists," and that the Chinese Communists will be able to guide the development of these new totalitarian régimes for any length of time?

In trying to answer the first part of the question, it may be useful to group the bewildering variety of pre-revolutionary crisis situations in these countries into a few main types. *First*, there are the few African populations still struggling against direct colonial rule or formal white supremacy. *Second*, there is the much larger number of politically sovereign, "semi-colonial" countries whose problems of economic and social development, difficult enough in themselves, are complicated by the existence of foreign capitalist combines holding key posi-

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tions in the national economy—combines that often have no positive interest in the overall development of the country concerned and sometimes are directly opposed to it. *Third*, there are the newly-independent countries whose régimes, quite apart from any influence of foreign capital, are proving for various reasons unable to create a functioning administration and a sense of national loyalty, yet are continuing to enjoy Western "imperialist" support simply because they are in power and often appear as the only available alternatives to Communist victory.

1. In the first type of situation, Communist leadership has hitherto been exceptional. Only in the Vietnamese uprising against French rule did the Communists lead from the start. The Chinese Communists themselves emphatically recognise that such a contingency, however desirable, should not be a condition for their support of an anti-imperialist revolt. For years they have gone out of their way to extol the Algerian FLN, despite its non-Communist ideology and leadership, as a model for other oppressed nations. While hoping for stronger Communist influence among the underground movements in South Africa and the Portuguese colonies, they will support them in any case. Yet the FLN in power has shown no desire to continue militant conflict with the West for conflict's sake. Whether it will eventually return to such conflict will neither depend on the memories of its heroic period nor on Chinese advice, but on the obstacles it encounters in trying to develop its country and on the ability of its leaders to cope with them. Generally speaking, the "first phase" of the anti-colonial revolution—the struggle for political independence—is unlikely to result in Communist régimes of any kind.

2. The second type of pre-revolutionary situation is widespread both in Latin America and in the Middle East, and examples occur in all underdeveloped regions. The histories of Mossadegh's rule in Persia and of Kassem's Iraqi revolution, of Nasser's Egypt, of Perón's Argentina, of the Bolivian and Venezuelan revolutions, all offer examples of the political explosions that may result if independent national development has to be achieved against the joint resistance of native oligarchies and foreign capitalist interests. So far, Fidel Castro's Cuban revolution has been the only one of this type that has actually issued in Communist rule. Yet it seems to have greater potentialities as a model than that of Ho Chi Minh among the first type; for while non-Communist movements for political independence have almost universally succeeded, many of the non-Communist revolts against "semi-colonial" dependence have failed. Now, regardless of Castro's cautious manœuvring in the Sino-Soviet conflict, the close affinities between the "Fidelist" guerrilla strategy as taught by "Ché" Guevara and Mao's type of partisan warfare are notorious, and throughout Latin America to-day the influences of the Fidelist and the Chinese model tend to merge. On the whole, the prospects that further revolutions against "semi-colonial" dependence may turn Communist are serious—because here the link between nationalism and anti-capitalism is inherent in the situation. They can be reduced only if the Western powers (and particularly the United States) go out of their way to dissociate themselves from the vested interests of Western private corporations in those countries.

3. Yet there are indications that the "classical" chances for Chinese-inspired Communist revolutions arise in the third type of crisis. It occurs where the leaders of a newly independent country fail (for whatever reason) to create a viable state and, *a fortiori*, to solve the problems of economic development—particularly if those leaders, after successfully conducting the original struggle for independence, have meanwhile been accepted by the West. After all, Mao's original conquest of China was the victory of such a "second wave" revolution—due to the failure of the once revolutionary Kuomintang to cope with the immense difficulties of Chinese unification and modernisation after decades of war and civil war. To-day, comparable failures are offering opportunities for a variety of promising strategies to Chinese-oriented Communist parties in several South-East Asian countries. The Indonesian Communists are seeking to profit from the administrative and economic ineffectiveness of Sukarno's "guided democracy" by first collaborating with him, involving him in conflict with the West, infiltrating his machinery of government, and finally inheriting his power. The Vietnamese Communists have profited from the different, but equally marked ineffectiveness of the bureaucratic-military régime in South Vietnam to expand their guerrilla warfare in the teeth of all American support for their opponents. These "second wave" opportunities are

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not identical with the "second phase" of the anti-colonial revolution foreseen by Leninist theory. Just as in China in the 'forties, they arise not from the class struggle of the proletariat against the rule of the "national bourgeoisie," but from mass despair in a climate of general political decay. (The Chinese do not even hesitate to exploit the weakness of some of the new states by promoting purely tribal revolts, as now in the Congo!) But as China's own case has shown, the chances of the "second wave" revolution are nonetheless real for not fitting into the traditional Leninist schema.

The Limits of Chinese Control

WE MUST THUS reckon with the prospect that further totalitarian revolutions of a more or less "Chinese" type may be victorious in various parts of the underdeveloped world. We can be sure that Mao's China will give them any aid and encouragement of which it is capable. But it does not follow that the régimes emerging from such totalitarian movements, or even the movements themselves before the seizure of power, will be willing to submit to Chinese leadership in the way in which all Communists submitted to Soviet leadership for several decades. There are, in fact, at least three major obstacles to this.

1. The revolutionary movements on which the Chinese tend to lean are *much more strongly nationalist* than those with which Lenin built the Third International. After all, the Comintern arose from a reaction to the "betrayal of *internationalism*" by the official socialist parties in World War I, whereas the new "Sinintern" is to be largely based on the "betrayal of the *national* liberation struggle" by the Soviets.

2. For many of the movements in question, China is not the only available, nor even a sufficient, *source of support*. Castro may well regard China as more reliable than Russia—but he has to rely on Russia nevertheless, because the Soviets can offer him so much more of what he needs.

3. Russia was the *unique* model for all Communists until at least 1949. Now Russia has lost her uniqueness. But that does not mean that China has automatically gained it, even in the eyes of those Communist parties and governments that incline to her side of the schism.

The Chinese Communists themselves are sufficiently aware of these limitations to disclaim any thought of returning to a "world party" with the rigid, single-centred discipline of the Comintern. They may in fact exert close organisational control over the pro-Chinese splinter groups in the West that depend on them for funds and publicity, and over such traditionally dependent Communist underground parties as those of Malaya and Thailand, most of whose members are Chinese. Their influence may be dominant in helping the left wing of the Indian (and, of course, of the Nepalese) Communists to organise their separate parties; it is traditionally strong with the Communist Party of Japan. But they could not afford to interfere in the least with the autonomy of the powerful Communist party of Indonesia, which made a point of taking its time and listening to both sides before it officially joined the "Chinese camp." Again, North Korea may have become some kind of a Chinese satellite, but the Communist rulers of Albania have joined the Chinese cause by their free decision and have made an independent contribution to the dispute. North Vietnam, for all her dependence on Chinese backing in her military struggle in the South, could not simply be ordered to take the Chinese position but had to be slowly won over.

But while the Chinese Communists can and do renounce any claim to disciplinary subordination in their new International, they cannot renounce the claim to ideological leadership. They have always believed that no united international movement is possible without a recognised ideological authority. As we have seen, the schism means to them that *they* have now to play this role. The logic of this claim to ideological leadership has not only driven them to elaborate their version of the Communist doctrine more and more thoroughly, just as the Leninist version of Marxism was thoroughly elaborated only in the context of the world-wide break with the democratic Socialists. It has also compelled them to find a doctrinal justification for their own claim to uniqueness—as the only great power actually engaged in building socialism and eventually Communism.

IT IS IN THIS CONTEXT that Mao's latest charges about the "restoration of capitalism"—not only in Yugoslavia, but also in Russia itself—acquire their true international significance. They served not only to denounce the "Khrushchev clique" and to explain to the Chinese Communists that they must in future stand alone without counting on the Soviet alliance, but also to "prove" to the Communists and revolutionary nationalists of the underdeveloped regions whom China wants to lead that there is *no alternative*. If Russia is going capitalist again, thanks to the alliance between the re-emerging private busi-

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nessmen and kulaks, the corrupt bureaucrats and grafters and the "revisionist traitors" at the top who tolerate and protect them—if Russia's new spirit of less visible controls and increased emphasis on material incentives and comforts is a *capitalist* spirit (as Mao's latest document maintains)—then the schism is not merely about questions of strategy and tactics, not even merely about orthodoxy versus heresy. It is a conflict between a socialist and a capitalist power. The Soviet Union is not merely an unreliable ally—it is ruled by traitors who have joined the enemy camp. To China, as the only great power still following the true path of socialism, has fallen the task of carrying the banner. Henceforth, to struggle for socialism means to accept China's leadership.

The Repercussions on China

YET THIS ARGUMENT for the uniqueness of China contains both dangers to her own development and weaknesses from the viewpoint of her international attraction. For it depends on a rigidly egalitarian and military concept of "the road to socialism" that rejects all privileges for scarce technical, economic, and administrative cadres and deprecates any belief in material incentives in favour of a cult of collective enthusiasm and heroic poverty. Unless this dogma is radically revised (which might conceivably occur after Mao's death), it will add to the many objective difficulties of China's economic development a self-made obstacle that may well prove unsurmountable. Indeed, one is tempted to wonder whether it does not really express a half-conscious tendency of the Chinese leaders to give up the near-hopeless struggle for industrialising China without major foreign aid and to seek instead to conserve their political order on the present low economic level by glorifying its social justice and collective discipline.

But such a "socialism" of "high-minded but hungry people sitting around an empty table in complete equality" (as Khrushchev once put it) would lack one of the main attractions hitherto exerted by the Communist Bloc on the intelligentsia of the underdeveloped countries—the attraction of *a model for quick modernisation*. Indeed, the passion to catch up with Western productivity and power implies at least a partial acceptance of Western values. Conversely, Mao's increasingly complete rejection of those values is incompatible with that obsession with material productivity which the Bolsheviks took over from their Western teacher, Karl Marx, and the new nations from their former imperialist rulers. It is, of course, conceivable that the Chinese reversal of the order of priorities will appeal to some of the political élites in Asia and Africa, particularly in countries where the problems of economic development appear increasingly insoluble. Communism of the Chinese type would then become not a model for development, but *a model for accepting its failure* and reacting by a final extrusion of the influence of Western civilisation. Short of either such a generalised withdrawal from the present fascination with economic development, or a radical change in Chinese economic and social doctrine, it would appear that Communist China's chances of being accepted as a guide for "building socialism" in developing countries are much poorer than its chances of serving as a guide for the revolutionary seizure of power.

IF THIS IS TRUE, it limits severely the prospects of maintaining Chinese authority in a new International. For it means that while revolutionary movements in the underdeveloped world will gladly accept Chinese ideological guidance along with other forms of support, successful revolutionary governments will (unless physically dependent on China) tend to keep their own counsel and refuse to recognise Peking's "leading role." Whenever possible, they will continue to accept support from both Russia and China, as Cuba is doing and Vietnam would have wished to do. And if forced to make a choice, those who are not in China's physical power sphere may well prefer the protector that demands less ideological conformity and offers more material help. This means that Castro's Cuba, despite its interest in guerrilla revolutions, is unlikely to join a Chinese-led International. It also means that though the Indonesian Communists may be expected to become one of the most important founder members of such an International, a Communist-governed Indonesia would hardly submit to China's ideological authority for long. The Chinese effort to build up a new International may have an important stimulating effect on Communist and semi-Communist revolutionary movements in the underdeveloped world. But the new body itself will be unstable, and may decay much more rapidly than its parent.

(A concluding article will be published next month.)

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Randall Jarrell

A Well-to-do Invalid

When you first introduced me to your nurse
I thought: "She's like your wife." I mean, I thought:
"She's like your nurse—" it was your wife.

She gave this old friend of her husband's
A pale ingratiating smile; we talked
And she agreed with me about everything.
I thought: "She's quite agreeable."
You gave a pleased laugh—you were feeling good.
She laughed and agreed with you.
I said to her
—That is, I didn't say to her: "You liar!"
She held out
Her deck of smiles, I cut, and she dealt.

Almost as the years have sprung up, fallen back,
I've seen you in and out of bed; meanwhile,
Hovering solicitously alongside,
This governess, this mother
In her off-whites—pretty as a nurse
Is thinly and efficiently and optimistically
Pretty—has spoken with an enthusiasm
Like winter sunlight, of the comprehensiveness of insurance.
If you want it to, it can cover anything.

Like the governor on an engine, she has governed
Your rashness. And how many sins
She has forgiven in her big child! How many times
She has telephoned in an emergency
For the right specialist!
After I'd left your bed she'd take me to the door
And tell me about your heart and bowels.
When you were up and talking she would listen
A long time, oh so long! but go to bed
Before we did, with a limp, wan, almost brave
"Goodnight!" You are a natural
Disaster she has made her own. Meanly
Clinging to you, taking care—all praise
And understanding outside, and inside all insurance—
She has stood by you like a plaster Joan of Arc.

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Prematurely tired, prematurely
Mature, she has endured
Much, indulgently
Repeating like a piece of white carbon paper
The opinions of that boisterous, sick thing, a man.
I can see through her—but then, who can't?
Her dishonesty is so transparent
It has about it a kind of honesty.
She has never once said what she thought, done what she wanted,
But (as if invented by some old economist
And put on an island, to trade with her mate)
Has acted in impersonal self-interest.

Never to do one thing for its own sake!

Year in, year out, with what sincerity
You said anything, demanded everything,
And she, the liar!
Was good to you—oh, insincerely good,
Good for all the worst reasons. Good.
And she was nice to me, and I was nice
To her: I *wanted* to be nice to her.
She was wrong, and I was right, and I was sick of it.
It wasn't right for her always to be wrong
And work so hard and get so little: I felt guilty
Because I wasn't on her side. I was on her side.

It was a terrible shock to me when she died.
I saw her cheeks red for the first time
Among the snowdrifts covering her coffin;
And you were up and talking, well with grief.
As I realised how easily you'd fill
This vacancy, I was sorry
For you and for that pale self-sufficient ghost
That had tended so long your self-sufficiency.

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Bernard Bergonzi

The English Catholics

Forward from "The Chesterbelloc"

ROMAN CATHOLICISM in England forms a distinctive sub-culture, as recognisable to those who grew up in it as the culture of provincial nonconformism is to readers of D. H. Lawrence and F. R. Leavis and Richard Hoggart. But it has received far less literary attention and, no doubt, remains correspondingly more obscure to those who have no direct knowledge of it: the most widely-read Catholic writers in England are converts who are preoccupied with questions very remote from the experience of most English Catholics, like the aristocratic nostalgias of Evelyn Waugh or Graham Greene's tormenting exercises in spiritual pathology. They have nothing to do with a world which is represented by such things as a meeting of the Children of Mary in Salford, a diocesan pilgrimage to Lourdes, and the pamphlets of the Catholic Truth Society. Some hint of its flavour was in fact given by Joyce, in his account of the Dedalus household in *Portrait of the Artist*, and, still more, in *Stephen Hero*; Mrs. Dedalus' pieties and superstitions were more intense than those that one might find in a contemporary lower-class Catholic home in England, but it would probably contain its share of them. And not surprisingly, since English Catholicism is heavily Irish in its origins, and might more accurately be called Hiberno-English (to avoid the very different associations of Anglo-Irish).

There is one novel by a young English writer which does give a very faithful, if slightly sentimentalised, picture of a representative Hiberno-English family in South London. This is *The Picturegoers*, by David Lodge (published in 1960). He has effectively caught the ready, even slightly facile, piety:

> "You know, that step'll be the death of me one of these days, the times I've tripped on it. Sometimes I feel like kicking it, I'm so vexed. But then I offer it up to Our Blessed Lord, who fell three times, and hurt himself a good deal more, I don't doubt."

One finds, too, the typical and overpowering array of pious objects:

> The kitchen into which he was ushered confirmed his suspicions about Mrs. Mallory's religious background: the evidence of the plastic holy water stoup askew on the wall, the withered holy Palm, stuck behind a picture of the Sacred Heart which resembled an illustration in a medical text-book, and the statue of St. Patrick enthroned upon the dresser, was conclusive.

Those who, like Mr. Lodge (and the present writer), grew up in the sub-culture of English—or Hiberno-English—Catholicism, will recognise the authenticity of these descriptions, and will be able to draw up their own lists of things that capture the essence of lower-class Catholicism in England—and English Catholicism is, in numerical terms, predominantly a working-class and lower-middle-class religion. My own selection would include: the sound of Latin muttered rapidly with a thick Irish accent; Sunday evening Benediction; *The Universe*; Catholic Truth Society pamphlets with titles like *Catholic Answers to Protestant Charges* (though these are probably less evident now, with the new emphasis on Christian Unity); hymns such as "Faith of Our Fathers" and "God Bless Our Pope"; bottles of Lourdes water; huge gaudy statues, not only of Christ and the Blessed Virgin, but also of a variety of saints (one or two of whom, like St. Philomena, have now been officially declared never to have existed); sermons on the evils of mixed marriages and the need to give financial support to the Catholic schools; fund-raising parish dances and football pools; and a highly reverential regard for the

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personality of the priest, and not only in matters of faith and morals.

These things, and the feelings attached to them, deserve respect, as the attributes of a genuine and difficultly achieved way of life on the part of a minority who needed, above all, to establish a sense of identity in the face of the suspicious and often hostile majority of the population. But the dominant attitudes of English Catholicism are now being shaken by the processes of change and development in society as a whole, and, from outside the English context, by the wave of new thinking in the Church which is associated with the genius of Pope John and the work of the Second Vatican Council.

For generations English Catholicism has been an inward-looking minority, intent upon its own affairs and preserving its own institutions, welcoming individual converts, but presenting an aloof, wary front to the world at large: manifesting a complex of attitudes that has come to be described in recent Catholic writing as the "ghetto mentality." The world was seen as divided between Catholics and—magnificently inclusive term—"Non-Catholics," which could include anyone from a High Anglican to a Hindu. And if Catholics were deplorably few in England, they were impressively many in more enlightened parts of the globe. Historically, this attitude of combined exclusiveness and defensiveness made sense.[1] After the Reformation Catholicism was partly driven underground, and was kept alive under the pressure of the penal laws by a number of aristocratic families of the type of Mr. Waugh's Marchmains and Crouchbacks. Many of them lapsed, but others preserved the faith until Cardinal Newman heralded the Second Spring and the Catholic hierarchy was re-established in 1850. These admirably steadfast old recusant families, who had existed for centuries on the edge of illegality, having to put up with the mistrust of their neighbours, had developed a way of living that was naturally inward-looking and quietly defensive. (They were also, however, patriotically English and inclined to Gallicanism rather than Ultramontanism in matters of ecclesiastical policy).

[1] The development of Post-Reformation English Catholicism has been traced in detail in the excellent histories by Archbishop David Mathew, and Mr. E. I. Watkin. David Mathew, *Catholicism in England* (London, 1935, 1948) and E. I. Watkin, *Roman Catholicism in England* (London, 1950).

But if a handful of Catholic aristocratic families had kept alive a spark of pre-Reformation Catholicism in England, it was the mass Irish immigration of the middle of the nineteenth century and subsequently that gave English Catholicism a solid numerical base—and provided it with much of its characteristic atmosphere. For the Irish, who had been for centuries a persecuted majority in their own country, were forced, when they came to England, to live among their traditional enemies. And if the Irish in Ireland had found that their religion was an inextricable part of their sense of national identity, once they were exiled in Protestant England the fusion of religion and country became all the stronger. This can be illustrated by something out of my own experience. A few years ago in Dublin I remarked to an intellectual priest on the curious badges I had seen on sale there, showing a replica of the Sacred Heart flanked by two shamrocks. He had never seen them and had difficulty in believing they existed. But since then I have often noticed them worn by Irishmen in Manchester. The defensiveness, evolved under the stress of foreign oppression, that was a hallmark of Irish Catholicism was thus directly transported into the English variety. Furthermore, since their priests were the only educated class that the Irish Catholics possessed, they were respected as leaders of the community in a more than simply spiritual sense. Hence, the clericalism that is such a noticeable element in Hiberno-English Catholicism—apparent in the popular religious newspapers, where photographs of priests take the place of cheesecake in the secular press.

In addition to the defensiveness inherited from the recusant tradition, and from the Irish immigrants, one must also mention the crucial influence of the steady trickle of converts that came into the Catholic Church from Newman onwards. It is sometimes thought, by those outside the Church, that converts are rather disliked and regarded as second-class citizens by "cradle-Catholics." I have never seen any evidence of this: if anything, the position is the other way round, for the convert who has come into the Church by his own efforts often gets impatient with what he regards as the complacence and sluggishness of the cradle-Catholic. And it is a simple fact that almost all the figures of any intellectual stature that the Catholic Church in England has produced

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since Newman's time have been converts: the only notable exceptions were Lord Acton, who was in the old Anglo-Gallican tradition, and the half-French Hilaire Belloc. Since it is a common characteristic of the psychology of converts to wish to cherish the true society they have discovered, and abjure energetically the errors they once held, a new and more combative kind of defensiveness came to characterise the most acticulate representatives of English Catholicism.

Ghettos & Myths

ALL THESE TENDENCIES worked in the same direction, and were instrumental in establishing the "ghetto mentality"; and in turn they were caught up in the larger stream of development of nineteenth-century Catholicism. After the Reformation the Church exhibited the sharply defensive post-Tridentine reaction, with its legalism and immense increase in centralised Roman authority. This process reached a climax in the mid-nineteenth century when Pius IX denounced liberalism and progress; the First Vatican Council broke up after proclaiming, in distorting isolation, the doctrine of Papal Infallibility (a doctrine which is likely to be placed in perspective by Vatican II). The Church was not seen as the People of God spreading the news of Redemption throughout the world, but rather as an embattled citadel, preserving the truth and ceaselessly repelling the attacks of heresy and error. This concept of the Church as a citadel, though theologically inadequate, was extremely appealing to English Catholics; it made them feel more secure in their own position as an attacked minority, and gave them a stirring sense of being a beleaguered outpost of a power that was fighting a world-wide battle. English Catholics (though not Newman) became the most fanatical of Ultramontanes, like the brilliant lay theologian, W. G. Ward, who was urging in the 1860s a definition of papal infallibility that was far more sweeping than the moderate one actually adopted at Vatican I. Cardinal Manning, too, was a rigorous upholder of Roman centralism, and his authoritarian temperament heavily influenced the development of Catholicism in England.

BY THE EARLY YEARS of the twentieth century the disparate elements that made up English Catholicism had fused together sufficiently—if uneasily—for the community to have a sense of identity. A number of convert writers had worked hard to help achieve this sense; notably Alice and Wilfrid Meynell, whose magazine *Merrie England* had combined literary and intellectual material of quite high quality with snippets of churchy news and pin-up photographs of Catholic bishops. But the principal image-makers of English Catholicism were undoubtedly G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc —the Chesterbelloc, that familiar compound beast whose brilliant dialectics in defence of Europe and the Faith had dazzled many readers in the years immediately before World War I (though Chesterton did not, in fact, take the final step of entering the Catholic Church until the 1920s). It is to the Chesterbelloc, and particularly to the Bellocian half of it, that many of the myths dear to a generation of educated English Catholics can be traced: the notion of the Catholic as the Pyrenees-tramping, wine-drinking, peasant-loving, Protestant-hating romantic, full of simple faith and joy in living:

> *But Catholic men that live upon wine*
> *Are deep in the water, and frank, and fine;*
> *Wherever I travel I find it so,*
> Benedicamus Domino.

In the short run Belloc probably had a beneficial effect on the morale of English Catholics (he seems to have been a dominating influence on Chesterton, as Max Beerbohm pointed out in a malicious cartoon) by providing them with a viable myth which underlined their *difference* from the heretical mass of their fellow-countrymen. In one of his letters Belloc wrote:

> All that we were talking over, grave and gay, and the matter of upbringing turns on Catholicism: Catholic practice, right, sane and formative, normal—and on the other side all the false extremes which come from Heresy—*from nothing else*. All the errors in that question of education and in all others come of false doctrine breeding false action. It is so with the whole matter—of finance, of health, of all life, of death, of dereliction and bereavement—*all* are one thing in the Catholic air, and wholly different and incomparably worse in quality in the atmosphere of whatever is not Catholic.

Such appeals to a sense of exclusiveness were dangerously attractive to a defensive minority, and, in the longer run, very harmful. Belloc was a sincere and tormented man, and a finer writer than is often realised, but he had a wholly external concept of the Church, and was very ready to identify Catholicism with its contingent cultural manifestations. His particular mythology was nonsensical in itself, and pernicious

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in that it restricted the message of Redemption, which was addressed to all men, to a particular historical and cultural tradition; his attitudes were summed up in the notorious phrase, "Europe is the Faith; and the Faith is Europe." One needs to ask oneself just what this could mean to an African or Asian Christian.

The Bellocian mythology led directly to the kind of Catholic writing which stresses the "Latinity" of the Church and rhapsodises about the quality of life in Mediterranean countries, ignoring the inconvenient fact that the majority of people in those countries are only Catholic at all in the most nominal sense. This attitude is (or was, for it is on the decline now) anti-Protestant and quite often anti-Semitic; in its more extreme forms it was pro-fascist and had a Maurrassian tinge. It found a perfect cause in Franco's crusade in Spain, which represented an ideal union of Soldier, Priest, and Peasant, defending Christian civilisation against Bolshevism. (In view of the anti-religious persecution on the Republican side, however, it was only to be expected that most Catholics would support Franco.) The late Roy Campbell, a highly pugnacious Catholic convert, was an archetypal representative of this state of mind.

ANOTHER LITERARY STRAIN, of a less energetic and exotic kind, is apparent in a steady succession of converts from Anglicanism, many of them connected with Oxford, the Oxford of lost causes and Gothic survivals and revivals. One of the first was the architect Pugin, a passionate medievalist whom the logic of the Gothic Revival impelled into the Catholic Church. Newman was a more distinguished representative, hardly a medievalist, but one who was deeply influenced by Oxford and the High Church tradition which it enshrined. These "Oxonian" converts, it seems to me, shared a piety that was strongly individualistic, sometimes to the point of eccentricity, and often tinged with nostalgia and a dandyish or would-be aristocratic attitude to the world. Gerard Manley Hopkins, considered not so much as a literary innovator but as a product of Newman's and Ruskin's Oxford, has a place in this tradition, and so does a lesser poet, Lionel Johnson. In the present century the line was brilliantly continued by Ronald Knox; and Evelyn Waugh has obviously been affected by it, as *Brideshead Revisited* and the Crouchback trilogy make clear. Indeed, Mr. Waugh's life of Knox, a superbly written but strangely cold book[2] can be considered as a memorial not only to Knox but to an attractive and gentle tradition that must, by now, be fast dying; it is hard to imagine it surviving much longer in the modern world that Mr. Waugh so abhors.

[2] *Ronald Knox*. By Evelyn Waugh (Chapman & Hall, 1959; Fontana, 1962).

Words & Ideas

ALTHOUGH the Catholic community has thrown up some active image-makers and propagandists, there has never been any attempt to project a unified "Catholic ideology" of the kind reflected by the Catholic political parties of western and central Europe. Catholics are about equally represented in all the major parties in Britain, though it is generally agreed that the mass of the Catholic population, being substantially working-class, is traditionally Labour-voting; and the Irish connection, with its legacy of anti-Toryism, is no doubt still effective. (The trade union movement is one field in which Catholics seem to play an unusually conspicuous part.) But English Catholicism, despite the sense of exclusiveness that unites its various elements, is interestingly stratified, socially as well as ideologically. In addition to the Hiberno-English mass, there is a sizeable Catholic professional class; the Catholic public schools (*e.g.*, Stonyhurst, Ampleforth, Beaumont, and Downside) are closely modelled on their Protestant equivalents, and aim to turn the sons of the emergent papist upper middle-class into convincing replicas of the old-style Catholic gentleman. One must also mention as a contributory element in the heterogeneous nature of English Catholicism, the influence, localised rather than uniform, of Continental immigrants, amongst whom Poles and Hungarians have been prominent since the war.

It is amongst the Catholic middle class that one discovers the curious phenomenon of the "professional Catholic," illustrating another aspect of Catholic exclusiveness. At, say, a dinner party given by one of this group you would expect to find that the guests were entirely Catholic; there would certainly be one or two priests, together with people from Catholic newspapers or publishers, and businessmen or professional men who play some part in Catholic public life. The conversation would probably be made up of ecclesiastical gossip of an un-

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deniably fascinating kind: whether *X* is still in disfavour in Rome, why *Y* has not been appointed to such-and-such a vacant see, is it true that *Z* has been prevented from lecturing in the diocese of Blank?

THE CATHOLIC PRESS, largely run by such people, is not, it must be confessed, very distinguished either journalistically or intellectually; by far the most widely read newspaper is the weekly *Universe*, which might be called a *Reveille* for the devout: it is full of bright, snippety fragments of religious news, important or unimportant, with little attempt at discrimination. The atmosphere is heavily parochial; if it wasn't *The Universe* that came out some years ago with the arresting headline, JESUIT KEEPS TIDIEST POST-OFFICE, then it might well have been. There are photographs of smiling priests instead of pin-up girls, and a weekly column by a Jesuit that makes a painful attempt at Cassandra-type matiness. *The Universe* has always been content to give the Hiberno-English Catholic population a palatable mixture, reflecting their own image back to them, without very much in the way of a potentially painful challenge. The formula undoubtedly succeeds, for *The Universe* sells in large numbers on Sunday mornings at church doors. And until very recently the paper was a depressingly powerful influence in reinforcing the English Catholics in their traditional prejudices: it enthusiastically propagated the notion of the Church as a closed monolithic society, truckled to any kind of clerical authority, and was eager to defend the most unedifying acts or utterances of bishops in Sicily or Malta or wherever. Recently, however, it has given signs of acknowledging, even without particularly welcoming, the new attitudes that are making headway inside the Church.

If *The Universe* is a Catholic *Reveille*, then the *Catholic Herald*, its only competitor in the field of the popular weeklies, reminds me of the late lamented *News Chronicle*; it tries to follow the same worthy but dangerous formula of combining a basically popular appeal with a measure of uplift and intellectual content. It is undoubtedly directed at slightly higher brows than *The Universe*; its contents are a rather uneasy mixture of churchy gossip of the kind *The Universe* specialises in and serious articles, sometimes quite tough, on the new approaches to theology and liturgy. Rather often, it falls resoundingly between two stools, but it sometimes prints worthwhile things; its coverage of the last session of the Council, for instance, was first-class, with admirably full reports from its editor, Desmond Fisher. Above all, the *Catholic Herald* has an excellent correspondence page, which, even before the Council, provided an unusually open forum for the clash of views, and now, in the present climate of opinion, presents some animated debating between traditionalists and progressives. But, to judge from the Sunday-morning sales outside my own parish church, the *Catholic Herald* has only a fraction of the circulation of *The Universe*, and one hopes that it won't be driven under by the well-attested law that, in the field of newspaper economics, the stronger paper tends to drive out its weaker competitor.

The Tablet, a very long-established Catholic weekly, falls into a different category: it is a journal of comment as well as of news, and is aimed at a similar readership to the *New Statesman* or *Spectator*. A good part of its circulation, I should guess, is to be found amongst the more educated clergy. It is intelligent, judicious, politically inclined to moderate Conservatism, wary but not openly opposed to innovations within the Church; and, a good deal of the time, frankly rather dull. One has the impression of extreme competence rather than energy in the editorial direction. Like the *Catholic Herald*, it has very open correspondence columns, and is valuable for printing the whole of those papal or ecclesiastical pronouncements, which, if they are on at all contentious matters, tend to get thoroughly garbled in the secular press. One has rather a feeling of opportunities missed with *The Tablet*: its right-wing stance must put off many young and progressively inclined Catholics who are intelligent enough for something on a higher plane than *The Universe* or *Catholic Herald*.

ONE OR TWO SMALLER publications deserve a mention: *Blackfriars* is a monthly published by the very forward-looking English Dominicans, which, in addition to exploratory theological contributions, has a marked interest in sociological discussion. *Search* is a private newsletter, published monthly for subscribers only, which is edited by Michael de la Bedoyère; for many years he was editor of the *Catholic Herald* until he had to give up the post "through curious circumstances which to this day I do not understand," as he has enigmatically remarked. Whilst editing the *Catholic Herald*

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de la Bedoyère maintained, no doubt for expediential reasons, a somewhat irresolute and fence-sitting attitude to controversial issues, but now that he has the freedom of a private newsletter, which cannot be subject to ecclesiastical sanctions, he has become remarkably radical and outspoken. *Search* publishes extracts from the foreign Catholic press as well as original articles, and contains the most lively and intellectually penetrating correspondence columns of any of the Catholic publications; it acts as a safety-valve for frustrated Catholic intellectuals, and has been active in presenting revisionist opinions on the birth-control question. Though its atmosphere is a little heady and way-out, *Search* is doing a valuable job.

Catholic book-publishing seems healthy at the moment, with some vigorous competition between the main houses. Burns & Oates, for long known principally as publishers of prayer-books and narrowly devotional works, have been steadily building up a much more varied list of titles, including such surprises as Robert Kaiser's *Inside the Council*. But most of the running, so far, has been made by Sheed & Ward, who have come a long way since the 'thirties when, among other reactionary manifestations, they published an eulogistic work on Italian Fascism. Now, in an excellent paperback series called "Stagbooks," they are making available to English readers the principal works of those Continental theologians—notably Hans Küng, Karl Rahner, S.J., and E. Schillebeeckx, O.P.—whose ideas have had such an explosive impact at the Council, as well as books by English priests influenced by them, such as Charles Davies and Herbert McCabe, O.P. Darton, Longman & Todd are another Catholic firm with a good list: all of them, one can assume, have been profiting by the immense ferment of ideas about Catholicism, and in particular about the nature of the Church, that has stemmed from the debates in Rome.

The Priests

BUT ALL THIS is a long way from the ordinary Catholic laity in England, who mostly don't read books on religion, and many of whom don't read a Catholic paper—not even *The Universe*. It is still quite a way from many of the clergy on whom they depend for the sacraments and for pastoral direction.

Any critic of the existing Catholic establishment in this country must have a necessarily ambivalent attitude to the ordinary parish clergy. They are for the most part men of remarkable dedication; often poorly paid (since they rely on their parishioners for their support), living in bleak conditions, and devoting themselves wholeheartedly to their sacramental office. Anyone who has the faintest notion of the appalling pastoral problems that must face the average hard-worked priest in, say, one of the heavily Catholic slum parishes in our northern cities will feel that it is hardly reasonable to expect him to keep himself also intellectually alert and abreast of the latest theological thinking. But it is a widely acknowledged fact that the *average* intellectual and cultural level of the English Catholic clergy is depressingly low. This much is apparent if one listens to many sermons in churches up and down the country, where the dynamic truths of Christianity are mindlessly reduced to the lifeless formulations of a seminary textbook, and where the tone adopted is little short of insulting to the listeners. Very few Catholic priests are university graduates; most of them will have spent several years in a seminary where they receive what is, in a narow sense, a *training* rather than an *education* of a broad kind, and where there is no provision at all for the acquiring of a degree of general culture. This problem was recently discussed by a priest writing in *Search*. He sharply attacked the narrowness of the seminary syllabus and its outdated approach to theology, pointing out that priests trained in English seminaries have made very little contribution to Catholic scholarship. He suggested that a greater degree of integration between students for the priesthood and the national system of higher education could be found by establishing (on the German model) faculties of Catholic theology in our universities, so the seminarian would conduct part of his studies in a normal academic environment. But since very few of the English bishops are themselves graduates, I doubt if this scheme would find favour. He wrote:

> The number of lay people who now enjoy a university education is much greater than it was before the war, and it is still increasing. The fact is that we may soon be in a situation where the cultural standard of the priest is below that of a large number of his parishioners.

From my own observation I would say that this situation has already arrived in many cases, and can produce some piquant if embarrassing social encounters. Pastorally it is unfortunate,

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and as the educational gap between clergy and laity widens there will clearly have to be a large re-thinking of the whole business of seminary education. There are, of course, exceptions to what I have been saying, particularly among convert priests; in the religious orders, which tend to attract the cream of the priesthood, the cultural and intellectual level is often very much higher than in the ordinary parish clergy—this is particularly true of the Dominicans.

TAKING A LARGER VIEW one can't, in fact, separate the educational level of the clergy from that of the Catholic community as a whole; and this is mediocre, to say the least. English Catholics, under the direction of their bishops, have for decades invested very heavily in providing a parallel but separate system of primary and secondary schools for Catholic children. The financial burden of providing this separate system is colossal, and one must admire the loyalty with which ordinary Catholic parishioners have continued to find the money. At the same time, it is proving extremely difficult to keep up with the improving standards of the state schools: quite a number of Catholic grammar schools are very good, but others (notably convent schools for girls) are poor, and waste a lot of potentially good material. The primary reason for having a separate educational system is to foster the spiritual development and preserve the Catholic faith of the child. And it is in this, above all, that the system seems to be failing; it is well known that a large proportion of the products of Catholic schools cease to practise their religion within a few years of leaving school (the problem is usually referred to as "the leakage"). In many cases the cause seems to be an ignorant and unenlightened form of religious instruction that is no better than brain-washing, and often produces a hostile reaction.

In this situation many of the Catholic laity are beginning to have increasing doubts about the wisdom of desperately trying to maintain a separate school system and keep up with the rising national standard. (The abolition of the 11-plus in many state schools is already producing extra problems for the Catholic schools.) It is becoming increasingly realised that many products of Catholic schools are less well educated than their contemporaries who went to a national school, and at the same time are not particularly well-instructed Catholics either. My own guess is that eventually there will have to be some form of integration between the Catholic schools and the national system, though it will probably not happen until it is forced upon the hierarchy; to bring it about there will need to be a good many concessions on either side.

[3] Dr. Roberts, the maverick ex-archbishop of Bombay—he voluntarily resigned his see to an Indian some years ago—is very much a thorn in the side of the English hierarchy; as a Jesuit he is not directly subject to ordinary ecclesiastical sanctions, and in any case his irremovable archiepiscopal status exempts him from censorship.

Sex

BUT THE QUESTION of the Catholic schools, taxing though it is, is of minor interest compared with the central preoccupation —one might almost say, obsession—of very many of the Catholic laity, namely, contraception.

This is not, of course, a peculiarly English problem; its impact is felt everywhere in the world, and far more acutely in the underdeveloped countries. But in England, where contraception is universally practised outside the Catholic community, and where other Christian bodies permit and even encourage its use, the problem weighs with particular intensity upon the average Catholic, who is inescapably affected by the *mores* and attitudes of society as a whole. In the past year there have been growing expressions of revolt against the Church's traditional attitude from many of the more articulate and educated members of the laity. This was rather dramatically brought out when the *Sunday Times* reprinted extracts from an article in *Search* by Archbishop Roberts, S.J., who said that although he loyally accepted the Church's authority in this matter, he personally wasn't at all convinced by the reasons usually advanced for prohibiting contraception.[3]

In this Roberts was doing no more than echo the feelings of many dutiful Catholics, but it provoked a rather hasty response from Archbishop Heenan on behalf of the English hierarchy, reaffirming traditional teaching and also ruling out the use of the Pill as a contraceptive agent. This was followed from Rome by various thoroughly ambivalent comments from the distinguished German theologian, Fr. Häring, and from Cardinal Ottaviani. Most recently, Pope Paul has made a carefully measured statement, suggesting that further definitions will be forthcoming before long.

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To the non-Catholic observer, all this may simply look like elaborate manœuvring to conceal the fact that before long the Catholic Church will bring her teaching up-to-date on this question, as she already has on so many others. This is a plausible view, but it ignores the complexities of the case. Traditionally, the ban on contraception has always been defended as something rooted in "God's law," unlike mere questions of ecclesiastical discipline (*e.g.*, the celibacy of the clergy, or fasting regulations), which could be altered if and when occasion arose. The traditional view is not, in fact, so obtuse as is sometimes made out: the main objection to contraception is not that it is in some loose sense "unnatural," which would equally involve one in objecting to shaving or wearing spectacles or building dams. The objection rests on a concept of sexuality as fundamentally creative and generative, as part of a God-given process which combines the biological and spiritual, and which the use of contraceptives aims to frustrate. At the same time, the fact that a woman cannot conceive for most of her monthly cycle (as recognised by the rhythm method), implies that reproduction is not the only end of sex, and that its other possibilities are, as it were, harmoniously built into its normal mode of operation and may legitimately be pursued. Within its own terms of reference, this approach has convincing elements, but it is open to the objection that its concern for the integrity of the sexual act (which contraceptives are regarded as violating) lays a very heavy stress on the objectively biological as opposed to the more deeply human and personal: other Christians do not appear to find any difficulty in frustrating the biological, or physiological, aspects of sex for a higher human good. Indeed, the statements of some upholders of the traditional Catholic position seem to hypostatise sex into an objective biological process rather akin to the Bergsonian or Shavian Life Force.

THE TRADITIONAL POSITION has drawn some remarkably sharp attacks recently from philosophically-minded Catholic laymen: they argue that it rests on a misinterpretation of certain texts in Genesis (concerning the sin of Onan), and has been buttressed by the concept of "natural law," which is an Aristotelian concept imported by the Scholastics, and has nothing to do with the essential matter of Christianity. On the other hand, a leading Jesuit has claimed that the objection to contraception is so fundamental, and so independent of philosophical justification, that even if the philosophical reasons usually advanced were proved invalid the objection would still stand. This is surely a precarious position, and one curiously unlike the usual procedures of Catholic moral teaching. It is very liable to provoke the sour response of a layman writing recently in *Search*, who observed:

> Surely Catholic parents who have to put this teaching into practice are entitled to better and more logical reasons why, than those given recently in the Catholic press which simply amounted to "we don't know why contraception is unlawful, just believe that it is on pain of grave sin, and don't ask too many awkward questions." If this is all that can be said about a question which is apparently not *de fide* then most of us are entitled to be very unimpressed.

The question as to whether the anti-contraception position is indeed *de fide* lies at the root of the whole business. Dr. Heenan's reaffirmation of it was greeted, not with a respectful silence, but with a demand for a precise statement of the doctrinal foundations on which this position rests, and for a definition of the degree of authority with which it has been stated and reaffirmed throughout the centuries. Thus, one is led in the end from a debate about sex to the even larger question of the nature of authority in the Church.[4]

The discussion continues, and its future direction is unpredictable. One or two points can be underlined, however. In the first place, the argument between traditionalists and revisionists is one about means not ends. No one objects in principle any longer to the idea of "family planning," and the rhythm method, which is a very deliberate method of birth-control, is allowed. The objection is solely to the *means* involved when mechanical or chemical contraceptives are employed.

Another important point is the question of over-population. Until recently, few Catholic publicists were prepared to take this as a serious factor in the argument; but the Pope's recent pronouncement suggested that its relevance to the whole question is now recognised. Again, although it is often affirmed that the Church's teaching on so fundamental a question cannot change, sceptics point out that although for centuries the Church condemned lending money

[4] This question has already been pursued with great thoroughness in *Problems of Authority*, a symposium edited by John M. Todd (Darton, Longman & Todd, 1962).

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at interest as "usury," this opposition was dropped when economic conditions changed. A more *recherché* case is that of judicial torture, which was denounced by popes in the so-called Dark Ages as utterly immoral, but which was approved and even recommended in the later medieval period (one hopes that it is now condemned again).

An interesting and somewhat unfortunate feature of the current debate in England is a growing split between the clergy who pronounce on the law, and the mostly married laity who have to carry it out. It is undoubtedly true that very many priests are conditioned by their training to think in terms of the metaphysical-cum-judicial conceptual structure on which the idea of "natural law" depends, whereas for the majority of laymen this is something very alien to their way of thinking, and is likely to seem monstrously irrelevant to someone facing a crisis of married life.

In terms of actual practice, English Catholics are divided between those who practise contraception despite the Church's ban, and are thereby cut off temporarily or permanently from the sacramental life of their religion; those at the other end of the scale who, either from ignorance or deliberately, use no form of birth control at all and produce the large families that are still looked on as a Catholic norm; and those in between, who may or may not accept the anti-contraceptive argument, but who obey the Church's teaching, and use the rhythm method with varying degrees of success, Although the anti-contraception position remains unaltered, there has been a remarkable shift of emphasis in Catholic attitudes to sex: "family planning" is now recommended by enlightened theologians, together with a more responsible attitude to the business of parenthood. The huge family is no longer held up automatically as the model for all good Catholics, though a certain emotional prejudice in favour of numbers continues to be apparent, although it has no theological justification. After all, the place of personal values in marriage, in addition to the procreative function, is now increasingly stressed. Sexual happiness is seen as a positive good, rather than merely given a grudging permission (though this, in turn, makes the advice to abstain from sexual intercourse in cases of difficulty all the harder to accept).

From this it has followed that the rhythm method of birth control, having at first been warily allowed, is now actively encouraged in many cases. This method is often attacked as totally unreliable. Historically, there are some grounds for this belief, since disastrous guesses were at one time made about the periods of fertility before the facts were discovered in the 'thirties. But now enough is known about the cycle and the temperature changes associated with ovulation for it to be a reliable method in the majority of cases—provided it is properly understood, which probably doesn't always happen. One hears much more about the failures with this method than the far more numerous cases where it is used successfully.[5]

However, it would be dishonest to pretend that this method is at present totally satisfactory and can apply to all cases. There remains the obscure and currently controversial question of "the Pill," which Dr. Rock helped to discover. He argues persuasively that it involves a different—and more "natural"—mode of operation from mechanical and spermicidal contraceptives, since it simply suspends ovulation, and in effect prolongs the "safe period." On the whole, Catholic theologians have tended to condemn the Pill—but not unanimously. The debate is proceeding, and one of the reasons why many Catholics resented Dr. Heenan's recent flat condemnation of the Pill (when used for contraceptive purposes, as opposed to regularising the safe periods) was that it looked like an attempt to settle a delicate theological debate by episcopal *fiat*. The Pope's more recent statement upholds the traditional position, but in remarkably tentative language, and seems to allow for the possibility of fresh developments.

And there, for the moment, the matter rests.

The Bomb

THERE IS ANOTHER large issue which concerns some English Catholics, though

[5] Catholic parents who successfully employ it sometimes note with ironic amusement the unplanned pregnancies of their friends who rely on the allegedly more successful mechanical methods. The uninformed prejudice against the rhythm method is so strong that I sometimes wonder if there might be more than mere ignorance behind it—the financial interests of the contraceptive industry are, after all, very considerable. Dr. John Rock, in his book *The Time Has Come* (Longmans, 1963), has some interesting things to say about the possibility of perfecting the rhythm method by predicting the onset of ovulation: if this could happen the method would become completely reliable and might have a good deal to recommend it to people who at present rely, perhaps unwillingly, on contraceptives.

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far fewer than those who worry about contraception; and this is the question of the morality of nuclear warfare. Traditionally the Church has been strict in theory about the rules of war but very permissive in practice; the doctrine that war can be permitted in the last resort as a means of self-defence and in a just cause has been so liberally interpreted as to allow *any* war to be approved of by the Catholic hierarchies of either or both sides: in the last war the German bishops, though ideologically opposed to Hitler, were convinced that the German nation was fighting a just war and wholeheartedly supported the Nazi war effort.[6] The extreme rigour with which the Church has developed the moral theology of sex has been unfavourably contrasted with her remarkable casualness about the morality of war.

English Catholics have always had a tradition of assertive patriotism, possibly to deflect any suspicion that, as spiritual subjects of the Pope, they were lacking in loyalty to the Crown. Some priests, I have been told, begin the process of instructing converts by referring to the large number of V.C.s won by Catholics in the two World Wars as a particular sign of the apostolicity of the Church. But the advent of nuclear weapons has clearly transformed the nature of war, and after some hesitation moral theologians have begun to make pronouncements about their use. It is now fairly generally agreed that in no circumstances could a whole city be justifiably wiped out, even as a direct reprisal for a similar act by the enemy: the destruction of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in the last war are regarded as certainly immoral acts. By a familiar principle, to threaten to perform an immoral act, even in the remotest and most unwished-for circumstances, is itself immoral. The logical corollary of this seems to be that the policy of the nuclear deterrent is immoral: the arguments for assuming this have been very cogently put forward by a group of English Catholic academics in a recent symposium.[7] So far, however, official opinion has remained silent on the issue, for reasons which may be reprehensible but might also have something to recommend them. I find myself in a dilemma on this issue, since whilst I consider the arguments in Walter Stein's book very convincing, I am also convinced that the unilateral abandonment of nuclear weapons by the West would be disastrous (though there might well be a case for giving up the British deterrent) and that the deterrent has in fact worked in preventing a major war for nearly twenty years. Granted that the use and even the possession of nuclear weapons is morally indefensible, I prefer to believe that their abolition must be by multilateral agreement rather than a unilateral act. An interesting result of the nuclear challenge, and of the kind of response to it illustrated by works such as Mr. Stein's book, is that the case for pacifism is being taken increasingly seriously by Catholics, instead of being simply denounced as wickedly unpatriotic as it once was.

Men like Walter Stein, and the other contributors to his book, are a remarkable sign that the Catholic Church in this country is finally growing up. A generation ago the typical Catholic lay intellectual (then, as now, probably a convert) would fling himself into an essentially apologetic role, writing "defences" of this, "refutations" of that, "attacks" on something else. In such an intellectual climate there was no room for sweetness or light, and no possibility of disinterested intellectual activity or the pursuit of truth for its own sake: everything was subordinated to the needs of immediate polemic. But in the last few years we have seen the emergence of intellectuals who, though intensely Catholic in their convictions, share the characteristic tone and modes of discourse of most other English intellectuals and are concerned with exploration rather than defence; politically, they are left of centre. I am thinking of writers such as J. M. Cameron, the polymathic Professor of Philosophy at Leeds University; and Brian Wicker, an energetic young extra-mural lecturer at Birmingham University. Cameron's recent book of essays[8] showed a remarkable range of interests, extending from a defence of linguistic philosophy to studies in political and literary theory. One of his most penetrating pieces, "Catholicism and Political Mythology," is a sharp attack on the kind of simple-minded mythologising which reduces world politics to a life-and-death struggle between the Catholic Church and the Antichrist of Communism, and ignores the complexities of any given situation. With Cameron's cool analyses we are in a very different world from the feverish myths of the Belloc era.

Brian Wicker shares many of the socio-

[6] The facts are given in Gordon C. Zahn's rather horrifying book, *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars* (Sheed & Ward, 1963).

[7] *Nuclear Weapons and Christian Conscience*, edited by Walter Stein (Merlin Press, 1961).

[8] *The Night Battle* (Burns & Oates, 1962).

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cultural interests of Richard Hoggart, Raymond Williams, and the New Left group; in his book *Culture and Liturgy* (Sheed & Ward, 1963) he has attempted to give their approach a theological dimension and apply it to the concrete situation of the Catholic Church in Britain today, arguing for a definite Left-wing political commitment by Catholics. Wicker is not a particularly original thinker, but he has a useful capacity for synthesising disparate ideas from Marx to Leavis and Hans Küng. The result contains some rather top-heavy generalisation, and is vulnerable on points of detail, but has an impressive sweep and urgency. It represents a completely new kind of intellectual inquiry as far as English Catholicism is concerned.

Towards an "Open Society"

IT WILL, I imagine, be a long time before the ideas and attitudes of the new-style Catholic intellectuals filter down to the broad Hiberno-English mass; or, for that matter, to most of the clergy. Even so, the climate of English Catholicism has changed extraordinarily in a very short time, reflecting of course, the impact of Pope John and the Second Vatican Council. A few examples may show what I mean. In November 1963, *The Universe*, reporting from the Council, carried a banner headline reading HOLY OFFICE ATTACKED. Normally, for *The Universe* to announce in a headline that any Catholic institution had been attacked would suggest an inevitably Communist-inspired outrage against the Faith. But this time, *The Universe* was merely reporting a speech made at the Council by Cardinal Frings of Cologne, who had complained that the Holy Office's methods were unjust, unfair, and the cause of scandal—a fact well known to many Catholics, but which may have been news to *The Universe*'s regular readers.

Again, many people found it surprising that Burns & Oates, publishers to the Holy See, should have brought out Robert Kaiser's *Inside the Council* (1963), with its extremely free comments on various Vatican personalities; one gathers that one of the directors, determined to give the firm a more adventurous list, seized the opportunity to publish Kaiser, despite the opposition of some of his colleagues. (The way was perhaps made clear by the death of Cardinal Godfrey early in 1963 and the ensuing long vacancy of the See of Westminster.) The book, when it appeared, was received calmly and without hysteria. Some years ago Mr. Bernard Wall published a factual work called *Report on the Vatican*, which contained a few gentle criticisms of Curia cardinals far milder in tone than those made by Kaiser and subsequently reported in the Catholic press from the Council; the then Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop O'Hara, went to some lengths to try to get the Catholic press to boycott the book. (By a curious irony, O'Hara died at about the time *Inside the Council* was published.)

Most remarkable of all, perhaps, was the reception given to the English Bishops' statement on contraception. Until very recently an official pronouncement of this kind might have been accepted, however reluctantly, in the spirit of St. Augustine's phrase, "Rome has spoken; the case is concluded." Now, however, it merely provoked a barrage of theological and philosophical counter-arguments from well-primed Catholic laymen (and to a lesser extent from revisionist priests, but laymen have much greater freedom of expression). Such vehement talking-back is sometimes irresponsible, it cannot be denied, but the total effect is salutary.

ALL THIS SUGGESTS that, in England, as elsewhere, the Catholic Church is becoming an open society where there is a place for the clash of opinion and the pursuit of truth in diverse forms; it has seemed a rigid monolithic structure for too long. In the Universal Church the 400-year period of the defensive post-Tridentine reaction has come to an end; and in England there are signs of the decline of the "ghetto mentality" and Catholic exclusiveness (though the type of anti-Catholic prejudice that provoked it is not yet extinct). True, many of the English higher clergy and bishops still have an instinctively authoritarian state of mind, thinking in terms of repression, bannings, censorship. And Dr. Heenan, the new Archbishop of Westminster, though an intelligent man, is anything but a liberal; in fact, he is regarded with intense suspicion by many progressive Catholics. Nevertheless, he possesses an energetic and outward-going personality (in contrast to his predecessor, Cardinal Godfrey, a man of great personal piety, whose years at Westminster were known by Catholic in-group jokers as the "safe period"). It is, I think, reasonable to hope that Heenan will help to give the Catholic Church a more central place in English public life; he is particularly concerned to establish close and cordial relations with other Christian

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leaders, and here his example could be crucial, for the ecumenical spirit is something that doesn't come very easily to English Catholics; both the Hiberno-English tradition and the Bellocian mythology fostered an ingrained anti-Protestantism, historical and cultural as much as religious.

The English Catholics are having to make other adjustments, some of them painful. Many, for instance, are scandalised at the new freedom of discussion and the readiness to seek for truth in quarters once regarded as heretical or worse. Liturgical changes are impending, and before long parts of the Mass will be said in English; this is already arousing resentment and concern, to judge from the correspondence columns of the Catholic press. It is perhaps a mark of psychological immaturity to be emotionally and aesthetically attached to particular liturgical forms; but it is quite a common reaction. Many Catholics are attached to the Latin Mass simply because they grew up with it; and also because the use of English might seem dangerously "Protestant." Again, the baleful Bellocian cult of the Church's "Latinity" might still exert a certain influence. I am a convinced vernacularist myself, but I recognise that the change-over could be rather traumatic for many admirable but uninformed Catholics. In fact, the familiar Hiberno-English culture, uneducated but devout, which nurtured the majority of the Catholic population, is begining to break up. Theologically, the change is a good thing, but some of us will note with a moment of regret the passing of such a distinctive way of life.

THE OLD IMAGE of the Church as a beleaguered citadel, so dear to generations of Catholics, is being replaced by the more authentic concept of the Church as God's People, continuing the work of Redemption amongst mankind, necessarily acting and living in the world as it exists, instead of trying to withdraw inside distinctively Catholic structures, and requiring a correspondingly greater degree of maturity and responsibility on the part of the individual Catholic. Above all, we are losing the idea of the Catholic Church as a pyramid with the Pope at the top, the bishops below him, then the clergy, and at the bottom the great dumb mass of the laity. Instead, we are becoming aware of the Church as a diversity of functions and services, rather than a rigid hierarchy, where the layman has his part to play as well as the priest.

"How I wish we were back in the days before the Council, when we knew what to think about laymen and Protestants!" one of the English bishops is reported, perhaps apocryphally, to have complained. Those days will never come again. The confusions besetting the English Catholic community are likely to get worse in the immediate future: but they are the signs of a reluctantly impending maturity.

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John Kenneth Galbraith

Economics *v.* the Quality of Life

An American View

IN THE POOR SOCIETY the relationship of economic circumstance to social thought and therewith to political action is powerful and rigid. For various reasons the rich society continues to assume that economic condition must be the dominant influence on social thought and action. This assumption becomes, in turn, a barrier to rational thought and needed action, and is exploited by vested intellectual and pecuniary interests.

Economic circumstance has a dominant influence on social attitudes in the poor society because for those who are poor, nothing is so important as their poverty and nothing is so important as its mitigation. In consequence, only religion with, among other things, its promise of later reward for enduring privation with patience, has had a competitive position. And since for nearly all time nearly all people have lived under the threat of economic privation, men of all temperament and views have stressed the controlling and permanent influence of economic need on social attitude.

"The modes of production of material life determine the general character of the social, political, and intellectual processes of life."[1]

"Here and there the ardour of the military or the artistic spirit has been for a while predominant; but religious and economic influences ... have nearly always been more important than all others put together."[2]

In the poor society not only do economic considerations dominate social attitudes but they rigidly specify the problems that will be accorded priority. Under conditions of scarcity and human privation there is obvious need to get as much as possible out of the productive resources that are available—to use the labour, capital, natural resources, and intelligence of the community with maximum efficiency. Such effort enlarges the supply of goods and thus mitigates the most pressing problem of the society which is the scarcity of needed things. There is similar concern over who gets the revenues from production and who can buy what is produced; for one man's undue advantage will be another man's painful deprivation. Thus the two classical concerns of normative economics—how to increase productive efficiency and how to reconcile this with distributive equity—are the natural consequences of general poverty.

IN THE PAST in poor countries, those whom feudal prerogative, sanguinary appropriation, personal fortune, exceptional personal accomplishment, or military or political success exempted from the common privation quickly became subject to non-economic preoccupations —military adventure, political entrepreneurship, artistic patronage, sexual virtuosity, social intercourse, horsemanship. Accomplishment in these pursuits and diversions became, indeed, an index of economic emancipation. Increased well-being of people at large also loosens the grip of economics on social attitudes. Improved efficiency no longer mitigates physical pain and privation. The person who gets more does not of necessity impose suffering on the person who gets less. However, economic compulsions continue to have a highly influential bearing on social attitudes and political behaviour in the generally affluent community. Although they

[1] Karl Marx, Preface to *Critique of Political Economy* (1859).

[2] Alfred Marshall, *Principles of Economics*. (Fifth Edition, Macmillan, London, 1907.)

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release their absolute grip, economic goals retain, nonetheless, much of their original prestige.

This is partly for reasons of tradition. Economic goals having so long been considered paramount, they have come to be considered immutable. Economists have also long equated physical with psychic need; for many years none might pass a Ph.D. examination who said that the wish of a poor family for shelter was superior in urgency to the wish of a well-to-do family for a shelter that outshone that of the family next door. To do so was to interpose unscientific judgments and invite immediate discredit. Psychic need being on a parity with physical need, the urgency of increased production, and thus of the economic problem, was not supposed to diminish with increased well-being.

Economics also retains its grip on social attitudes because of compassionate appeal to the problem of the man who is unemployed or, to a lesser but growing extent, a member of a racially less-privileged group. As living standards have risen, consumption has pressed less insistently on income. Failure to offset the resulting savings came to mean unemployment. Against the well-being of the majority had thus to be set the misfortune of those whom increasing affluence left without work and reliable income. And this disadvantage, it has come more recently to be observed, in America, is suffered in special measure by Negroes and other minority groups. So even though improvement in living standards might be less urgent, improvement in economic performance to provide jobs for the unemployed and the minorities remained of high importance and appeals to this purpose have a high moral content. Increasingly the purpose of the economy has become not the goods it produces but the jobs it provides.

Economic goals are also strongly, if not always visibly, supported by vested interest. The prestige of important groups in the community depends on the priority accorded to their function. If nothing is so important as production, no one is as important as the producer or "the businessman." If other goals take precedence, so do other people. The importance of economic goals for the prestige of the economist needs scarcely to be emphasised.

But economic goals accord even more practical support to vested position. If such goals are paramount, public issues will be decided according to economic tests. These are much more uncomplicated than other tests. A road can be put through a park, a monument replaced by an earning asset, a greenbelt turned over to industry or housing, a change in work rules resisted, a welfare measure rejected on a simple showing of economic effect. This is a great advantage to those identified with economic activity. Different goals would lead to a different —and also less predictable—decision with different benefits and other beneficiaries.

Finally, economic goals remain important for the vacuum they fill. A society must have a purpose. The most obvious and tangible purpose is to produce goods for private consumption. The annual increase in this production can then be a measure of national vigour. That is the measure we now employ.

We are allowed occasional doubts about our present measures of national achievement. There are anomalies that are a trifle embarrassing. As more basic requirements are filled, expansion naturally occurs in less urgent items. There is diminished emphasis on steel or bread grains (these or the capacity for producing them may even be redundant) and more on electric golf carts and electric toothbrushes. Questions may arise—as I have noted on other occasions—whether national vigour is to be measured by ability to have dental hygiene without muscular effort or athletic endeavour while sitting down. Economic growth is a measure of stern devotion to national goals. Growth consists increasingly of items of luxury consumption. Thus, we perform the considerable feat of converting the enjoyment of luxury into an index of national virtues. This arouses at least some doubts.

We are allowed concern, also, as to whether all of the important tasks of the society, economic and non-economic, are being equally well-performed. The contrast between public penury and private affluence is increasingly remarked. Finally, a few may have speculated as to why individuals, as they achieve higher levels of well-being, should escape from economic preoccupations while a nation, passing upward along the same path, must remain under the spell of economic compulsion. Why, if individuals turn to non-economic preoccupations, must a nation remain resolutely Philistine?

But, in general, we remain subject to economic preoccupations. Economic goals are paramount. The guidance of economists on

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how to achieve them is accepted as a matter of course. There are, I believe, serious dangers in this delegation. This we see if we look more closely at the sociology and the mystique of economics. We then see how this most developed and influential of the social sciences can be influential also in *misguidance* when the society is subject to change and when the social problem has ceased to be primarily economic.

UNLIKE the natural sciences, which have long been viewed as the behavioural norm by economists, economics is subject to two types of change. The first is in the interpretation of given phenomena. The second is in needed accommodation to change in economic behaviour or institutions. The development of the social accounts (national income, gross national product, and their components) in the 'thirties —the evolution of the input-output matrix in the 'forties—the analysis of money flows, the development of operations analysis, and the application of computer techniques to economic data in the 'fifties and 'sixties—are all examples of the first type of change. The accommodation of economic theory to the rise of the trade union or the development of the large corporation or to changing behaviour resulting from transition of the average person from comparative privation to, by past standards, comparative well-being are examples of the second type of change.

Economics is progressive as regards the first type of change—conceptual advances or innovations in interpretative apparatus are frequent, promptly examined, and, where useful, willingly adopted. From index numbers through the social accounts to modern quantitative methods, these developments have contributed greatly to the guidance of the American and West European economy. Modern public and business administration are deeply dependent on them.

By contrast, economics is rigorously conservative in accommodating interpretation to underlying change. Until quite recently, wage theory was not accommodated to the existence of the unions. Their existence and even their importance was not denied. But, by an agreeable convention, one was allowed in pedagogy and scientific discourse to assume away the effect of such inconvenient change. "Let us suppose there are no unions or other impediments in the labour market." The modern corporation has not yet been assimilated to economic theory, although the corporate system is all but coterminous with mining, communications, public utilities and manufacturing—in short, the largest part of economic life. The "theory of the firm" makes no distinction between a Wisconsin dairy farm and General Motors Corporation except to the extent that the latter may be thought more likely to have some of the technical aspects of monopoly.[3] All economists agree that there has been a revolutionary increase in popular well-being in the past thirty years. Most textbooks have yet to concede that this has altered economic calculation or affected economic motivation. It is not supposed that the shape of the economic problem is changed by being solved.

THE REASONS FOR RELUCTANCE to admit to the effects of underlying change are three. Again there is a tendency to protect vested interest. There is the old and familiar phenomenon of the imitative scientism of the social sciences which is, perhaps, carried farther in economics than in any other discipline. And there is the natural wish of the scholar to avoid rowdiness and controversy.

On vested interest there need be little comment. We all have a lively stake in what we understand. Moreover, much underlying change, especially the movement to higher levels of well-being, diminishes the urgency and scope of economic judgment and diminishes, in some degree, the importance of the discipline. Unions and corporations introduce social theories of organisation which replace the economists' market theory; well-being reduces the importance of economic choice and, therewith, of economic advice based on economic calculation. So, like cavalrymen, locomotive firemen, and fundamentalist pastors, economists find it tempting to deny what it is professionally disadvantageous to concede.

The natural sciences are not subject to underlying institutional or behavioural change. In consequence, economics seems more scientific if it is deemed to have a similar immutability. This explains, in turn, the considerable scientific self-righteousness with which sophisticated scholars avow the irrelevance of, say, the advent of modern advertising for "the theory of de-

[3] "... the functioning of the modern corporate system has not to date been adequately explained or, if certain explanations are accepted as adequate, it seems difficult to justify." Edward S. Mason, *The Corporation and Modern Society* (Harvard University Press, 1959).

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mand." It is a libel on the subject to suppose that its scientific verities are affected by such superficial change. Moreover, the first steps to bring institutional changes within the framework of economic analysis are invariably tentative, oral rather than mathematical, and lacking the elegance of a methodological innovation. Hence they are readily dismissed by the men of scientific reputation or pretension as rather sloppy.[4] Thus does scientism sublimate the progressive instincts of the profession away from institutional accommodation and into methodological advance. It does so with the blessing of presumptively scientific attitude, method, and conscience.

BUT AN INSTINCT TO CAUTION also plays a role. Methodological change rarely has implications for public policy; if it does, they are likely to be minor. Assimilation to change, by contrast, may have large and radical policy implications. Economists who have been associated with such changes and the related policy—John Maynard Keynes in Britain, Alvin Hansen in the United States—have led a highly controversial existence. This is not to the taste of all. I do not suggest that economists are craven. Other disciplines have far less experience with controversy because they are not under attack at all. But it seems certain that many economists do find harmony agreeable. At the present time, having just come through the accommodation to underlying change now denoted as "the Keynesian Revolution," and having discovered that the critics who once dissented are acquiescent and may indeed be sensing a common ground with economists on the conservative consequences of according priority to economic goals, there may well be a special reluctance to look for new trouble. In the intellectual backwaters the name of Keynes still strikes a radical note. Surely it is possible to bask a bit longer in the reputation for living dangerously that his name thus invokes.[5]

THIS RELUCTANCE to accommodate to underlying change is not new. Its consequence is that in time of change the practical advice which reflects the accepted economic view will often and perhaps usually be in error. The advice will relate to previous and not to the present institutions; but, needless to say, action must be related to the reality. If it is not, it will be in some degree damaging.

The danger here can be illustrated by reference to the last great change in underlying behaviour and institution and the related watershed in economic decision. In this century, as I have observed, unemployment—the failure to use resources—replaced the problem of efficiency in resource use. In the autumn of 1929, when unemployment began to grow rapidly, President Herbert Hoover's first instinct was to cut taxes, which he promptly recommended, and to urge corporations to maintain purchasing power by not reducing wages. This was completely in conflict with accepted economic views: these continued to respond to the main belief that efficient production, not unemployment, was the central concern. In accordance with these, there should be no interference with the labour market. Business confidence, also important for efficiency, required adherence to the "gold standard" and a "balanced budget." This advice was of no value for preventing unemployment; nearly all economists would now agree that measures so inspired would make matters worse. In time, it might be added, Mr. Hoover surrendered to the accepted economic view. The subsequent reversal of the approved policies by President Franklin Roosevelt in 1933 was viewed at a minimum with scepticism and at a maximum with hostility by most economists

[4] One thinks here of Adolf Berle's numerous efforts to bring the corporation within the framework of economic analysis. Though it has shortcomings, it has had much greater relevance to the behaviour of the firm than theoretical models which ignore questions of size and internal corporate structure. But among the economic *cognoscenti*, the work has enjoyed very little standing.

[5] I should like to stress again that in discussing the reluctance of economists to accommodate to underlying change, my motive is not criticism but to isolate a fact of some contemporary consequence. And while I am identified with the notion that increased well-being has had a profound effect on economic behaviour, I am not entering a personal complaint of neglect. On the contrary, it is the view of important economists that these contentions have received too much attention. Thus in a recent article George V. Stigler, the present president of the American Economic Association, expresses "shock" that so many more Americans have read *The Affluent Society* than *The Wealth of Nations*. (*The Intellectual and the Market Place*. University of Chicago, 1963.) I am reluctant to reply to Professor Stigler for I could seem to be urging the claims of my book against those of a very great classic. And I could conceivably be missing the deeper cause of Professor Stigler's sorrow which may be not that so many read Galbraith and so few read Smith but that hardly anyone reads Stigler at all.

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of acknowledged reputation.[6] This outcome was to be expected. There had been extensive underlying change leading to change in the problem to be solved. Accommodation was, as usual, slow. Prescription was, accordingly, for the wrong problem. As a matter of prudence, this tendency of economists to be concerned with the wrong problem must be expected in any time of change.

THE PREOCCUPATION of economists continues to be with unemployment and with the immediately related question of the volume of output of goods and services which is the remedy for unemployment. As noted, this is reinforced by moral sentiment. Only the heartless would countenance any other concern. Once again, underlying change has made the preoccupation partially obsolete; as a result, the recommendations are once again either irrelevant or damaging. I have used the phrase "partially obsolete." The problem is complicated by the tendency of institutional change to introduce new preoccupations without entirely dispensing with the old ones. In the 1930s, though unemployment became the central problem, inefficiency did not become unimportant. Economy in the use of resources remained desirable both in the interest of domestic users and the competitive position of the country. A high level of employment and an adequate rate of economic growth remain important now. The need is to prescribe first for the most important problems. If there is inconsistency in prescription for the primary and secondary (or other subordinate) problems, priority must go to the primary problem.

It will be agreed that, as unemployment declines from the (perhaps) twenty-five per cent of the labour force which it reached as a maximum during the 'thirties to the two or three per cent which is the practical minimum concern should gradually shift to other issues. Some such transfer of attention should presumably have occurred when unemployment had reached the present level of around six per cent. Failure so to shift attention will reflect some irrationally stubborn insistence on unemployment as *the* problem. A shift in attention will be even more certainly in order if there are obvious shortcomings in the lives of those who are employed —if education is deficient, regional development is unequal, slums persist, health care is inadequate, cultural opportunities unequal, entertainment meretricious, or racial equality imperfect. And the need for prior concern for education, slum abatement, improved health, regional development or racial equality would be even more clear if these could be shown to be the cause of unemployment and retarded economic growth. In fact, all of the conditions for a shift from the primary preoccupation with unemployment and growth do exist. The primary prescription must henceforth be for what may broadly be called the quality of life. This is now the primary goal.

Reference to the quality of life will be thought replete with value judgments; the condemnation of value judgments is one of the devices by which scientism enforces adherence to traditional preoccupations.[7] But there should be no major quarrel even by economists with a social goal which accords the individual the opportunity of providing for all his needs, not merely for a part of them. And there will, one imagines, be a considerable measure of agreement that the individual is the end in himself and not the instrument of the organisation, public or private, which was created to serve him. There are now recognisable imperfections in both of these areas. They follow from the priority accorded economic goals and the considerable power of the machinery we have created to pursue these goals.

[6] The Roosevelt economists were largely without professional prestige. None of them—Rexford G. Tugwell, Gardiner C. Means, Mordecai Ezekiel, Lauchlin Currie—ever fully survived the premature identification with policies that nearly all economists now consider right. They were righteously excluded from professional honours. Nor were they the only ones. In 1936 the Harvard Department of Economics dismissed as eccentric a suggestion that John Maynard Keynes, the prophet of the policies related to unemployment, be numbered among the leading economists of the day who were being endowed with an honourary degree at the Tercentenary celebrations of that year. Honours went to men who, in general, were identified with less relevant but reputable policies.

[7] It is held that the provision of an expanding volume of consumer goods, among which the consumer exercises a sovereign choice, involves no value judgments. This might be approximately true if everything the consumer needs were available from the market and if no attempt were made to manage his choice. Conservatives instinctively but wisely insist that almost all important needs can be provided by the market, and that management of the consumer is of negligible importance. This enables them to rest their case on an impersonal manifestation of individual choice. It is also evident that the preconditions for their case are far from being met.

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THERE IS, FIRST, the continuing imbalance in meeting of needs. We identify economic performance with the production of goods and services and such production is the task of the private sector of the economy. As a result, privately produced goods and services, even of the most frivolous sort, enjoy a moral sanction not accorded to any public services except defence. Desire for private goods is subject to active cultivation—a point to which I will return. And the equation of psychic with physical need excludes any notion of satiety. It is a mark of an enfeebled imagination to suggest, say, that two automobiles to a family is some kind of limit. Public services, by contrast, are the subject of no similar promotion; that there are severe limits to what should be expended for such services is, of course, assumed.

The consequence of this differential attitude is a sharp discrimination in favour of one and against another class of needs. Meanwhile, a series of changes in the society increases the pressure for public services. Increasing population and increasing density of population increase the friction of person upon person and the outlay that is necessary for social harmony. And it is reasonable to suppose that a growing proportion of the requirements of an increasingly civilised community—schools, colleges, libraries, museums, hospitals, recreational facilities—are by their nature in the public domain.

Finally, increasing private production itself increases the urgency of public services. The automobile makes obvious demands in its requirements for streets and highways, for traffic control, control of air pollution, and investment in public order. From the pressure of mining, fishing, lumbering and other resource industries on public agencies responsible for conservation to the pressure of the exploding container industry on trash removal, the effect is similar.

It should also be observed that if appropriate attention is not accorded all needs, the private sector itself will suffer in technical performance. As one American economist has pointed out, "modern science has made public the very anxiety of producing inventions." And modern industry has come to require its own type of man. One significant consequence is that a major part of the unemployment with which we are preoccupied is of people whose location, family characteristics, youthful environment, or race denied them access in their youth to normal opportunities for education and training. The same is true of individuals and families which fall below the poverty line. Thus it comes about that the remedy for unemployment and individual privation depends to a very considerable degree on the balance between public and private services—or, more generally, on measures to improve the quality of life.[8]

I HAVE DWELT on a number of these concerns before; I do not wish further to risk the rebuke that accrues to the scholar who repeats his own work and that of other people. But there is a new danger in this area which is now urgent.

If unemployment is deemed to be the dominant problem, and if (as in the past) expansion of the economy is deemed a complete remedy, it will not matter much how this is achieved. Tax reduction and an acceleration of the expansion in demand for the output of the private sector will be entirely appropriate. Even some reduction in public services if offset by a larger increase in private outlays will be sound policy. However, if the problem is *the quality of the society*, it will matter a great deal how the expansion of demand is managed. Improvement in needed public services, given the tendency to imbalance, improves the quality of the society. Expansion of private services without expansion of public services brings *prima facie* no similar improvement. It could lead to distortions that would mean a reduction in the quality of life. Plainly, an expansion of the private sector which is won at the expense of the public sector is intolerable. It provides what we least need at the expense of what we most

[8] In March, 1962, 40 per cent of the U.S. unemployed had eight years of schooling or less. This educational group accounted for only 30 per cent of the total labour force. At a time when national unemployment was 6 per cent among males aged 18 and over, it was 10·4 per cent of those with four years of schooling or less and 8·5 per cent of those with five to seven years of schooling. Unemployment dropped to 4 per cent among those with thirteen to fifteen years of schooling and to 1·4 per cent of those with college training. (*Automation, Jobs, and Manpower.* Subcommittee on Employment and Manpower, United States Senate, September 20, 1963.)

In 1956, 13 per cent of families had incomes of less than $2,000. Of those with eight or fewer years of education, 33·2 per cent had incomes of less than $2,000. Among all unattached individuals, 54·1 per cent had incomes of under $2,000. Of those with eight or fewer years of education, 80·3 per cent had incomes under $2,000. (National Policy Committee on Pockets of Poverty, Washington, D.C., December 6, 1963.)

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need. And since the ultimate remedy for much unemployment depends on public sector investment in the unemployed (or their children), the policy may fail in even its avowed purpose.

There may be times when tax reduction will be a legitimate measure for securing improved economic performance. Defence expenditures are a large share of all public outlays and also are protected by a different set of attitudes. Should it be possible and practical to reduce these, it would be possible and perhaps necessary to reduce taxes—even while improving other services.

It is possible also that prior to the recent U.S. tax cut, the tax system, with its highly progressive impact on increased personal and corporate income, took an undue amount of income from the economy when this was at or near full employment. As a result, with lower taxes there could be a higher rate of growth, higher public revenues, and better provision for public services. This case was vigorously made. While I was less confident of the calculations than some of my friends—a recession arising from then current levels of tax collections was firmly predicted for mid-1963—one could not entirely reject the argument. But it is the only case that had merit. The Keynesian argument, which was and remains the more common case for tax reduction, is that any source of spending is acceptable for improvement in the quality of life. Since expansion and increased unemployment require improved public services, it may even be self-defeating. It also unites an undiscriminating and obsolete Keynesianism with those who argue for "lower taxes and less government." This could be a formidable and damaging coalition.[9]

[9] "There is mounting realisation of the injury to incentives and economic growth arising out of the magnitude of taxation. From this has come increasing determination to do something about it. This is all to the good. There is also a rising realisation that there is something wrong about reducing taxes unless something also is done about curbing expenditures to avoid the need for big deficits in budgets. This also is good. But the general insistence on reducing expenditures falls short of that on reducing taxes. This failure to place equal emphasis on expenditure reduction can mean a danger of continuing big deficits." *Important Trends in Our Economy* (United States Steel Corporation, 1963 Annual Report).

[10] William H. Whyte, Jr. *The Organisation Man*, (1956). Mr. Whyte suggests this subordination is rationalised by "that contemporary body of thought which makes morally legitimate the pressures of society against the individual."

THE QUALITY OF LIFE will also suffer if the individual is not an end in himself but an instrument of some purpose that is not his own. This too is inherent in our situation. We have developed an economic system of considerable power. We have reason to be grateful for its achievements. But it has its purposes; it seeks naturally to accommodate society to these purposes. If economic goals are preoccupying, we will accept the accommodation of society to the needs of economic organisation as an economic imperative. We will regret our surrender but we will reconcile ourselves to the inevitable. If we have economic goals in proper perspective, we will see that no such subordination is necessary.

One part of this subordination, that of the individual to specific organisation, most notably the corporation, has been much discussed.[10] There can be little doubt as to the tendency. The corporation requires its own type of man; he must be willing to subordinate his own goals to those of the organisation; and it is necessary that he do so if the organisation is to succeed. Such subordination, in some form or other, makes possible group performance of tasks. This merges experience, knowledge, or technical skills for a result superior in content and reliability to that of the individual. It is a functional necessity of modern organisation. Such suppression of individuality in modern organisation is not lessened by the contemporaneous espousal, as regularly happens, of a muscular creed of individuality.

We must keep this part of the problem in perspective. The competitive market also has its *type*, and it is not so clear that the wary, uncompassionate, self-regarding, wit-matching trader, in whom both deviousness and cupidity may have been as often rewarded as penalised, would have been kept in the Temple in competition with the Organisation Man. The corporation executive commits himself voluntarily to what William Whyte has called the social ethic of the corporation. He can readily escape if he is willing to forgo the compensation which purchases his conformity.

The more serious problem is not the discipline imposed by organisation on its members and accepted by them, but the discipline such organisation seeks to impose on society to make the latter accord better with its needs. The behaviour and beliefs of society are, in fact, subject to extensive management to accord with economic need and convenience. Not even

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scientific truth, much as our culture presumes to canonise it, is exempt. Thus, the tobacco industry does not conceal its discontent with scientists who, on the basis of rather impressive evidence, aver that cigarettes are a cause not only of lung cancer but a disconcerting assortment of other fatal or disabling maladies. The economic well-being of the industry requires the active and energetic recruitment of new customers. This need is paramount. So there is no alternative to impeaching the scientists and their evidence. We should notice that the freedom of the individual to smoke and contract cancer is not at issue here. The fundamental liberty is not in question.

Similarly, and in conceivably a more dangerous area, we have come to assume that our defence strategy, and even in some degree our foreign policy, will be accommodated to the needs of the industries serving the defence establishment. Before leaving office, President Eisenhower issued his notable warning on the rise of the civilian-military complex, a concern which had previously been pressed somewhat less influentially by the late C. Wright Mills in his book, *The Power Elite* (1956). The Eisenhower-Mills contention was, in essence, that defence budgets and procurement were being influenced not by national need but by what served the economic interests of suppliers. Similar consideration, as distinct from national needs, has manifested itself on behalf of manned bombers, *Skybolt*, *Dyna-Soar*, and other weapons including some where it met with success. The resistance in 1963 to the partial nuclear test ban by organisations closely identified with the manufacture of weapons delivery systems was motivated not by a unique view of national interest but by industrial need and the preferences of the Air Force.

However, these are only extreme cases; they highlight an effort that is pervasive and inherent. No producer, in our present state of economic development, would be so naïve as to launch a new product without appropriately reconstructing the pattern of consumer wants to include the innovation. He cannot be sure of succeeding, but he would never be forgiven if he failed to try. Nor does any commercially viable producer leave the consumer to unpersuaded choice among existing products. The management of consumption in accordance with economic interest has become one of the advanced arts of our time. The participants urge their virtuosity in uninhibited terms save, perhaps, when it becomes a subject for scientific discussion. At this stage it becomes a bland though indispensable exercise in providing public information.

In a well-to-do community we cannot be much concerned over what people are persuaded to buy. The marginal utility of money is low; were it otherwise, people would not be open to persuasion. The more serious problem lies in a conflict with truth and aesthetics. The meretriciousness associated with the shaping of popular taste to economic need is by way of becoming one of the hallmarks of the culture. There is little that can be said about most economic goods. A toothbrush does little but clean teeth. Aspirin does little but dull pain. Alcohol is overwhelmingly important only as an intoxicant. An automobile can take one reliably to a destination and return him, and its further features are of small consequence as compared with the traffic encountered. There being so little to be said, much must be invented. Social distinction must be associated with a house or automobile, sexual fulfilment with an automobile or shaving lotion, social acceptance with a hair oil or mouthwash, improved health with a cigarette or a purgative. We live surrounded by a systematic appeal to a dream world which all mature, scientific reality would reject. We, quite literally, advertise our commitment to immaturity, mendacity, and profound gullibility. We justify it by saying it is economically indispensable.

The conflict with aesthetics is even more serious and much more general. As the economic problem is resolved, people can be expected to become increasingly concerned about the beauty of their environment. The natural priorities of a society proceed from the getting of the goods to getting the surroundings in which they can be enjoyed. But, at least in the short run, there is no necessary harmony between economic and aesthetic accomplishment; on the contrary, short-run conflict must be assumed.

With rare and probably accidental exceptions, an aesthetically attractive environment requires development within an overall framework. Thus, agreeable urban communities are invariably those in which law or fashion allow of variant treatments within a larger and symmetrical framework. Such communities must be related to properly protected open space, for parks and countryside lose their meaning if they are invaded at random by habitation,

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traffic, industry, or advertising. Some segregation of industry and commerce from living space is essential if the latter is to be agreeable —neither a steel mill nor a service station is an aesthetically rewarding neighbour. In a different area good theatre and good music require the protection of a mood; they cannot be successfully juxtaposed to rhymed jingles on behalf of a laxative.

ALL OF THIS IS in conflict with short-run priority.[11] The latter will seek the greatest possible freedom for uninhibited use and dissonance; it is the essence of aesthetics that there be some framework and hence some control. Those who sense the need for such control surrender to the assumed economic necessity. For its part, economic organisation strongly affirms its need for freedom. Proposals for control are pictured as subversive; concern for beauty is pictured as effete. Purely as a matter of tactics, this makes sense. It is an elementary precaution in a conflict of this kind to identify the enemy with bolshevism or pederasty.

We see, however, that this need not necessarily be accepted. The priority of economics will continue to be defended—and with enhanced vigour that derives partly from the sense of increasing obsolescence and the need to resist it. But we can have the social planning that erases grime and squalor and which preserves and enhances beauty. A price in industrial efficiency may be necessary; indeed, it should be assumed. Economic development enables us to pay the price; it is why we have development. We do not have development in order to make our surroundings more hideous, our culture more meretricious, or our lives less complete.

[11] Given the self-destructive character of much unplanned investment, the longer-run conflict is not so clear.

Nor, as scholars and scientists, should we be detained for a moment by the protest that this is a highbrow view and that people want what they want. This is the standard defence of economic priority. Those who most insist that this is what people really want are those who most fear that, given the opportunity, people would make a different choice—one that involves a greater measure of social control of environment.

It will be sensed that these are controversial matters—much more controversial than the questions surrounding economic growth and full employment. Important questions of social policy inevitably arouse passion. A consensus is readily reached on those that are unimportant or on their way to solution. There could be no better test that economics is now solving the wrong problem.

ESCAPE FROM THE COMMITMENT to economic priority has, it will be clear, a broadly emancipating role. It enables us to consider a range of new tasks from the beautification of our cities, the cleaning up of roadside commerce and advertising, the enlargement of cultural opportunity, the redemption of mass communications to the suppression of the influence of weapons-makers on foreign policy. The political and social power that is available for these tasks is not negligible. Scientists, humane scholars, teachers, artists, and the community that is identified with these preoccupations have been asserting themselves with increasing influence and self-confidence. Given a clear view of the issue and need and given release from the assumption of economic priority, that influence will surely deepen and expand. Nothing is more to be wished, welcomed, and urged.

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Frank Tuohy

The Trap

"THAT is Mr. Haworth?"

"Speaking."

"Here Marysia Rodzinska."

"Oh, yes."

"Here Marysia Rodzinska." The voice grew shrill with anxiety and fear of disappointment. "You are remembering me? From your lectures."

"Of course. Nice to hear your voice."

"Mr. Haworth,"—she was pleading now—"I have brought with me a present for you. When may I give it, please?"

Haworth had left her country six months before. At the last moment, among tearful farewells, he had distributed his London address to anyone who asked for it, knowing that nothing he could do for them would be enough in the effort to redress the appalling imbalance of the world. In London, however, this Iron Curtain euphoria did not last. It was not only that new interests claimed his attention, but he discovered that, of the half dozen of his friends he really wanted to see, two would never get passports for political reasons; others could not leave the relatives they supported, or simply dared not face all the formalities which foreign travel involved: the visa form from the British Embassy, the application to the Police in a building which still held the aura of terror, the rare passage on the only boats for which you could pay in national currency. Often by the time you received your passport, the British visa form had expired; by the time you renewed your visa form, the boat had gone: you handed your passport back to the Police, until such time that you might summon sufficient energy to start the whole process again.

Marysia Rodzinska said she was staying with refugee cousins in West Finchley. No, she had no idea where it was, she had no map, she had been staying indoors the past three days, too nervous to go out. She knew nobody else in London. With some sense of foreboding Haworth arranged to meet her for a drink three days ahead. And, since she had no landmarks to guide her, he suggested that they meet at the exit to the Underground at Piccadilly Circus. She had only to get on to a train and get off it. She assented dubiously to these proposals, said that she would get there somehow, and rang off, leaving him with the impression that he had failed her expectations. But what could she have expected? He barely remembered what she looked like.

He was on time at Piccadilly and waited for a quarter of an hour in that bright underground limbo inhabited by police constables, Somali students, and elderly German tourists with pleading eyes. He wondered whether he would recognise Marysia Rodzinska. He could not remember if she was married or not, since in her country the title by which you addressed women did not indicate their status.

"Mr. Haworth! Mr. Haworth!"

There she was at the barrier, carrying a large parcel and waving to him with her free hand. While doing this she mislaid her ticket, and now turned to shout with every evidence of contempt at the West Indian girl who asked for it. A middle aged couple standing behind her stepped forward and resolved this situation. These, when she got through the barrier, she introduced as her cousins, who had been in England since the war. They smiled delightedly and while shaking hands both uttered their names, which Haworth did not catch. But he was heartened by their presence, which would mitigate the greedy enthusiasm of Miss—obviously Miss—Rodzinska. There would be time for polite conversation, conducted slowly

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because their English was less good than hers.

Haworth was to be disappointed. After some consultation in their own language, the couple shook hands once more.

"You're sure you won't join us?"

Small, square, they beamed at him. "Marysia is so pleased," they said and went back through the barrier. They had return tickets.

"They were bringing me here because I was so frightened. They are very kind."

DURING HIS LECTURES Miss Rodzinska had always chosen to sit in the middle of the front row. She was an indefatigable note-taker: when one of the women behind her asked a question, she would lean back to listen, without turning round but with an occasional frowning or shrug, while her pencil quivered with impatience to continue. Sometimes she interrupted him and he checked her with "One moment, please"; she then assumed the ironic expression of a clever child who is scolded, but this was only her idea of a joke. As teachers do when they are carefully enough flattered, he had concluded by considering her intelligent.

Now, as he tried to move off, she stood still. He looked enquiringly at her, and she thrust the parcel into his hands.

"It's very kind of you to bring it. Who is it from?" From the shape, it was probably a bottle of vodka, or even *spirytus*, which is twice as strong.

"Open it, please."

Trying to stand out of the way of the crowd at the ticket-machines, he tore apart the rough brown paper and revealed a cardboard box. She watched him; people bumped into her but she took no notice. Where he was, she was, humbly. He lifted the lid from the box and found two dolls, elaborately dressed in folk costume, dancing together on a wooden base. To him the folk dances of European countries were indistinguishable and their costumes inaesthetic, but he knew the cost of the gift. These objects were specially fabricated for presentation to friends or relatives abroad who had sent food or luxuries for sale, or dollars which ought to have been spent on literally anything else.

"Who's it from?"

Smiling and writhing, she directed his attention to the lid. "To my very dear teacher from his humble pupil and admirer, Marysia Rodzinska."

He closed the box quickly. "They're very nice, but you should not have done that. I mean it seriously. These things are extremely expensive. I cannot possibly accept it." He was annoyed with her at once. She had wasted money on a gesture that seemed almost self-destructive, like a gambler's final throw.

Her eyes blurred. "Please, please, Mr. Haworth."

He put the parcel under his arm, to be decided about later on.

IN THE BAR of a nearby hotel they sat face to face. Watching her, he repented his harshness. Her dark blond hair was thin and she had a face that hard work and a poor diet had driven quickly from prettiness into pathos. Though she would pass in any English crowd, to him her appearance was unmistakable to the point of nostalgia. She was wearing a salmon-pink coat with a single button, a grey suit, with sandals of a different grey; her handbag was grey plastic. She belonged in fact to the Plastic Age of Communism, when people no longer look proletarian but lower middle class. She had either bought the outfit at a State store or had patronised one of the dressmakers who work privately, sometimes using cloth from abroad but most often altering, transforming and hermaphroditising clothing within the circuit of a given family. Whichever it was, no taste was involved because there was no real choice, and all the effort and considerable expense had only led Miss Rodzinska to look like a gym mistress on her afternoon off. Had the consciousness of this made her stay at home up to now?

Since telephoning him, however, she had made a first sortie into the alien territory that surrounded her. Accompanied by her cousin, she had visited the Victoria and Albert Museum.

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"I was shocked."

"Why on earth?"

"There are many beautiful things there but no people. With us, a place like this is filled all the time by excursions."

Haworth had forgotten about the whole generation of prigs, created by the competing puritanisms of Church and State. Miss Rodzinska was old for a university student: there was some pretence at gentility in the family, and for several years she had been refused entry to the University, working in a factory. He remembered her telling him this last year, her loud droning voice full of all the egotism of someone who feels socially diminished. She had few friends, which was why she thrust herself so ruthlessly into the front row at his classes.

At first she would drink nothing, then accepted orangeade, which she tasted and put down with a shudder.

"It is not good." Then she smiled to show she was being naughty: if he was English, he must defend English orangeade.

Haworth tried to keep the conversation going, but she had only disapproval for those of her compatriots he enquired after, and soon he was wary even of mentioning their names. And she had no evident interest in England. Already he had had to ask her to dinner, and he perceived he would have the utmost difficulty in getting rid of her, either tonight or later. She had what was called "Dean's Leave" from her university; she would be in England for six months.

She had come here for no other purpose than to see him.

"PLEASE, I will have exactly what you do." He ordered two steaks *pizzaiola* and a cautious half carafe of wine. Miss Rodzinska kept trying to catch his eye, and he went on talking, aware that she was not listening to him so much as inhaling his physical presence. He thought of the tiny distance that divides the great peace of mutual attraction from the warfare of that which is not mutual. Now his knees were almost spread apart under the little table in order not to come into contact with hers.

"What are those, please?" She asked in her loud, childish voice.

"Chianti bottles."

"Why do they hang up there? It does not look nice."

She tried to challenge him on everything from the restaurateur's taste in interior decoration to commercial television, which her hosts kept permanently switched on. "People like it" he answered each time but she could not feel any force in this argument. And for her, defending one thing involved defending everything: hers was a Hegelian universe in which all things hung together.

After a time he noticed that she was not eating. "Is something wrong?"

"I do not like meat."

Her countrywomen rose at five in the morning for the butcher's queue; or else a peasant would arrive in the middle of the afternoon with a furtive parcel in newspaper, his motorcycle hidden in the reed beds outside the city. I am not demanding gratitude, Haworth told himself, only that the gifts should go to the right people.

Miss Rodzinska was still in the first stage of refugeedom: she thought herself powerful and important through having come from where she did, for having lived the way she had, through those long, hungry winters in which it always seems to be six o'clock on a freezing morning. She believed the unfortunate could make bullying demands on the fortunate, whoever they were, and was ready to try this out on him.

There are claims, however, which are quite illicit: sometimes in her country you came across Dostoevskyan beggars, refugees into insanity, whose argument appeared to be: "You owe me a dollar because Roosevelt was a dirty Jew who bribed Churchill to hand us over to the Russians." But no historical debts, whether forged or genuine, can be charged to the account of private individuals. Nor can you be forgiven at the same time both as a refugee and a private person. If Miss Rodzinska wanted to be loved, she must try at least to be as nice as other people. And, poor girl, she was not.

He was still arguing to himself like this

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as he prepared to take her to the nearest Tube station.

"Oh, not yet, not yet, let me stay with you, please."

"Then you'll have to take the train by yourself. I live in Chiswick."

She did not answer but entwined her arm into his. Her bones were just under the coat: it was the stick-like arm of someone thin with desperation. How could things have got so far? They passed a cinema with a French film showing. "Let's go and see this," he said hurriedly. "I've heard it's very good."

She sighed. "If you wish it."

She leaned against him throughout the film, breathing heavily through the long crescendo where the heroine and the motor-cyclist wandered through the *château* gardens. After the climax (tilted nipple and dark aureole in profile against tangled sheets, hero buttoning jeans) he was aware that she was staring at him and had been doing so for the past ten minutes.

When they came out into the street, everything was much worse than it had been before.

"Why did you make me go to that, when all I wanted was to talk to you?"

"Didn't you like it?"

"It was *horrible*." She was nearly crying. "I am pleased that such films are forbidden in my country."

He spoke very clearly. "Now I'll put you on your train."

"No, no. Let me come with you."

In one of the white-tiled corridors of the Underground, Haworth pulled Miss Rodzinska away from the stream of passengers hurrying to the last trains. Neither of them had any natural presence: they were the sort who are always being bumped into by old women who mutter, by men in raincoats who stare, by smaller men carrying unwieldy musical instruments, by a group of Hindus in ochreous tweeds.

He tried to haul her out of the current but in her avid concern with him she kept stepping back into it and getting jolted. This only added to the feeling that everything was being shaken apart in their hands.

"You were so kind before. You have changed."

"I endeavoured to be nice to everybody on the course," he said crisply.

"I came to England especially for you."

"That's quite absurd. You know that's absurd."

She turned away. "I hate England. What is going to happen to me? I cannot go back home now."

"Really you must try to pull yourself together." Sensing that this expression might be too idiomatic for her understanding he amended it to: "Cheer up, please." The wrongness of everything he said had stopped mattering. The poor thing was looking with an abstracted gaze into a future in which she was determined to see only defeat. Why couldn't she find someone in her own country? He knew the reasons: a generation of men slightly older than herself either dead or in exile; worse, a new crop of girls, lively and far less priggish, who had grown up in the last few years. This was her last throw.

"Where is your parcel?" she shouted.

He glanced down him, at the sudden lightness of nothing under his arm.

"You left it in the cinema. You want to lose it."

"I'll go back for it when I have seen you off."

"No, no. I want you to come with me. I am so frightened."

"That's impossible. I told you I live the other side of London."

"But I am frightened."

The train took long to arrive, and while they waited he felt invaded by her panic, which was the only one of her feelings he could share. Hysteria was beating round them when at length he pushed her towards the doors, and said: "You'll get a taxi at the other end."

"Please, I am frightened."

The doors slid shut. There was a minute before the train started and he watched her standing there. She did not look at him any more, but was making small half-blind movements, like an animal searching incredulously round the walls of its trap.

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Colin Clark

Oxford Reformed

Notes During a Controversy

"It is this mild, miasmal air, not less than the grey beauty and the gravity of the buildings that has helped Oxford to produce, and foster, eternally, her peculiar race of artist-scholars, scholar-artists. . . . On him who stays to spend his maturity here the spirit will in its fullness gradually descend. The buildings and their traditions keep astir in his mind whatsoever is gracious; the climate, enfolding and enfeebling him, lulling him, keeps him careless of the sharp, harsh exigent realities of the outer world. These realities may be seen by him. . . . But they cannot fire him. Oxford is too damp for that. . . . Oxford, that lotus land, saps the will-power, the power of action. But, in doing so, it clarifies the mind, makes larger the vision, gives, above all, that playful and caressing suavity of manner which comes from the conviction that nothing matters, except ideas."

WHEN MAX BEERBOHM was writing *Zuleika Dobson*[1] in 1911 he produced not only an entertaining fantasy, not only a terrible prophecy of the coming holocaust of a generation, but also some remarkably penetrating comments on the University. Other universities may produce men of the greatest intellectual pre-eminence, in a number of fields—brilliant but unbalanced specialists many of them are. But the exposure of a selected group of young men (admittedly not for too long) to the Oxford atmosphere may perform the more subtle task, which even a utilitarian age will recognise as of great social importance, namely of producing a substantial number of unusually good teachers, civil servants, professional men—and, above all, political leaders. *Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re* has undoubtedly been the motto of Lord Attlee, one of Oxford's most characteristic products. The Labour Party has shown clearly that it has preferred a succession of Oxford-trained leaders.

In a University where ideas matter, there will be above all a constant preoccupation with *polis, res publica*, the public welfare. And ideas do have consequences. One man with ideas, said John Stuart Mill, counts for as much as a hundred who merely have interests (thus undermining the Marxian case before it was promulgated). To trace the consequences of all the ideas generated in Oxford (and every reader is bound to disagree with some of them) would be to recapitulate the greater part of the country's history, from Wycliffe's religious doctrines in the 14th century, through the royalism of the 17th century, the High Church Toryism of the 18th century, not utilitarianism—we left that to London and Cambridge—but the moderate and empirical reformism of Peel and Gladstone, the reconstitution of Church of England doctrine through the Oxford Movement, the Oxford type of Hegelianism which inspired the Edwardian radicals and Fabians, teaching them that any expansion of the activities of the state was a good thing in itself, after the turn of the century the Milner-Amery-Curtis-Buchan intellectual type of imperialism, which bore its strange and short-lived fruits, right down to the part played by All Souls in fostering appeasement in the 1930s. Apart from these activities of the older generations, the University of the 1920s and 1930s, in which G. D. H. Cole and William Beveridge taught, is now yielding its fruits in the ideas of Harold Wilson and other Labour leaders. We may or may not like them; but there is no doubt that they are going to exercise an important influence on our political history.

[1] Mr. Osbert Lancaster's illustrations of this story in the Randolph Hotel ballroom now constitute one of the sights of Oxford.

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There is another thing which is important about Oxford University, which is that it is a democracy, not only in name but in fact. Every holder of an established college or university teaching or research post has a vote in Congregation, the final authority in University affairs. It is true that at most meetings of Congregation there is hardly anyone present; but this is only because the executive authorities proceed so cautiously, and take so much care to sound opinion within the University in advance of any action (a certain slowness and indecision in action is the price which always has to be paid for democratic government). If a controversial issue does arise, such as the question of the retirement age, or of compulsory Latin, or of building a tower on the edge of the University parks, Congregation quickly fills up, and the decision of the majority is final, however inconvenient it may be for the executive authorities.

WHEN THE "red-brick" Universities were established in the 19th century, asks Professor Asa Briggs, why were their constitutions based on a "professocracy," German-style, rather than on a Oxford-style democracy? He may well ask. But the democratic principle can be carried to the point of impracticability, as Lord Franks may find in conducting his present "Internal Royal Commission." So anxious is he to ensure that no element of opinion in the universities is left unconsulted, so numerous are his questionnaires (one individual may receive three or more of them, in his different university capacities) that he is in danger of ending up, one distinguished scientist has pessimistically predicted, with "a set of randomised variables."

However it is not the case, as some appear to believe, that Oxford is still living a sort of 18th-century life. The really outstanding abuses of that century were effectively cleared up quite early in the 19th century. Reforms and changes have continued, for better or worse. Dons have been allowed to marry since the 1870s, and the tuition which used to be given by energetic young clergymen waiting for college livings is now given by men holding in effect life fellowships, whose average age is steadily becoming greater. One point on which most critics agree is that better tutorials are generally given by younger men. Undergraduate discipline has now been relaxed till it is almost non-existent; unmarried dons living in college are now very few; little port is now drunk; and Oxford at the same time has made great advances as a scientific university, particularly in chemistry and biochemistry. Nevertheless, Oxford is one of the very few universities in which the arts students still out-number the scientists.

THE REALLY CENTRAL FEATURE of Oxford, on which all serious discussion of the future of the University must turn, is the system of individual "tutorials" each week. (In this, and all the other questions which have been raised so far when Oxford is mentioned, Cambridge is to some extent implied also: but not in full degree; the Other Place is like Oxford, only less so.)

Before I say anything about tutorials, I shall have to admit that I have not myself been engaged in tutorial teaching for many years. My university duties now are research and teaching post-graduate students, and my experience in giving tutorials was at the Other Place in the 1930s. However I should be in a position to make comparisons, having been at various times a member of the staff of four universities in this country, of two in the United States, and of three in Australia, as well as having worked for many years outside the academic field. Every Oxford undergraduate receives at least once, sometimes two or three times a week, a "tutorial" of an hour's duration, provided by his college, not by the University, for which he has to read certain books and articles in periodicals specified in advance by the tutor, and as much more as he cares to read, and write an essay which is assessed and criticised at the tutorial. There can be no finer method of teaching, its defenders say; and on the whole they are right. But tutorials, like all good things, can be carried to excess. Recently, Mr. Anthony Quinton, the New College philosophy don, pointed out the danger of a vicious spiral of degeneration. Hitherto, the idea has been that the undergraduate should learn by a combination of tutorials, lectures, and his own reading. There has been a tendency for the quality of lectures to decline. This has made undergraduates demand, and conscientious tutors to offer, more tutorials, so that two or three tutorials per week are now becoming widespread, whereas previously they were exceptional. The giving of good tutorials calls for a great expenditure of intellectual energy; and in consequence of giving

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more tutorials dons are even less able to prepare and give good lectures. So fewer undergraduates go to them (it is a firmly established tradition that lecture attendance should be voluntary); and indeed many tutors do not advise them to go. So undergraduates become almost entirely dependent on their tutorials, which cannot then be devoted to their proper object, namely the discussion and criticism of the undergraduate's own ideas and writing; much of the tutorial now has to be devoted to imparting information which could better have been given in lectures; and so we end up with most of the tutorial time being used in giving "lecturettes" to individual undergraduates—the most wasteful possible form of teaching. What was needed, Mr. Quinton said, was a much better-organised lecture system, co-ordinated with the tutorials.

But the response to his criticism, on the part of many (and not only the older) dons was rather like the reactions of old-fashioned schoolmasters when someone questions the public school system, namely a shocked surprise, and a suggestion that only some defect of character could cause a man to raise such questions at all. An academic democracy can be extremely conservative.

This discussion however relates mainly to the teaching of the arts subjects. In the teaching of science in Oxford, tutorials are given, but there are also well-organised courses of lectures, and although an undergraduate is theoretically free to stay away from them, the results, if he does, will soon be apparent to his tutor, and he will risk being sent down. For although discipline is now very lax on matters of conduct, it remains strict for those who neglect their intellectual duties. Speaking as one who stands in a middle position between the defenders of tutorials and their critics, I would suggest that the first thing which a sensible man should do is to grade in his mind the different subjects, according to their greater or lesser suitability for the tutorial system. In the teaching of any subject, there is much to be gained from having some periods of personal discussion between students and tutor. But it seems clear that the importance of such personal discussion is at its greatest in teaching such subjects as classics, literature, modern languages, philosophy, history or economics, less so in science, probably less still in mathematics.

ANOTHER DIFFICULTY ARISES from the fact that many tutors in the arts subjects wish to, indeed think that they ought to do what most of the scientists have already done, and specialise in one branch of their subject. Though this idea is superficially attractive, there is much to be said against it. A student who has been taught the whole of the subject by one teacher, even though his teaching in certain specialised branches of the subject has not been at the most advanced level, will nevertheless have a much better idea of the relative importance of different sections of the subject than he would get from being taught each separate section of the subject by an enthusiastic, often an over-enthusiastic specialist. The teaching of history in Oxford is already clearly going the wrong way. The undergraduate is, in many cases, just given the run-round, spending succeeding terms receiving tutorials from specialists in the first half of the seventeenth century, in the second half of the seventeenth century, and so on, often ending up with quite mistaken ideas of their relative importance.

> A man who undertakes to profess even some scattered parts of a great subject ought at some time to have considered the whole of it.... The study of the humanities requires a different method from the study of the sciences....
>
> Exact sciences require specialisation, even if it carries them beyond the bounds of human interest or lay understanding.... The validity of such subjects taught by professionals to professionals does not depend on lay interest or lay comprehension. But the humane subjects exist primarily not for the training of professionals but for the education of laymen.... Technical specialisation in humane subjects owes whatever value it has entirely to the degree to which it makes those subjects clearer, more comprehensive and more interesting to the intelligent laity. I do not dispute that by a completer professionalism we may arrive at a more perfect knowledge of history or literature: I merely state that perfect knowledge may be so fine and uninteresting that nobody, except its discoverers, will wish to possess it. If we believe, as I do, that a knowledge of history and literature is essential to a civilised society, this would be a great loss....
>
> What has happened to Classics is not that the subject has lost its value but that a humane subject has been treated as an exact science: professional classical scholars have assumed that they are teaching only other professional classical scholars: consequently they have killed the classics.... Similarly, unless we take heed, there is a danger that philosophers may kill philosophy, philologists literature, and historians history.[2]

The increasing specialisation of the subject matter in the natural sciences, where even

[2] Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper, *Inaugural Lecture delivered before the University of Oxford* (1957).

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Professor Trevor-Roper admits that it is defensible, is already creating a very difficult situation in university teaching. It is said that a good undergraduate taking his Part One Chemistry Finals (*i.e.*, before he begins on Part Two, the fourth year which is devoted to a specialised research) could, on each question that is asked him, floor all of his examiners except that one within whose specialised field the question lies. In chemistry this state of affairs is still compatible with the undergraduate's receiving tutorials from one tutor throughout his undergraduate career, though he will also have attended highly-specialised lectures. But in some of the rapidly developing sciences, tutors now say that it will soon be impossible for one tutor to teach throughout the course, even to a reasonable undergraduate level.

A GOOD MANY Oxford dons now, including scientists, have had some experience of teaching in America, and of the system practised in good American universities, of teaching in comparatively small classes. Their reactions vary from the mildly favourable to the enthusiastically favourable. In a small class, with a good teacher, and long discussion periods, it is quite possible to get those discussions of individual difficulties which are one of the good features of tutorials, without the immense demands on the tutor's time and energy made by the Oxford system. On the other hand, it does not give the student so much practice in writing, which is important even for scientists.

One criticism of the Oxford system is that it confines each undergraduate to a comparatively narrow range of study. Indeed, the intense competition and highly specialised training required by candidates for entrance scholarships has imposed a narrow specialisation of study on him some years before he reaches the university, ever since the day when he passes his Ordinary-Level General Certificate of Education at the age of fifteen or sixteen. It is very difficult for an Oxford undergraduate to change his subject, or to study more than one subject. The system of Part One and Part Two Triposes in the Other Place does give some opportunities.

These criticisms were recently stated in a lucid and forceful manner by the President of Corpus Christi College, Mr. W. F. R. Hardie. The President's ideas did at any rate receive a much less hostile hearing than is usually the case with new ideas in Oxford, and a Committee was appointed to consider them, though there seems to be some danger that its work will be overwhelmed by Lord Franks' omnibus Commission.

It seems clear that Mr. Hardie's criticisms are justified. A much greater flexibility is desirable. It should be possible for undergraduates who wish to do so to study more than one subject, at a rather less advanced level than presently required, and also to make changes in their subjects during the course of their undergraduate careers. It also appears desirable that more courses should be available which do not call for highly specialised pre-university training, for those who want to make a change of subject at the time they leave school and enter the university.

IT HAS ALSO BEEN A FAULT of the present system, particularly in the sciences (though drastic reforms are here in preparation), and also in certain other subjects, that a man may take his Preliminary Examination in his first or second term without difficulty, and then be faced with no more university examinations until the end of his third year. It is true that his College will impose regular tests on him throughout this period, but they do not provide quite the same spur, and the absence of a university test often means that he is tempted to take life easily. A higher standard university examination to be taken during the second year, which can be followed, if the undergraduate so wishes, by a change of subject, seems a most desirable reform.

We should mention only to condemn the dangerous idea recently stated on the B.B.C. Third Programme by Mr. Peter Laslett, from the Other Place, to the effect that Oxford and Cambridge should become solely research and post-graduate universities, leaving undergraduate teaching to other universities. This plan, which has superficial attractions, is however subject to the overwhelming objection that it would lead to an immense decline in the morale and in the whole standard both of teachers and of students in the other universities, once they came to expect that all their good post-graduates would be taken away from them.

THE DUTIES of a university teacher are threefold. First there is research, in the sense of making direct additions to knowledge. Secondly,

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there is not merely the studying, but also the criticism and appraisal of the relevant writings of others in his field. Thirdly there is the imparting of knowledge to others, both by writing and by teaching. Any attempt to separate research from teaching will do great harm to both.

> Centralisation of research is attractive, because it is often a spectacular success at first. Men who have ideas which they wish to develop, and are irritated by the demands made on their time by teaching and administration, are naturally attracted by the prospect of devoting their unhampered energies to research.

But the separation does not work well—"the necessary stimulus appears somehow to be lost." Teachers may be more intellectually dependent than they realise upon their students, particularly their abler students. "It is only very exceptional people who can make a career of research and nothing but research."[3]

Those with heavy tutorial duties in Oxford say, with considerable justification, that it is difficult for them to perform their tutorial duties conscientiously and to perform their other duties as well; indeed that it is only possible because of the long vacations, with terms only totalling 24 weeks each year. This again appears to be true. Implicit in Oxford's having these very short terms was originally, however, the understanding that undergraduates (at any rate if they intended to do well) spent long hours during the vacations in private reading. But now, according to their tutors, the majority of them do not do so, but regard the vacations as an opportunity for earning money by manual work, if they are energetic, or just resting, if they are not, Outside critics may well say that much valuable and expensive teaching capacity, laboratories, libraries and all the rest are standing idle for too large a part of the year, and that if we are making a serious attempt, as a country, to make the best use of our educational resources, in face of urgent needs, we would organise the universities with much shorter vacations. It is difficult indeed to answer this case, except from the point of view of the college tutor, overstrained during term time, requiring opportunities to do his own reading and writing. A university which relied relatively less on individual tuition might be able to introduce a fourth term in the year, as Cambridge has already done for post-graduates.

Besides the college tutors, there are Readers and Lecturers, who give some individual tuition, and Professors who give none. Besides these there are also a substantial number of lecturers, and some Fellows of Colleges in a number of recondite subjects in which there is little if any undergraduate teaching to be done. What is the position here? In the natural sciences, most of those concerned are fairly fully occupied with research. Science professors in addition are often charged with the administrative duties for a large department, which are heavy. But in some of the natural sciences, and in nearly all the arts subjects, Oxford has a reservoir of ability, among men who are not predominantly engaged in college teaching, which is not adequately utilised. The number of post-graduate students is still low. The amount of instruction imparted to them is generally inadequate, and the vacations are certainly too long from their point of view.

In thus criticising the under-occupation of a certain substantial proportion of Oxford talent, it should be made clear that in the "Redbrick" universities (and before long the same will probably be true of the new "Whitebrick" universities too), the talents of a great many professors, readers, and lecturers are much more gravely under-utilised than they are in Oxford. This is a separate problem, which I will not attempt to solve here.

FOR OXFORD THE SOLUTION seems clear. The tutorial system should be retained in essence, but supplemented by a much more highly organised system of lectures, and a good deal of classwork, which should relieve some of the present undue pressure on college tutors. Such a reform would make possible some, although not a very great, increase in the number of undergraduates. But, in order to employ the talents of the university staff fully, and to the best advantage, there should be a greatly increased entry for post-graduates, and they should be given much more instruction than they are at present; and the vacations should be shorter. In the natural sciences, such a post-graduate expansion would require considerably more laboratory space. A relatively greater expansion would be possible in the arts, subject to more library provision.

[3] Sir Lawrence Bragg, Cavendish Professor of Physics, Cambridge, Royal Institution Lecture, March 26th, 1942.

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Traditionally, Oxford made little provision for post-graduate studies. It is true that in the past a small number of very learned men became Doctors of Civil Law and Doctors of Divinity. There was, in those days, the *B. Litt.*, which was also very hard to get, and the present state of affairs evokes a sardonic smile from some of the older holders of the degree. The idea that an education was not really complete without a doctorate was originally a German idea and therefore, in Oxford, something to be smiled at. In the past nearly all, and many now, of elections to fellowships at Oxford colleges have been of men who have taken the Oxford *B.A.* only.

But unfortunately, the nineteenth-century American universities were largely under German inspiration. By the turn of the century, in ever-increasing numbers, Americans were coming to Germany for post-graduate degrees, predominantly in the sciences but also in the arts. With the First World War, this traffic was peremptorily terminated. The Oxford authorities then decided, very much with an eye on the main chance, to establish the *D. Phil.*, which had not previously existed. The understanding was however that it was to be at a much higher standard than the average *Ph.D.*, even as it was understood then; since that date the *Ph.D.* standard has been almost universally lowered. A leading American scientist, attending a scientific conference, signed his name on the register with three curious marks. "What's this?" the Conference Secretary asked him. "I can't read or write, you know," the scientist replied. "Yes, we're used to that," the Conference Secretary said, "but what are the other two marks for?" "Oh, they stand for *Ph.D.*"

Under American conditions, however, and to an increasing degree in this country, the *Ph.D.* is becoming a necessary certificate for anyone who wants an academic career. When it was decided that teaching children how to drive cars was a necessary subject in the Californian high school curriculum, it followed in consequence that there must be properly certified school teachers for this subject; and also that the school teachers, in turn, should have received college instruction; and this had to be given by a college teacher who had a *Ph.D.* qualification in car-driving.

So IN FUTURE practically all graduate students from overseas, and very many from this country, will be in zealous quest of *Ph.Ds.*, and will not want to be fobbed off with *B.Phils.* or *B.Litts.*, even though their standard is known to be high. Should Oxford change the title of its degrees, to distinguish their higher standards from those of other universities? No. A Swiss banker, dealing in francs which more or less maintain their value, as against French francs which do not, is not tempted to change the word "franc." He goes on using it, with the prefix "Swiss," making it clear that it is something quite different from other francs. But there is something to be said on the other side. In Oxford it is a fortunate accident that there is already a difference in nomenclature. The *D.Phil.* could be retained as a very high standard degree, suitable for real research workers, and a new and lower degree of *Ph.D.* established, comparable with general American standards. (It would be more difficult for Cambridge, which already calls its higher degree *Ph.D.*, which is in fact probably even harder to get than an Oxford *D.Phil.*)

Although the situation is changing, and much larger numbers of much less highly qualified men are now seeking higher degrees, the arrangements for post-graduate teaching are still those of the days when they were supposed to constitute only a small élite body. Except for the recently introduced *B.Phil.*, higher degrees in Oxford are obtained entirely by thesis. The candidate has a supervisor who sees him intermittently, but no organised course of instruction (though this has recently been provided in the English Faculty, which has a large number of post-graduate students). It is only for a very highly qualified man that such provision or lack of provision is desirable. The less qualified man, alike in the arts and in the sciences, needs the organised post-graduate teaching which is an outstanding feature of American universities, and which ought to be given, in a suitable manner.

It is the arts student who suffers most from the present state of affairs. The scientist at any rate spends his days in the laboratory, thereby seeing a good deal of his supervisor, and of other staff and students, and is able to write a thesis, the preparation of which is a valuable exercise for him, and the results of which, sooner or later, will be of some value in the scientific world. With all but a small minority of the arts students, on the other hand, the situation is quite different. In their case, the writing

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of a thesis not only may do no good, but may do positive harm. In many of the arts the number of subjects usefully open for research in the full sense of the word, of making an original contribution to knowledge, is now very limited; and in any case these ought to be tackled only by the most highly qualified scholars. The so-called researches of arts graduates, therefore, in the words of a University Committee which recently examined the situation, led to "the proliferation of detailed studies of persons and issues of little significance, to the neglect of more central topics," with choice of subject often not merely eccentric, but positively bizarre. This is then generally followed by the writing of a thoroughly bad thesis, an exercise in irrelevancy, prolixity, and other grave faults. It would be much better for the candidate, and for the rest of the world, if his thesis had never been written. He emerges from his post-graduate studies with his style debased and his sense of proportion hopelessly distorted. The award of post-graduate degrees in the arts should, while still leaving opportunities for thesis writing for a few really able students, be mainly upon a course of advanced instruction, followed by written and oral tests.

Reforms in this direction were in fact forcefully recommended by the Committee. There has so far been no general action to carry them out, although individual faculties have increased their provision of instruction suitable for post-graduates. The very high standard hitherto required for the award of a *D.Phil.* (at any rate if the examiners interpreted the regulations literally) has been slightly reduced. Previously it was required that the candidate should have made "an original contribution to knowledge, worthy of publication"; now it suffices that the contribution to knowledge be "significant and substantial."

EVEN MORE ESSENTIAL than tutorials to the Oxford way of life and of learning are the Colleges. "The real centre of learning is the University"—so a don was capable of writing in the *Cambridge Review*—"admirably though the colleges may fulfil their functions as youth hostels, sporting associations, dining clubs, and old men's homes." Nobody could possibly write like that in Oxford.

But teaching undergraduates in classes, organised instruction of post-graduates, who are to come in greatly increased numbers—is this not going to mean a weakening of the colleges vis-à-vis the University? There seems little doubt that most of such instruction for post-graduates, and some of the classes for undergraduates, will have to be organised by the University. In the case of subjects taken by large numbers of students every year, such as history and economics, it is possible that voluntary arrangements between two or three colleges could form classes of the size required. It is in the ever sub-dividing branches of the natural sciences that instruction on a college basis, even for undergraduates, is becoming progressively more difficult. Upholders of the college system—of whom I am certainly one—must recognise the necessity for increased University activity in certain directions. But we should retain the system whereby every member of the university, undergraduate or graduate student, has to be a member of a college. Even though college membership means less to post-graduates than it does to undergraduates, they still have much to gain from it. Several colleges have already taken the wise step, which should be universal, of starting "Middle Common Rooms" for post-graduate students who would not have too much in common with undergraduates younger than themselves, nor on the other hand with the senior members of the college. It has always been difficult to get people from outside, particularly Americans, to understand that Oxford colleges are not faculties or departments, but that their whole object is to cut across departmental boundaries, and to bring into close contact with each other both students and staff of very diverse intellectual interests, with the deliberate intention that they should rub off their minds against each other, with beneficial consequences. It has indeed been a mistake that two of the new colleges, Nuffield and St. Antony's, have confined themselves to the social sciences. The other new college, with the striking architecture, St. Catherine's, while allowing a certain preponderance to the natural sciences, has certainly not confined itself to them, but teaches all the principal subjects.

It is true that All Souls, which now has no undergraduate members, has for the last half-century or so confined itself to philosophy, law, history, economics, and politics; but considers now that this range is not wide enough, and is extending it by introducing natural scientists into the college.

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I HAVE NOT left much room for debating with Mr. S. P. Chambers of I.C.I. whether an Oxford education is a good training for business. The reader may have in mind a number of Oxford graduates who have secured good business positions. Let him be warned that his impression is hopelessly biased. He hears about those who secure good business positions; he rarely if ever hears about the failures, of whom there are many, who do not draw attention to themselves. Reports by University Appointments Boards are equally biased—they do not show a proper "statistical universe" (*i.e.*, do not give the failures their proper chance of being counted). Whether university-trained men in general, or Oxford-trained men in particular, can be said to have succeeded in business is a question of fact which we cannot yet answer until considerably more extensive, accurate (and costly) surveys have been undertaken. Meanwhile, my own guess is that what successes there have been have been very qualified, with a substantial number who have attempted business careers and failed.

From this we proceed to the dreadful suggestion that Oxford ought to have a "Business School." Those who have been proclaiming so urgently that what Britain needs is a large number of "business schools" of the American model should read a devastating report prepared by Mr. Leonard S. Silk, Senior Editor of the reputable American journal, *Business Week*. In a general survey of American business schools, he found remarkably little to praise, and a great deal subject to damning criticism. Intelligent American employers in fact often prefer to recruit as business executives men who have had the general education which most American universities provide. It is no use talking about the number of men who have been to Harvard Business School who subsequently appear in high positions—most of these men would have got there anyway, business school or no business school, through their wealth and family connections. In this connection, it is time that a strong protest was made against the dishonest habit which began in America, and may spread to this country, of institutions which use the name of a university, without being subject to its control. The conduct and intellectual standards of some of these schools and institutes which describe themselves as "attached" to universities may do a good deal to bring into disrepute the universities whose names they take, without their being able to do anything about it. Legislation is needed to protect academic titles, just as much as business trade marks.

An Oxford University Committee (of which the Professor of Logic was an outstanding member) recently reported strongly against the establishment of a Business School. One of the outstanding practical objections would be the extreme variability of the qualifications, and also indeed of the willingness to work hard, of those likely to seek admission. The only contribution which Oxford could make in this field, the Committee reported, was a limited amount of high-quality research into some of the more difficult problems of business management (which would thereby help to train some good teachers to work elsewhere). The first steps in this direction have been taken, particularly the establishment by Balliol of a Fellowship in Management Studies.

LET ME CONCLUDE, however, by describing something which I think that Oxford could do for business. Oxford should have something of value to offer to men in their late twenties or early thirties, who have had a good general education, who have gone into business and spent several years learning the problems of business management in practice, and who have already reached a high position in their own business ("crown princes," as their colleagues sometimes ruefully describe them). Such men could, I think, benefit by an academic year spent at Oxford. It would be a course calling for difficult study and great efforts on the students' part, which should indeed be designed only to attract men of greater than average energy and ability. In the course of such a year, they would certainly not come to listen to dons telling them how to run their businesses. Their object would be to study, in considerable depth, those branches of knowledge which have a considerable bearing on the problems which a highly responsible business executive has to face—philosophy, history, politics, economics, sociology, and psychology.

The choice of one academic year, or approximately eight months, for the duration of the proposed course has been made on the principle of the airman setting his course by listening to the direction-finder, and adjusting his course until the volume of sound in both his ears is equal. The volumes of sound in this case will come from the employers, who will cry that they

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could not possibly spare such a man for more than six weeks; and from the dons who will say that they could not teach him anything of such subjects in under three years. Taking a geometric mean of these two figures, we come out with the required result.

I cannot at this stage suggest anything to help the prominent employer's spokesman who said recently, "We shall have to do something for the ill-qualified person who can be spared for only too short a time." But he needs something to be done for him too.

The River of Bees

In a dream I returned to the river of bees
Five orange trees by the bridge and
Beside two mills my house
Into whose courtyard a blind man followed
The goats and stood singing
Of what was older

Soon it will be fifteen years

He was old he will have fallen into his eyes

I took my eyes
A long way to the calendars
Room after room asking how shall I live

One of the ends is made of streets
One man processions carry through it
Empty bottles their
Image of hope
It was offered to me by name

Once once and once
In the same city I was born
Asking what shall I say

He will have fallen into his mouth
Men think they are better than grass

I return to his voice rising like a forkful of hay

He was old he is not real nothing is real
Nor the noise of death drawing water

We are the echo of the future

On the door it says what to do to survive
But we were not born to survive
Only to live

W. S. Merwin

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Hegel Rehabilitated?

By Sidney Hook

THE ENGLISH TRANSLATION of Hegel's political writings[1] provides an opportunity to re-examine certain conventional assessments of his social and political philosophy. Around few figures in the history of thought have the winds of controversy blown so fiercely. Ever since the first World War, Anglo-American idealistic philosophy seems to have been embarrassed by its Hegelian heritage. One could argue, however, with some plausibility that thinkers as diverse as Royce, Bradley, and McTaggart brought more to the Hegelian tradition than they received from it. On key points, especially in their refusal to accept the dialectical hanky-panky about the law of contradiction, they diverge sufficiently from Hegel to make it questionable whether it is just to consider them merely disciples. Nonetheless, the drift of their social and religious views was similar enough to bring them under suspicion of ideological complicity. Actually, absolute idealism was brought down with the weapons of logical analysis; but the zest with which they were wielded testified to the presence of more than philosophical passion.

The reaction against chauvinism, reinforced by the growth of pacifism in the period between the two world wars, led to a respite from oversimple political explanations of social and cultural phenomena. But with the rise of Hitlerism and the outbreak of World War II, hostility to Hegel—as well as to Nietzsche—flared up with greater intensity. Yet whatever their intellectual sins neither one was a racialist. Although Hegel had glorified the State and sung the uses of war (at a time when most armies were largely professional), his emphasis on Reason made the Nazis uneasy. It smacked of something Jewish. Besides, he was an acknowledged intellectual ancestor of Marx. Outside of Germany (except among German refugee intellectual circles brooding over their cultural past) this coolness of the Nazis towards Hegel went unobserved. Every philosophically semi-literate leader writer had a field day excoriating Hegel and/or Nietzsche for the baneful influence of their Statism and Might-Makes-Right doctrine on events.

The fiercest attack on Hegel from the ranks of the professional philosophers is Karl Popper's diatribe against him in *The Open Society*. Its virulence matches that of Schopenhauer's and is based on as careful and sympathetic study of Hegel's writings. Popper did not have to consult a solicitor to see how far he could go in abusing Hegel without running afoul of the law.

In Marxist circles Hegel was never held responsible for German militarism or Fascism. This was an *a priori* judgment and not reached by a critical study of texts or intellectual history. It was derived from the assumption that since Marx took his theoretical point of departure from Hegel, the latter represented, by definition, the highest point of development of bourgeois society. And as Fascism in all its varieties was the ideology of "bourgeois society in decline," it could not be laid at Hegel's door. The treatment of Hegel among Bolshevik-Leninists has always been respectful except for a period when Stalin and Kaganovich fancied themselves philosophers. Among the reasons for purging Deborin in the early thirties as a "menshevising idealist" was that he concerned himself too much with the problems of the Hegelian dialectic and not enough with the role of philosophy in the Five Year Plan. To-day, Hegel's philosophical stock has never been higher among Communist philosophers. He is receiving credit not only for his method but for anticipating in some respects Marx's criticism of bourgeois

[1] *Hegel's Political Writings*. Translated by T. M. Knox with an Introductory Essay by Z. A. Pelczynski. (Oxford University Press, 45s.)

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society and the phenomenon of human alienation.

IT WAS TO BE EXPECTED that in time the harsh and unjust judgment of Popper and others would be challenged. As is usual in such matters, the reaction has swung to the opposite extreme. Hegel is being rapidly rehabilitated not only in Germany and France (in Italy he never really was eclipsed, despite Croce who remained an Hegelian *malgré lui*) but also in the English-speaking world. The long introductory essay by Dr. Z. A. Pelczynski which prefaces the excellent translation by T. M. Knox, to whom we are already in debt for his rendering of *The Philosophy of Law*, is an unabashed attempt to picture a new Hegel for our times. Far from being a reactionary or totalitarian thinker, we are asked to believe that he is not even a conservative or authoritarian one! Hegel emerges from the treatment at Dr. Pelczynski's eager and competent hands washed clean as a constitutional liberal, almost a democrat, one of the great figures in "the main stream of Western European political theory"—whose chief currents are "constitutionalism, democracy, and progress." Although Mr. John Plamenatz does not go so far as this in the illuminating and careful chapter on Hegel in his recent *Man and Society*, he, too, expresses surprise at discovering that Hegel is not as reactionary as has been commonly assumed.

Hegel's *Political Writings* by themselves have little intrinsic philosophical interest. Were they not written by Hegel, they would be ignored despite their comparative readability and, in places, their nervous, jaunty style. But they are of the first importance in determining how to read, how to decipher, how to get at the extra-philosophical motivation of a thinker of whom Friedrich Tönnies despairingly complained: *"Sein Wesen war Zweideutigkeit—er kannte so, er kannte auch anders."* One of the expressions frequently encountered in expositions of Hegel is "his secret." Why should Hegel's "secret" be so hard to fathom?

FROM THE POINT OF VIEW of pure logic, it is easy to square any non-empirical metaphysical system with any political position whatsoever. This makes it possible for Thomists to profess belief in democracy and for Hegelians to advocate radical republicanism. But it is not pure logic that determines which ideas will become the rallying cry of a social movement but their possible use in furthering interests in a specific historical context. And this use is derived from *attitudes* which certain large ideas express and encourage rather than from the propositions they strictly imply. That is why formal contradictions in professed doctrine are not an embarrassment to a social movement. Bertrand Russell somewhere says that a philosopher's inconsistencies are the clue to his passions (and this applies to him no less aptly than to others). If we extend this *bon mot* to a philosopher's systematic ambiguities, they may point to "the secret" of the Hegelian system. The political writings of Hegel, most of them unpublished in his lifetime, make it easier to check our hypothesis of Hegel's intent.

WERE IT NOT for Dr. Pelczynski's learned introduction to Hegel's *Political Writings*, I would have said that they make unmistakably plain not only the motivation behind his social and political philosophy but behind his logic and metaphysics as well. This has no bearing upon their validity, but it does help us in making out what Hegel is trying to say and in explaining some curious discrepancies in his position.

I want to state what I believe Hegel's motivation to be and what evoked it, before examining Dr. Pelczynski's interpretation. Hegel's manuscript on the *Constitution of Germany* (written between 1799 and 1802) reveal him as an ardent nationalist fired with a desire to see the emergence of Germany as a powerful unified state under the forceful personality of a modern Theseus. The primary task of the monarch, after forging national unity, would be to liberate Germany from the domination and fear of revolutionary France (the left bank of the Rhine had been lost at the Congress of Rastaat), and bring to an end the long record of German humiliation. In short, Hegel was a German patriot and nationalist from the very *beginning* of his career, and before his philosophical system took shape; he did not first become one (as Plamenatz asserts) after the fall of Napoleon.

In Hegel's view the deplorable state in which Germany found herself was attributable chiefly to two things. The first was the traditional love of independence of the German states, allegedly rooted in the stubbornness and waywardness of the German character itself. The German states clung to their feudal privileges despite changing times and conditions. This historical individualism with its emphasis on ancient writs as the source of present rights Hegel regards as the essence of reaction. When he criticises the "positivity" of law he means the charter of ancient rights and privileges which legitimise institutions that are over-ripe to the point of rottenness. He does *not* mean, as Herbert Marcuse suggests in his *Reason and Revolution: Hegel and the Rise of Social Theory*, "positivism." Hegel opposed positivism on other grounds as a form of empiricism.

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The second cause of German collapse was the event or series of events whose consequences had exposed the fact that Germany was no longer a state, that she lacked the national solidarity and public authority essential to the existence of a state. The French revolutionary invasions, inspired by a false conception of freedom, had laid waste the German countryside. The war against Germany was not the result of a desire for pillage but of the French abstract conception of freedom. At one place it is referred to as "French libertarian madness." This clamour for freedom had infected the Germans, too, but they had been sobered by the grim experience of war.

> It is clear that as a result of ten years of war [1792–1802] and the misery of a large part of Europe, so much has been learnt, at least in theory, to make us more inaccessible to a blind clamour for freedom. In this bloody game the cloud of freedom had evaporated: in trying to embrace the cloud, the nations have flung themselves into an abyss of misery. . . .

Hegel's social and political philosophy, only adumbrated in these writings, but elaborated in his published work, was designed to overcome both misconceptions of freedom. It undercut, on the one hand, the German particularistic notion expressed in the desire to be left alone, to cling to outworn rights to the absurd lengths of acceptance of the slogan *Fiat justitia pereat Germania*—and on the other, the abstract French universalist demands whose stress on equality led to the terrorism of reason. These dangerous ideas were attractive to some German patriots who felt that they had a mass appeal which could strengthen resistance to French aggression. Hegel refused to surrender the term "freedom" to either side. It was necessary only to reinterpret it. That society was truly free, according to Hegel, in which all groups are subordinated to the State, in which important political decisions are made, after consultation with qualified representatives (not necessarily elected) of different social groups, by an absolute ruler resting on a permanent bureaucracy of trained officials. Democracy is the rule of the mob. Whatever social changes are necessary would be introduced *from above* with proper attention to the people's readiness for them. The sheep must not be sheared out of season. The greatest of all danger to a truly free society emanates from the abstract demand for equality. It finds its "logical" expression in the guillotine which vainly tries to make people equal by cutting off their heads. It can succeed only in making people equal in death. In life and society there are different ways of being equal. Fanaticism, unable to understand and accept the virtues of hierarchy, is the enemy.

IN HIS ESSAYS, "The Proceedings of the Estates Assembly in Würtemberg" and "The English Reform Bill," Hegel spells out in shrewd detail his conception of the well-ordered society. He condemns universal suffrage as opening the doors to "democratic formlessness" and "chance." The "fitness of the electors" must be guaranteed by certain qualifications imposed on them, and even so they will never be as trustworthy as public officials. The "will of the people"? A "great word"! But "what is one's true and real will?" Hegel's answer is: "what is good for one." It follows that if the representatives or government know what is good for the people, they are expressing the people's "true and real will" no matter what the people themselves actually want or choose. (Where have we heard this ominous line before?)

The Estates elected by the qualified voters, who constitute a comparative handful of the population, have the right to make legislative proposals and to criticise proposals laid before them but—crucial point!—they do not have absolute power of the purse over the monarch who must be allowed independent means raised by taxation or otherwise. No legislation by the Estates can be validly enacted into law unless the monarch approves. The monarch has the right to initiate legislation.

It is unnecessary to go into further detail and trace the differences between the position taken in these political writings and in the *Philosophy of Right*. Enough has been said to indicate that for Hegel, Bismarck's Germany would have been close to his ideal of the "free" state. He did *not* glorify the Prussian State of his time. But he did not go far beyond it.

Hegel's political motivation is also apparent in the development of his more strictly philosophical positions, even in the traditional disciplines of metaphysics and logic. He was aware from the very beginning of the social relation between politics, religion, morality, and ways of thinking. Thinking of course is related to the activities of all disciplines but in the fields of culture, if it goes wrong it directly affects our way of life. In his *Phenomenology of the Spirit*, Hegel offers some graphic illustrations of the relation between ways of thought and ways of cultural and political behaviour. He is particularly critical of "the understanding" of the French Enlightenment. Its logic leads to a conception of freedom as something "simple, homogeneous, and uniform," as a force that "effaces and annuls all social rank and classes which are the component spiritual factors of the differentiated Whole." In the *Encyclopedia of the Philosophical Sciences*, he is even more explicit. "The necessity of understanding Logic in a wider sense than as the science of the forms of

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thought is reinforced by the interests of religion and politics, law and morality." Not the analytic *Verstand* but the synthetic *Vernunft* is the appropriate instrument for reaching concrete truth, especially in the realm of spirit or "objective mind" which is close to the contemporary anthropologists' conception of Culture. The analytic understanding with its appeal to abstractions and universals, out of time and the historical process, has led to the Terror and the social convulsions of France. Since its ideals can never be realised, a commitment to them functions like a built-in predisposition to continuous revolution, purges and all. The logic of the analytic understanding impelled Napoleon to impose "rational" Constitutions on nations historically unprepared for them. Not that Hegel is opposed to Constitutions: he is opposed only to drawing them up on the basis of first principles, rules of reason, eternal rights. A Constitution must be "the work of centuries," a slow growth in accordance with the genius of a people and the "divine" Substance of history. The only good revolutions are dead ones, like extinct volcanoes on whose ridges of cooled lava a fertile soil can develop in time.

THE LOGIC of the *Begriff*, of the concrete universal, which is central to Hegel's metaphysics and logic, is exquisitely adapted to undercut the impatient claims of the understanding. It takes over and reinterprets in a "higher" sense the principles of "freedom" and "reason" in whose name the radicals attempt to transform society. It substitutes reliance upon the gradual evolutionary processes of historical growth for the moralistic, revolutionary zeal which seeks to remake the world from scratch. The logic of the concrete universal is the logic of the system, not of the class or collection. It stresses interdependence of parts, differentiation, hierarchical organisation. It allows for change: but an ordered and orderly change controlled by an immanent teleology whose ends are discerned by wise rulers advised by professional bureaucrats. It recognises equality—not of sameness or of power or of function but of participation in social life, an equality of obligation to one's station and its duties. The concrete universal is a system which, although out of time, embraces time. Therefore history properly understood is not a record merely of oppression, ignorance, and bloodshed—this results only when the understanding applies its axe of "reason" to social institutions—but of maturing wisdom. It recognises human need but distinguishes it from desire; true utility but as something other than individual pleasure; experiment but only if we view history itself as the cumulative result of the experiments of the race and not as the contrived and planned experiment of the laboratory.

The organic system is the model of the concrete universal. The opposite of organic principles, like the abstractions the French used to reform political life, "spell in science as in politics, death to every rational concept, organisation, and life."

Strictly speaking, the logic of the concrete universal does not entail the specific features of the corporate authoritarian society which Hegel counterposed both to the radical republicans, and the reactionary opponents of any social or political change, but it lends itself more easily to the purposes of those who wish to moderate rather than accelerate the pace of change. By professing to find both necessity and reason in history as given, it reinforces the natural prejudice in favour of the present order among its beneficiaries, and blunts the resentment of the discontented. It strengthens the *attitudes* of conservatism, of suspicion of plans of reform emanating from those not in authority, of horror of the thought (not to speak of the face) of revolution. This attitude finds expression on almost every relevant page of Hegel's writings. To be sure, he complains that he has been misunderstood by those who interpret him as identifying the "existent" with "the real" and "the rational." But he nowhere tells us when the "existent" becomes irrational. His judgment is always *ex post facto*. Like those who invoke God's Will and Wisdom in history, the exact equivalent of *die List der Vernunft*, he is always wise *after* the event. Until then he is on the side of the "Powers that Be," or on the side of what is so powerfully in the making that the future is easy to read. This is the logic of unheroic conservatism whose first reaction to proposals for reform is "not yet" or "all in good time." Hegel's nationalism is the source of his failure to draw the obvious logical political corollary of the concrete universal, a world-state, and of his yearning for a leader who would use his own cunning to help out the Cunning of Reason in liberating Germany from the French invader and thus end national humiliation. Machiavellian villainy is eulogised in extravagant language when it serves the cause of national unity. Hegel's conservatism was a check on his nationalism. When nationalism became a popular mass movement, he feared it would get out of hand unless it was inoculated against the abstractions of the French political disease. Only a conservative and a nationalist like Bismarck could have fulfilled the role which Hegel outlined for the Machiavellian architect of the German Empire. It is not without significance that during the Bismarckian period, and indeed up to the first World War, when Hegel's panlogism was eclipsed because of the patent ab-

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surdities of his *Naturphilosophie* in an era of great scientific advance, he was universally regarded by the German Establishment as *"unser Nationalstaatsphilosoph."*

THIS INTERPRETATION of Hegel is sharply opposed by Dr. Pelczynski and a number of other contemporary writers intent on claiming Hegel for the liberal tradition and reversing the judgment on him as a philosophical time-server of Metternichian reaction. According to Dr. Pelczynski, Hegel was a "champion of political rationality," in the same sense as Jeremy Bentham. The difference between them is to Hegel's credit, for whereas Bentham's moral utilitarianism prevented him from making sense of "natural rights" and "the law of reason", Hegel was their stout defender. "In this respect Hegel is much nearer Paine than Bentham." Not since the baptism of Aristotle has anything as bold as this transfiguration been attempted.

If Dr. Pelczynski's interpretation is valid, then we must indeed conclude that Hegel has been one of the most misunderstood of philosophers in the history of thought. But it seems to me, to put it mildly, to be invalid, as far from the truth about Hegel as the view which would make him a precursor or exponent of totalitarianism. Bentham was a political rationalist in the precise sense in which the thinkers of the Enlightenment were political rationalists whose abstractions about equality, freedom, and human happiness Hegel regarded as responsible for the social madness of the Terror and the despotism which followed the French Revolution. It is true that Bentham made sport of the rhetoric about natural rights; but what he failed to understand was that to Thomas Jefferson (and to Tom Paine) natural rights are reasonable rights. What was "reasonable" to them had nothing to do with the Hegelian *Vernunft* but was a common-sensical version of utilitarianism. The "reasonable" was what furthered human happiness or reduced unnecessary human suffering.

The most weighty evidence for Dr. Pelczynski's interpretation—aside from tortured exegesis of texts read in the light of an hypothesis assumed to be true—is Hegel's warm praise of the outbreak of the French Revolution. From the time he danced together with Schelling around a "Freedom Tree" (during his Tübingen period) to his death, Hegel kept green the memory of the French Revolution as a great event in the calendar of human freedom. He drank a toast to the Fall of the Bastille every July 14th. An entire brochure has been devoted to this and allied themes. Joachim Ritter in his *Hegel und die Revolution* runs through the references to the French Revolution in Hegel's works. He stresses all the words of praise, but unfortunately plays down or explains away all of Hegel's criticisms, reservations, and contemptuous references to those who opposed the Metternichian system. For Ritter, Hegel's philosophy is an elaboration of the implications of the French principle of freedom for the *whole* of social life. How far he is prepared to go is apparent in the following passage anent the *Philosophy of Right*:

> The youthful enthusiasm for the Revolution which one finds at the outset of Hegel's philosophical career was absorbed into his philosophy and vitally expressed itself in its mature form. His philosophy remains in the precise sense the philosophy of revolution from which it took its point of departure and on which it flourishes to the end. There is nothing in Hegel's spiritual development that characterizes it better than this positive relation to Revolution: it determines both its end and beginning.

One is tempted to say that there is nothing more extravagant and false than this interpretation except possibly the view that Hegel was a Fascist. There are many passages in Hegel which run directly counter to this view. In the *Philosophy of Right*, which according to Ritter presupposes and elaborates the principle of freedom of the French Revolution, Hegel writes:

> This form of freedom appears more concretely in the active fanaticism of both political and religious life. For instance, during the Terror in the French Revolution all differences of talent and authority were supposed to have been superseded. This period was an upheaval, an agitation, an irreconcilable hatred of everything particular. Since fanaticism wills abstraction only, nothing articulated, it follows that when distinctions appear, it finds them antagonistic to its own indeterminacy and annuls them. For this reason the French Revolutionaries destroyed once more the institutions which they had made themselves, since any institution whatever is antagonistic to the abstract self-consciousness of equality.

BUT MORE THAN THE citation, the matching and the explication of texts is involved. There is a certain naïvety in believing that to herald and praise the outbreak of the Revolution is to approve its course. The fall of the Bastille is an act which symbolises the fall of the *ancien régime* not the rise of the new. In our own day how many are there who hailed the February and even the October Revolutions in Russia and still justify them (the first for the downfall of Czarism, the second for bringing World War I in the East to a close) who abominate its subsequent course? Even the Daughters of the American Revolution and the John Birch Society celebrate with great fervour on every July 4th, the events of 1776. Hegel at no time held a brief

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for the *ancien régime*, but from the moment it became apparent in any country that the stewards of social change were not to be bureaucrats and state officials but the tribunes of the people, ostensibly responsible to it and not to an autocrat or monarch, he became suspicious of its direction. He trembled even at the minor revolutionary waves of 1830. All of the writers who are seeking to recreate the image of Hegel are silent about the fact that he withdrew the preface of his *Philosophy of Right* from the printers in order to add a denunciation of the neo-Kantian philosopher, J. F. Fries, who, because of his participation in the Wartburg Festival, was in trouble with the police. Here as elsewhere the object of Hegel's attack was not the system of the Holy Alliance but those who were struggling against it. Herbert Marcuse contends that the *Burschenschaft* and others whom Hegel denounced were proto-Nazis; but this is absurd. If all who expressed anti-Semitic sentiments are to be considered Nazis, or "as bad as Nazis," we would have to include among the precursors of Hitler not only Voltaire but Marx himself.

PERHAPS THOSE WHO SEE in Hegel a prophet of liberalism are using the term "liberalism" in a Pickwickian sense. It is wrong to assume with Russell that liberalism is necessarily wedded to empiricism or vice versa. Socially, the connections between the two are less than logical and more than merely psychological. A thinker can defend a liberal position on the basis of an idealistic (even theological) metaphysics in the sense that his justifying reasons are expressed in the idiom of his system or creed. But what defines a liberal position in social and political affairs? Not any one trait or programme, to be sure, whether it is "free enterprise" or the conception of the state as a neutral umpire between warring social groups. There is a family of traits which define the liberal temper, several of which must be present before we can justifiably classify a thinker as *liberal*. Among the things we look for in a liberal thinker are recognition of the moral primacy of the individual in appraising institutional life, acceptance of a free market of *ideas*, tolerance of political opposition, appreciation of diversity, openmindedness to alternatives, endorsement of the right to self-determination, national, social and personal, including the moral right to revolution if the demand for self-determination is persistently frustrated. And, underlying all, reliance on the methods of intelligence conceived not as Reason carrying out ends of which we are not aware, but as common sense fortified by relevant scientific knowledge. Liberalism is not so much a doctrine as an attitude towards political affairs which is aware of human finitude and the tentativeness of human judgment and yet is prepared to act vigorously in moments of crisis. When it is given to religious language, it regards the ascription of Perfection or Divinity to the State (which we find in Hegel), or to any other human institution, as blasphemous.

One need read only a few pages of any of Hegel's works that touch on culture and history to sense how far he is from the liberal outlook. In feeling and judgment, he is a natural conservative. His system of ideas gives him a bias in favour of the established. His temperament perhaps, rather than his general position, accounts for the fact that in moments of crisis he was more likely to be a fellow-traveller of the reactionaries (although critical of their faults) than a friend of social reformers (except when the reforms come from those already in power). But his general position made it easier for him to rationalise his timidities and fears.

NONETHELESS there is something that contemporary liberals can learn from Hegel. This is the importance of the principles of continuity and polarity in avoiding lapses into doctrinaire positions. History abounds with illustrations, and we need not go far in our own time to find them. Not every plausible plan is a workable one. Readiness is not all—the ripeness and maturity of conditions, independently determined, count for something too. We cannot wipe out history and begin as if we were born yesterday. There is no one principle that can guide us in human affairs whether it be the principle of freedom, peace, survival, justice, love, or what not. Each one exacts a price in terms of the others. Effective as these and similar maxims are in diminishing the risks of excess, by themselves they do not constitute an adequate philosophy. All they add up to is a counsel of caution.

Despite contentions to the contrary, the philosophy of the Enlightment in its best exemplars, save for its optimism and absence of the tragic sense of life, took note of the dangers Hegel feared. Except for Rousseau, whose false and mischievous doctrine of the "general will" Hegel took over, they were free from obscurantic romanticism. For all his invocations to Reason, Hegel distrusted the critical and sceptical spirit of the Enlightenment, its striving for clarity, its exposure of theological and philosophical humbug. The Hegelian philosophy did not become, except for its fetishism of the State, the ideology of the counter-revolutionary restoration. Hegel's ambiguities had somewhat the same disturbing effect upon conservative circles as Hobbes' doctrines upon the Royalists of his day. Nonetheless its intent was to undermine the mode of thinking which inspired the French Revolution.

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THEATRE

Bower of Bliss

By John Gross

THE WORLD was all before them, where to choose; and they chose *Hay Fever*. A featherweight, and a familiar featherweight at that: good Shaftesbury Avenue stuff, and a venerable stand-by for amateurs. (As the author once observed, "it only has one set, which must lead them, poor dears, to imagine that it is easy to act.") With Mr. Kenneth Tynan's practised hand at the helm one was hoping, frankly, for a more adventurous or esoteric choice, particularly if an artificial comedy was decreed. Schnitzler? Salacrou? St. John Hankin? But no, the lot fell on Noël Coward, and the National Theatre has lavished its full resources on him, as reverently as though it were placing him under an official preservation order as a first-class historic monument. This is not perhaps the kind of thing which the forefathers of the National Theatre, men like William Archer and Harley Granville-Barker, had in mind. But there is an agreeable air of impudence about the whole enterprise, and it must be admitted that the spectacle of a butterfly successfully declining to be broken on a wheel is always exhilarating.

The play itself is essentially a piece of impudence, anyway. Dashed off in three days, with a meaningless what-you-will of a title, it proclaims the virtues of elegant nonsense, of artificiality for artificiality's sake, of refusing to make concessions to bores. The Bliss family live in a heaven of hamming. Judith Bliss has no illusions about *Love's Whirlwind* and all the other creaky old vehicles in which she has starred ("Is this a game?" "Yes, and a game that must be played to the finish!"), any more than her husband does about *The Sinful Woman* and all his other slushy best-sellers ("Jane Sefton, in her scarlet Hispano, swept out of the Rue St. Honoré into the Place de la Concorde. . . ."). But no matter; the great thing is to let it rip, and the little Blisses, Simon and Sorel, join in joyfully. The clan are self-sufficient to the point of emotional incest; their family rows are more like lovers' quarrels. The rest of the world is there simply to provide an audience, or to be played around with. Mother has asked down a flannelled fool of an admirer for the week-end, Simon a slinky vamp, Sorel a tongue-tied diplomat; but all of them in much the same ruthless spirit as Father, who has invited "a perfectly sweet flapper." ("She's an abject fool, but a useful type, and I want to study her a little in domestic surroundings.") The guests find the going too hot, poor dears, and by Sunday morning they are ready to sneak out. But the family scarcely notice; they are wrapped up in a typical free-for-all, an exercise in sheer unadulterated Bliss. First and last they are impervious, unaffected by the march of events, triumphantly living out their own fantasy in their own style.

OR SO THE LEGEND runs, and it is a tribute to Coward's virtuosity and showmanship that it is a legend which even high-thinking, plain-living audiences will swallow. The unbreakable butterfly demands to be accepted on his own terms. But while there is no denying that *Hay Fever*, at least in a production as polished as the one at the Old Vic, is tremendously enjoyable, it doesn't take long for the spell to wear off; and as soon as that happens one has to start thinking glumly about Standards. Admittedly the play still gives off sparks after forty years; of how many of the solemn dramatic offerings of 1925—or since—can the same be said? But it is worth getting away from the woozy little world of the theatre with the reflection that 1925 was also the year of *St. Mawr* and *The Hollow Men*. To speculate on what Lawrence or Eliot might have made of the Blisses is a more sobering thought than most. Lawrence would undoubtedly have loathed them as unclean things, black beetles; Simon, the sterile dilettante, would have received some suitable form of corrective treatment, such as being kicked in the face by a stallion, while we should be informed—probably more than once—that Mrs. Bliss embodied evil, pure evil, or that Mr. Bliss was doing dirt on

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life. Nor would the unhappy family have fared much better at the hands of Mr. Eliot. Judith Bliss, complaining that her nerves were bad tonight, yes, bad, would have been taken as the symbol of a sick civilisation, and no rain would have been allowed to fall on the cactus land of Cookham. For clearly the whole family are Hollow Men to a man, leaning together, headpieces filled with straw.

We may feel that Lawrence can be somewhat unreasonable, or that on occasion Mr. Eliot goes too far. But they should at least give us pause, and make us ask whether the Blisses could stand up to any kind of scrutiny at all. If *Hay Fever* were the comic masterpiece which some have claimed, the discomfiture of the guests would be a secondary theme; the main source of the play's humour would be in the character of the Blisses themselves, irresistible in their audacity, unbeatable in their panache. They should surely be resplendent monsters, presences that are not to be put by. But they turn out to be no more than the cosiest and prosiest of Thames Valley bohemians, untidy rather than unconventional, voluble rather than witty. Where Judith Bliss should bear down like a juggernaut, she gives perfectly orthodox displays of green-room Temperament, laced with some equally orthodox backstage bitching. ("Men don't grow old like women, as you'll find to your cost, Myra, in a year or two.") What the Blisses represent, in fact, is nothing as imposing as high style, or the grand manner, but simply the self-intoxication of showbiz, the power of theatricality to brush aside real life. Only Judith has actually trodden the boards, but *au fond*, as Simon would say, the whole family are a bunch of theatrical narcissi. Amusing enough, particularly when they pretend to deny their own histrionics ("I'm not theatrical—I'm wounded to the heart"). At times, however, they come dangerously close to defending rather than exemplifying theatricality, to finding justifications for their own harum-scarum indifference to the rest of the world. Mr. Coward was a moralist long before he proposed a loyal toast in *Cavalcade*, or steamed gallantly out to sea with a representative cross-section of the happy breed under his command; but the moral of his early comedies—that it is better to be impossible than respectable—is by definition not one that can be preached too earnestly. As soon as frivolity starts making excuses for itself, it is lost.

But luckily there is never more than the hint of an apologia to cloud the sunny levity of *Hay Fever*: the Blisses spare our blushes, as the terrible Leo and Otto in *Design for Living*, for example, emphatically do not. ("The only people we could possibly mess up are ourselves, and that's our look-out.... Our lives are diametrically opposed to ordinary social conventions.... A gay, ironic chance threw the three of us together.... The only thing left is to enjoy it thoroughly, every rich moment of it, every thrilling second. . . .") This is surely the Maestro's most disastrous performance: nothing in the world is as embarrassing as forced gaiety. The strength of *Hay Fever*, on the other hand, is in its nonchalance. Very little of the raillery in the play can survive quotation, very little of it, indeed, is intrinsically witty. But it all skims along effortlessly with the appearance of wit, which is what counts. The effect of the dialogue depends largely on what *isn't* said, on the way in which the speakers cut their corners. ("He's so dreadfully un — that sort of thing.") The author has rightly singled out for praise the faltering exchange between the flapper and the diplomat in the first act, a piece of exquisite inanity. But this is almost a detachable revue-sketch; even better are the tiny flurries which would be meaningless outside their context, or the wordless gestures: the diplomat clutching a barometer; the flapper, left out in the cold at tea, trying to snatch a sandwich. Moments like these owe everything to the situation; but equally, one feels that the situation has only been built up in order to make them possible.

Hay Fever is, in fact, a lop-sided play: the bores are considerably more entertaining than the Blisses, an imbalance which is exaggerated by the present production. Dame Edith Evans catches the fluttery side of Judith very fetchingly, and in the famous adverb charade she is winsomeness itself, more noun than adverb. But she has, alas, reached a stage in her career when it is no longer altogether becoming for her to bounce about on the sofa with hearty young things in flannels, or even to serenade them at the piano. (Why *Drink to me only*, I wonder, rather than the "little French song" mentioned in the text?) And without the queen bee, the rest of the hive amount to very little. On the other side of the scale, Coward was cunning enough to vary his scheme by making one of the guests, the predatory Myra, something more than a mute victim; and the part fits Maggie Smith's talent like a velvet glove, so that she is constantly getting the better of her tormentors, as she hardly could if she had to face up to a stronger Judith. The funniest performances, however, come from Lynn Redgrave and Robert Lang, both of them made to feel clumsier and more bewildered at every minute. Miss Redgrave's overgrown flapper is the picture of deepening misery; Mr. Lang blunders along with a glassy incomprehension which recalls the late Basil Radford, though he adds a note of eager-to-please fatuity which is all his own. A delicious

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way to waste an evening; and if the bubble bursts as soon as it floats outside the theatre, it was a beautiful bubble while it lasted.

THE RENOVATED version of *Private Lives* which came to the West End last year demonstrated once and for all—if demonstration were needed—that there is no future for modern-dress productions of Coward; his best plays are immutably in and of their period, preserved in the amber of the long week-end. But it is equally fatal to play the 'twenties background for laughs: the cloche ought to be allowed to toll for itself. The handling of period detail in the National Theatre's *Hay Fever* is admirably casual and straight-faced. In the Royal Court revival of Ben Travers' *A Cuckoo in the Nest* (the same vintage, to the year) there was unfortunately less self-assurance. Not that the play was guyed or sent up too crudely: there was often the pleasing effect of a kind of animated *Punch* cartoon from the Pont era of plus-fours, Oxford bags, and vicars on motor-bikes. But what was lacking was innocence; most of the cast were too detached to command the full idiotic aplomb. Nicol Williamson in particular looked under a strain trying to pretend that he was a priceless ass; his intelligence kept showing in the wrong places. Nan Munro, as the only one of the various female dragons in the play who was really convincing, must be exempted from these strictures; so must Arthur Lowe, who was impeccable in the old Tom Walls part of the downtrodden major with the wandering watery eyes. (And incidentally, I see that a couple of months back I failed to do justice to his excellent performance in *Inadmissible Evidence*.)

The humour of *A Cuckoo in the Nest* depends not so much on confusion as on extrication: let's see them wriggle their way out of this, and even more, let's see them talk their way out of this. It belongs to the days before the talkies, when the theatre still had a monopoly of verbal slapstick, whatever else it had had to yield to the cinema. "What was the name of this town?" "Which town?" "The town you stayed at." "What?" "Witchtown, wasn't it?" "Yes, I was just telling my wife, Mrs. Hickett. Witchtown, darling. They used to burn witches there, you know." The frantic improvisations and desperate slitherings of the dialogue are much closer to Mack Sennett than they are to a Noël Coward war of words. Fairly primitive, no doubt; but the piece is very sturdily made, and even in an imperfect version still highly entertaining. A pity that the Royal Court production has come and gone; it would surely have drawn as many laughs from the charabanc audiences as a hit like *Chase Me Comrade!*, which represents the decadent Whitehall school at its most funereal.

MR. HENRY LIVINGS' new play, *Eh?*, is also described in the programme as a farce, but apart from an eminently debaggable (but for the most part dramatically dispensable) clergyman, it uses few of the materials of the Travers tradition. Nor does it assume the set of cast-iron proprieties which classic farce sets out to violate. The setting is novel, the humour fitfully surrealistic. A gangling young psychopath is put in charge of a vast antique boiler in the bowels of an otherwise ultra-modern factory. Defying both the bullying of the foreman and the blandishments of industrial psychologist and padre, he makes a home out of the boiler-room, installing his bride and a jealously guarded box of mushrooms, which as they grow turn out to have magical properties. The merest nibble confers x-ray vision—or rather, the illusion that other people are stark naked. This leads to some good boisterous knockabout, but it is hardly a climax powerful enough to justify the great lumps of undigested symbolism which are floating around elsewhere in the play. A sexual fantasy? (For much of the play the hero wears a gloriously phallic false nose.) A satire on religion? (The boiler-room is, after all, a comic inferno, and there are cryptic yells directed at someone up above.) A defence of the unregenerate individualist against mass-society and machinery, with nuclear overtones? (Those mushrooms.) It's hard to say: but the fragments which do seem self-explanatory, such as the stale parody of psycho-analysis, offer very little inducement to pursuing the enquiry. It is often suggested that the right way with a Livings play is not to fuss over significance, but to sit back and laugh: the moral will take care of itself. But this approach won't work with *Eh?*, which remains obstinately unfunny, only occasionally spluttering into life with isolated gags. David Warner does as well as anyone could at making a coherent role out of the hero, but for want of true dramatic interest the evening is stolen by John Bury's mighty boiler. Sean Kenny himself never belched smoke or let off steam more majestically.

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NOTES & TOPICS

Ian Fleming Remembered

IAN FLEMING made my acquaintance before I made his. It happened nearly forty years ago, when he was a boy at school. "I have a natural love of action," he wrote many years later, and at Eton this was already plain: he was an athlete of exceptional power, and was twice Victor Ludorum. In fact before he was sixteen he had won every single athletic event except the high jump. This made news of more than Etonian interest and caused him to be featured in the newsreels of those pre-television days. But he was no small-brained muscle-boy; all through his life his physical energy ran, or jumped, neck and neck with intellectual curiosity. He evidently wanted to know all about life and a good deal about literature, and especially about its impact on life. It so happened that while Fleming was still at school my first novel made its appearance; he got hold of it, read it, and was excited by it. He had almost certainly never heard of me before, and I can't remember what put him on to the book. He might have been guided by his sharp flair, like that of a mine-detector, for a new threat to dullness and complacency. Or possibly the use by reviewers of words like "volcanic" had aroused his interest. (There is evidence that the tremors set up by this book have continued in Africa until now, and it is at present being reprinted.) The thought occurs to me for the first time that Fleming may just conceivably have been a little influenced by *Turbott Wolfe*. It cannot be called a thriller, but many people found it disturbing. They were meant to. It recognised and asserted that life includes the head-on collision and struggle of violent forces.

I first met Fleming some years later, when I had returned to live in London. He asked me to a party in Chelsea given by his handsome mother. He was youthfully handsome himself, wearing a well-cut dark blue suit and with very good manners, easy, cheerful and welcoming. After Eton he had been at Sandhurst and in Munich, and was now in Reuters, which sent him at various times to Berlin and Moscow. He seemed to me to have good luck on his side —youth, health, strength, money, general eligibility, a social status taken for granted, work that interested him, and a consciousness of his powers. At that first encounter he struck me as no mere conventional young English man-of-the-world of his generation; he showed more character, a much quicker brain, and a promise of something dashing or daring. Like a mettlesome young horse, he seemed to show the whites of his eyes and to smell some battle from afar.

If I had been anything like an ambitious young man-of-the-world myself, or if I had been enjoying life less, I can imagine that I might have thought how pleasant it would be to be him. In fact such a thought could hardly have occurred to me, because our ways of life were quite different. Some of his keen interests —fast cars, golf, gambling—were as immeasurably far from mine as some of mine from his. But his liveliness and curiosity were congenial to me, and we were responsive to each other's jokes, anecdotes, and opinions.

DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR our paths began to converge. We were in the same service and for some of the time under the same roof. Myself embattled as that marginal anomaly, a civilian officer on the Naval Staff, I was an inconspicuous but diligent auxiliary of the Naval Intelligence Division, in which Fleming's role was important. His responsibilities at the Admiralty gave him scope for some of his best abilities and he enjoyed exercising them. They were most efficiently applied to defeating the enemy; and Admiral Godfrey, at that time Director of Naval Intelligence, looks back upon him as a "war winner."

Fleming's private self—or selves, because he was not a man of a single interest or a single aspect—seemed to some to be hidden, or withdrawn. There were persons near him during the War who felt that they never really knew him except as an active functionary, polite and often cheerful with those who seemed to him properly tuned up, and capable of being abrupt with others. I suppose his inmost self to have been strongly fortified, and I should guess that some who were much attracted by him, and believed themselves attractive to him, may have found to their disappointment or even sorrow that any right of way through the fortifications, or tenancy within, was denied to them. He was perhaps too self-possessed a man to tolerate possessiveness aimed at him by others. In those strenuous wartime days he did not give, or give so clearly, the sense he occasionally conveyed of being alone when not alone. His wartime associate Robert Harling has written of Fleming's "sad, bony, fateful face." There were moments, as he grew older, when with its heavy eyelids and mixed look of determination and abstraction, it looked like a sculptured mask of melancholy.

I have heard it said of him that he kept his life in separate compartments. So he did, but

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surely that is quite usual for persons with many different activities and interests, who touch life at various levels that do not overlap and may have nothing in common with one another.

Once during the War, when some of its worst phases were past, we were feeding alone together and found time to speak of what we intended to do when it was over. With a diffidence that came surprisingly from so buoyant a man, he said he had a wish to write a thriller. He may not have used exactly that word, but made it quite plain that he had in mind some exciting story of espionage and sudden death. I at once made it equally plain how strongly I believed in his ability to write such a book, and in its probable originality. "But," I said, "it's no good writing just *one*. With that sort of book, you must become regular in your habits. You must hit the nail again and again with the same hammer until it's driven into the thick head of your potential public." He gave me a long and thoughtful look.

It was not until he was at his Jamaican house at the beginning of 1951 that he sat down to write *Casino Royale*. I knew nothing about it.

"When I got back to London," he wrote some years later, "I did nothing with the manuscript. I was too ashamed of it. No publisher would want it, and, if one did, I would not have the face to see it in print." He went on to explain how one day he had been lunching with me, and had asked me "how you got cigarette smoke out of a woman once you've got it in."

Always, I hope, alert to the caprices of the human race, and generally expectant that they are likely to be grotesque, I must have speculated rapidly about this intimate-sounding injection. He went on to explain that one couldn't use a word like "exhales," and "puffs it out," he thought, sounded silly. And then—"William looked at me sharply: 'You've written a book.' "

Of course I asked to see it. He felt that I would "tell the horrible truth about the book without condemning me or being scornful."

I read, I applauded, he conquered.

THE BEST AND MOST entertaining analysis of his thrillers ever likely to be written is to be found in Kingsley Amis' forthcoming book. My own summary view of them is that they are brilliant, romantic fairy-tales in which a dragon-slaying maiden-rescuing hero wins battle after battle against devilish forces of destruction, and yet is indestructible himself: an ancient kind of myth skilfully re-created in a modern idiom. They are, like life, sexy and violent, but I have never thought them corrupting. Compared with some of the nasty stuff that gets into print, they have a sort of boyish innocence.

In the popular imagination Fleming is confused with or thought to have been identical with James Bond. There may be something Flemingish about Bond, but I didn't see much of Bond in Fleming, who was more perturbable. Let us admit, as Fleming himself did, that Bond and his adventures are something of an adolescent fantasy. Is there anything wrong in that? Not at the box office. At the time of his death some 20 million copies of his books had been sold and they had been translated by then into eighteen languages. The films have already captured vast audiences.

Fleming's attitude to his own books was perfectly straightforward. He was pleased that they did so well (who, in his place, wouldn't have been?), took a proper pride in his skill in composing them, and was delighted that they pleased readers worth pleasing—President Kennedy, for instance. But there was never any sign that he pretended to himself or to anybody else that the literary value of what he wrote was underestimated. It did please him to pretend that I was a sort of only begetter of his books, which was nonsense. Or was it just an indication of his characteristic capacity for gratitude? As somebody who knew him well reminded me lately, "Ian always said thank you." Some of the inscriptions in the copies of his books he gave me repeated the unearned but recurrent compliment—for example, in my copy of *Goldfinger*, "To William, who started these balls rolling."

In fact I used to be the first person to whom his books were shown, partly for professional reasons. When I found things to praise, he seemed pleased; when I suggested emendations, he was attentive—sometimes too attentive. I once said to him, just after reading a new James Bond typescript, that although the persons in it often made exclamatory remarks, these were never followed by a point of exclamation. I said this half-teasingly, but he took it so seriously that when the book came out, the *New York Times* took him to task for peppering his pages, like a schoolgirl, with exclamation marks.

I thought it admirable and dignified in him that he appeared to take no notice whatever of the envy he naturally provoked. This envy showed itself sometimes in spiteful or patronising reviews or gossip. Ungenerous natures, without a tenth of his vitality, brains, or experience, would sometimes try and mask their envy by disapproval or by affecting a high moral tone about his books, calling them sadistic (understandably) or "snobbish"—by which I suppose they meant status-conscious or something. To some people, naturally, the books could not and cannot appeal. "Not my cup of tea," I have heard some say: the answer to that is that the Bond books are not cups of tea at all, but something more stimulating. In any case, what on

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earth would be the character of a book that was *everybody's* cup of anything? Though to some the books are distasteful, I have never heard them called boring.

ONE COULD HARDLY CALL Fleming a *bookish* man, which suggests somehow an untidy, bespectacled, bible-backed, pedantic half-recluse. But he had an active interest in book-collecting and had built up a remarkable library, concerned with the impact of literature, of new ideas in literature, upon life. An assiduous reader of *The Times Literary Supplement*, he had a sharp eye and good memory for critical or bibliographical details.

If a biography of him is ever written, competently written, he will be seen as a man who was successful in several different spheres of action, and who made full use of his lease of life. When his health was no longer good, it was impossible to imagine him settling down to the existence of a prudent invalid obsessed with trying to make it last as long as possible. I think he knew he had, as they say, "had it."

In his will he generously left me and two or three other friends some money to be spent within a year on some "extravagance." I would rather he had survived me. No extravagance by us can disguise though it may commemorate his absence. Whatever the money is spent on I shall think of him looking over my shoulder, curious to see how it is being used, a little ironic and (I hope) pleased.

William Plomer

Letter from New York

The Goldwater Débâcle

By Richard Hofstadter

THERE ARE TIMES when it is a pleasure to acknowledge that one has been wrong. Writing on the Goldwater movement in the October issue of ENCOUNTER, I concluded that "it is now much easier than before to believe that America is visibly sick with a malady that may do all of us in." This was said, as the setting made clear, in the belief not that Barry Goldwater would win—which never seemed likely—but rather that he might make a respectable showing, and that if he did Goldwaterism would be entrenched in the Republican party for the calculable future with incalculably mischievous consequences.

As it turned out, Goldwater's showing was far from respectable. The vote was unmistakably cast *against him*. Almost everywhere he ran far behind other Republicans, drawing a total 7.5 million less than Richard Nixon in 1960, a drop of 22%. Above all, the election registers a general belief that Goldwater is a threat to the peace, and it provides a stronger mandate for continuity in our foreign policies. Although we have not yet finished reckoning with what Goldwater represents, we can at least say that the malady so frighteningly displayed at San Francisco has been contained, and can hope that the Cow Palace convention may come to be seen as the high tide of the radical right.

No doubt to many observers abroad, more than 26 million votes and almost 39% of the total will seem ominously high for a candidate with Goldwater's special and dangerous view of the world. In a way it is, but this misfortune was entailed in July by the disaster of Goldwater's nomination. It must be remembered that under our party system even Jack the Ripper, with a major-party label on him, could hope to get close to 40% of the votes. If the vote exaggerates right-wing strength, it also measures its outer limits. It is a safe guess that at best not more than half of the Goldwater voters agree ardently with his ideas, and that the rest supported him out of party loyalty. The central question is whether the Goldwater cultists can hold the Republican party, and now the odds are heavily against them.

The results make grim reading for Republican party leaders. They lost two seats in the Senate, where they are now outnumbered 68–32, and 39 in the House where they are now outnumbered 296–139. Two of their most promising young

PROFESSOR RICHARD HOFSTADTER *contributed a much-discussed pre-election essay to the October* ENCOUNTER. *His best-known books are studies of* The American Political Tradition *and* Anti-Intellectualism in American Life.

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leaders, Charles Percy in Illinois and Robert Taft Jr. in Ohio, went down under the Johnson landslide—perhaps a double misfortune, since it weakens precisely those forces which could have led the party in shedding Goldwaterism in the Midwest. Most of this can be laid to Goldwater's door, since he was dead weight on his ticket. Outside the South he tended to run close to 15% behind the more attractive Republicans on state tickets, but the margin of his disadvantage ranged higher in some states—up to an incredible 42% in Rhode Island. It probably did not surprise anyone that he got only 5% of the Negro vote or 10% of the Jewish vote, but he had only 40% in such Republican sectors of the electorate as Midwest farmers and middle-income suburbanites. Only in the upper income brackets, where Republican support is normally overwhelming, did he prevail, but even there with a slender 52%.

A noteworthy feature of the campaign was the way in which the doors of the establishment snapped shut against Goldwater, as recorded in the impressive lists of top business leaders and influential newspapers announced for Johnson. We are told, on occasion, that this country is ruled by a monolithic "power élite" which is wholly irresponsible; but faced with the fact of a recognisably irresponsible politics, the élite split, and threw its preponderant weight on the side of responsibility.

ALMOST EVERYTHING went wrong with Goldwater's campaign. Even the Southern strategy must be counted as a failure. Although some states went Republican for the first time in history, Johnson held a majority of the popular and the electoral votes of the section; and if the polls are right, Goldwater actually ran backwards during the campaign, losing the slender margin with which he began. Outside the deep South, the "white backlash" was not significantly felt, and only a small margin of normally Democratic voters defected. Unfortunately this cannot be taken to mean that backlash sentiment is not widespread, but it is less intensive than it is extensive. With the presidency at stake, people preferred to vote on peace and bread-and-butter issues. However, in California, where they had a chance to undo a law against racial discrimination in housing, they welcomed it. We have not heard the last of the backlash effect in politics.

In contrast to the unrealised backlash, Republican defections took place on a large scale, and this may have owed less to Democratic attacks on Goldwater than to the lasting damage done to him by the Republican moderates in the primaries and at San Francisco. Governor Nelson Rockefeller's campaign in New Hampshire saddled Goldwater with the popular belief that he was "against social security," and the debate over the control of nuclear weapons at the Cow Palace confirmed the idea that he is "trigger-happy," which he considered his most serious handicap. A large portion of his campaign energy had to be spent denying that he was reactionary on social security (in fact he had voted for an extension of the system) and that he would be a reckless custodian of the Bomb. In the end these denials, especially since they did contrast with some of his earlier policy statements, had the sound of a man protesting too much. Undoubtedly the greatest single cause of Republican defections was the fear of war (though some of the aged were moved by the social security issue, and some farmers feared a complete demolition of the apparatus for price supports).

AN UNPREDICTABLE FEATURE of the election was the gross ineptitude of Goldwater's campaign. At best campaigns rarely change the minds of many voters, and it would have been too much to expect even a skilful campaign to win for anyone who started as far behind as Goldwater did. But to have converted as much as 5% of the electorate would have saved many Republican candidates, and would have put a much better face on his cause; yet all the evidence indicates that, despite the unexpected boon of the Jenkins case, he had no more support in November than he had in July. Some of us were misled by the frightening efficiency shown by Goldwater's organisation up to the San Francisco convention. The Goldwater men were indeed good organisers, but as it turned out, they proved good only at organising *their own forces* for combat, and never developed a gift for conciliating or persuading other Republicans or the public at large. This too was Goldwater's responsibility. He threw away the cue given him by the party leaders at the Hershey conference in August, and he preferred to staff his campaign at national and local levels with inspired newcomers and provincials rather than to enlist the help of seasoned professionals and the more cosmopolitan figures in the party.

Some of Goldwater's brash and arrogant novices were profoundly offensive to the old Republican professionals. As the campaign went on (and as state and local Republican candidates, in the interest of their own survival, put increasing distance between themselves and the head of their ticket), the Republican campaign took on the aspect of a double effort, with separate strategies, funds, and corps of workers. The Goldwater people made no secret of their desire to rid themselves permanently of Republicans whose support of the ticket was weak or

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non-existent, and recriminations as to whose fault the campaign fiasco really is, which began before it was over, are now rising to a crescendo.

GOLDWATER'S ineptitude in developing issues matched the failures of his organisation. In an election campaign a candidate who believes himself to have a commanding lead may choose to stand on generalities and not jeopardise his position with too many explicit commitments; but the man who trails faces the necessity of finding issues that will make converts. Goldwater toyed restlessly for a time with a variety of issues, tossing them out experimentally, then abandoning them without ever trying to develop them in depth. His whole stance, which was that of a man who prefers reaffirming attitudes rather than analysing issues, underlined the non-programmatic quality that has always been so characteristic of his thinking.

A typical gesture concerned the chronic crisis in Vietnam. Republican propaganda naturally referred to Vietnam with regularity. But Goldwater seems to have concluded, at least after the Tonkin counter-strike in August, that so long as he had the label of nuclear recklessness hanging around his neck, it would be dangerous for him to hit too hard on such a foreign-policy issue. His closest approach to a solution for the problem was to promise that if he was elected he would send Eisenhower to Vietnam. A similar promise apropos the Korean stalemate seemed to have helped Eisenhower in 1952—why not try it? Characteristically, Goldwater had neglected to check with the General, who at seventy-four showed an understandable reluctance to commit himself to any such junket. The matter had to be dropped. Such was the fate also of another Goldwater idea, substituting a professional army for the draft. To one who is wholly open-minded on this subject, the proposal seems not unreasonable, and it would have been interesting to see it argued in some depth. But, in his characteristic way, Goldwater let it drop after one tentative sally and nothing more was heard of it.

In the end, after several feints and forays, Goldwater settled on the morality theme, and here I think his pronouncements are of more than passing interest because they shed so much light on the nature of the movement he leads. For a number of reasons, his call for "a return to higher morality," to be inspired by nobler conduct in the White House, seemed a suitable way of synthesising a great many discontents. The morality issue could be tied in with urban disorder, juvenile delinquency, race riots, and the crime rate. It enabled Goldwater to exploit moral indignation without having to offer a positive programme, and to exploit racist sentiment without making any overtly racist utterances. Finally, it matched, at a relatively genteel level, the personal assault on President Johnson being waged by Birchist and gutter-level campaigners through many books and pamphlets. The Jenkins case seemed made to order for this appeal; but if Goldwater had any lingering doubts in October how the campaign would turn out, they must have vanished when it became clear that this incident was not moving many voters his way.

AT BOTTOM the coming effort of the Republican moderates to retake their party is an effort to recover politics from the non-political. As one who has long believed that the Goldwater cult attracts essentially non-political people who have recently been drawn into politics, I was fascinated to see the Senator openly argue for the position that politics should be pre-eminently a sphere for the realisation of fundamental moral values rather than interests, and to argue unmistakably that he thought this was the whole merit of his case. The campaign, he said, was waged "to restore to America a sense of common purpose—of moral responsibility." His fundamental approach was admittedly "unorthodox," for he had gone into Appalachia and attacked the administration's poverty programme in the very centre of its strength, had gone into Florida's old-age colonies and warned against adding "Medicare" to the social security system, had gone into the farm country and called for a transition from controlled to "free" agriculture, and had gone into an area of high urban growth and challenged the Supreme Court's decision calling for a larger share in state legislatures for the cities.

"I have done all these things *deliberately*," he went on, "for a reason that is clear in my own mind—and I want to make it clear to you tonight. *I will not attempt to buy the votes of the American people. I will not treat any of you as just so many special interests. I will not appeal to you as if you were simply pocketbooks, surrounded on all sides by self-serving concerns.*" In short, the familiar politics of interest groups is not only limited but altogether sordid. Goldwater is proud of a politics that dispenses with politics, and with the demands of interest groups —which is the kind of politics we have had since the country began—because it is an ignoble business, this trading and bartering and accommodating of interests, when we should be engaged in the pursuit of ultimate moral values.

As if to leave no doubt of what he meant in these utterances, Goldwater went on to ask: *"What place does politics have in a campaign for the Presidency?"* No place at all, he answered, for the usual politics of special interests, which calls for saying "the right thing to the right people, at the right time and place."

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In saying the wrong things, he felt he was giving an example of manliness and morality that is badly needed in a country where, in material terms, people always have more and more goods but where, he believes, they also have more and more evils—more crime, more juvenile delinquency, divorce, illegitimacy, mental illness, school drop-outs, drug addiction, pornography, riots and hoodlumism.

For the material prosperity of the country, he argued, we could thank the free enterprise system. But our basic social evils must be charged to something else.

> The deterioration of the home, the family and the community, of law and order, of good morals and good manners, is the result of thirty years of an unhealthy social climate. I refer to the philosophy of modern "liberalism," the dominant philosophy of the opposition party.

Among the evils charged to this philosophy were "permissiveness in the school and the home," looking upon "discipline and punishment as barbaric relics of a discredited past," the attempt to "eliminate religious sentiment from every aspect of public life." It is the modern liberal, Goldwater charged, "who is concerned for the criminal and careless about his victims, who frowns on the policeman and fawns on the social psychologist." In another speech, the candidate made it clear that he thought this liberalism was predominant in the country: "The moral fibre of the American people is beset by rot and decay."

THE NOTION that the United States, despite its material prosperity (or perhaps because of it), suffers from some acute moral malaise is not wholly heretical—in fact many intellectuals, in a different context and for different purposes, have been saying the same thing for years. What is distinctive is Goldwater's conception of the *causes* of our social ills and the resulting notions of what to do about them. In effect he has been saying these ills are not traceable to anything in the structure of our society, and therefore that no considerable social programme is needed to cope with them. They can be met instead by changing our philosophy, girding our moral loins, steeling ourselves to a more militant posture in the cold war, getting our children to pray in school again, and finally by electing men like himself and Bill Miller whose splendid example would once again make the White House the moral centre of the nation. It is pathetic and embarrassing that a great nation should have to spend time on such twaddle, but one cannot deny that millions of people respond to it, and that a man nominated by a major party holds to it with dreadful sincerity. What is truly significant about it is that a substantial part of the country does not think of social and political problems as requiring social and political solutions, but instead scorns the whole business in favour of the idea that what is needed is only a moral reformation. In his Memphis speech Goldwater said:

> A lot of my enemies call me simple. The trouble with the so-called liberal today is that he doesn't understand simplicity. The answers to America's problems are simple.

I suppose that people who can believe this can believe anything. In any case, since the aims of the Goldwater people are to express motives and interests other than those which we ordinarily call "political," they are not as much discouraged by failure as political regulars would be. Goldwater, though he may not be prepared to try to run again, refuses to step down from party leadership, resists suggestions that his national chairman, Dean Burch, resign, and promises to devote all his energies to strengthening "conservatism" in the Republican party. The "conservative" intellectuals, far from accepting the election as a fatal sign of the unpopularity of radical rightism in the country, suggest that the campaign wasn't run quite right, and that the cause will do better next time. To the extremists the realities of defeat are as resistible as other realities, and they seem prepared to make a fight for their party. By the usual party standards, their case is hopeless, since they have produced only a momentous defeat; but men who believe they are fighting for moral absolutes beyond the reach of usual partisan goals feel more deeply than pragmatic political regulars an imperative to carry on.

NO EXPERIENCED OBSERVER would lay odds on their success, since the genuine conservatives in the Republican party, who constitute in all probability its largest portion, are led mainly by old professionals for whom the difference between victory and defeat is still important. The present Goldwater control of the national chairmanship and the national committee is not as vital as it might be in a truly unified kind of party. American political parties are loose federal unions. Their true centres of power lie not in the national committee but primarily in the state machines, usually led by the governors, and secondarily in the corps of seasoned legislators on Capitol Hill. The Republican professionals are unlikely to relax their demand that the Goldwater men give up the reins of the party. The situation of right-wing Republicanism is particularly hopeless in the eight most populous industrial states of the North, whose electoral votes together are almost enough to determine a national election. In these states

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President Johnson's portion of the aggregate votes was 64%, ranging from 58% in California to 76% in Massachusetts. In all these states there are normally strong Republican organisations, which have produced such liberal or moderate leaders as Governors Rockefeller, Romney, and Scranton, Senators Kuchel and Case, former Ambassador Lodge, and the young hopefuls, Percy and Taft.

What now stands between these men and resumption of party control is not so much the Goldwater cult, stubborn though it is, as their own disunity and conflicting ambitions. The day after the election every princeling in the party was issuing his own manifesto as to what should be done. Vital decisions will be made at the forthcoming Conference of Republican Governors. There are seventeen of them, and though their command of their states has been impaired by the Johnson landslide, they have it within their power to make Goldwater's position untenable. My guess is that the moderates can best serve their party by taking a principled position on a few issues and by driving out of the party ranks a small fringe of extremists without alienating too many of its conservative voters. A modest defection of cranks would probably gain them more support from voters than it would cost, much as Harry Truman seemed to benefit in 1948 from what seemed at first the fatal defection of both the Wallaceite left and the racist right of the Democratic party.

THE TASK before the Republican moderates is formidable. Assuming that they can dispose of the Goldwater men, they still have to establish a programme for their party that will be close enough to the American consensus to be viable and yet far enough from the Democrats to stamp them with an identity they now lack. Presumably their party will survive. If the Democrats survived the Civil War and Reconstruction and then their terrible internal divisions of the 1920s, and if the Republicans survived their own split in 1912 and the Alf Landon fiasco of 1936, one can only believe that they will survive Goldwater.

For the moment, however, they do not constitute an effective or constructive opposition, and their disaster has given President Johnson a working coalition as broad as any in our history, though perhaps also as unstable. This master of consensual politics will not make the mistakes that so quickly dissolved Roosevelt's coalition in 1937. But it will be interesting to see if even his hand is sure enough to get the country off dead centre and begin a significant attack on its problems.

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BOOKS & WRITERS

Powers That Be

By Anthony Burgess

My WISH to tuck Lord Snow and Mr. Angus Wilson into the bed of a common article has little to do with the publication of their new novels[1] within a week or so of each other, and nothing at all to do with the political chime which the two names inevitably sound when clashed together. But, at this moment of writing, Lord Boothby is sponsoring His Snovian Lordship's introduction to the House, and a recent unbuttoned remark of Lord Boothby's will serve as a useful literary starting-point. The occasion was a TV dinner to celebrate the seventieth birthday of Mr. J. B. Priestley. Viewers were brought in for the brandy and cigars, and Lord Boothby, in a eulogy appropriately extravagant, said that only three British novelists really counted, and these were Jack there, Willie Maugham, and Compton Mackenzie (Monty, I should say); all the rest were, and I think I have the words right, no bloody good. Such a public profession of taste, coming as it does from a public man who has read widely and is no fool, a man rightly adorned with high public honours, a man deemed fittest to fête one important novelist and assist at the elevation of another, deserves to be considered with great seriousness. Lord Boothby is young enough to look up to his chosen triumvirate as a sort of Olympians (Willie Maugham himself has told us how much the British revere age coupled with high, or moderate, achievement), but he might be expected to have at least a qualified veneration for such of his near-contemporaries as seem to belong to the same plain no-nonsense tradition. Lord Boothby is too subtle a man to be sized up adequately from his journalistic and television pronouncements, or from the one vinous meeting I had with him in a Malayan sultan's *istana*, but I should imagine that he demands from his fiction a strong-boned plot, the minimum of verbal fussing, and the sort of humour-characterisation which is our chief heritage from the nineteenth century. Add to these a concern with the problems of a living society, and the keenest observation of what are known as social types, and you ought to have (but I am still being cautious and tentative) an acceptable Boothby novel.

Both Lord Snow and Mr. Wilson should come into this category, though, being powerfully individual writers, they tend disconcertingly to jump out of it when least expected, exhibiting nonsense and fancy and verbal fuss far from minimal. I can think of no other novelists in their fifties or sixties, however, more likely, at seventy, to receive Boothby-type medals on stereoscopic colour-TV. They inherit the nineteenth-century tradition and are, on the whole, satisfied with it. This doesn't mean that their aims are identical or even similar. Whisper the name of Dickens, one of Mr. Wilson's masters, and Lord Snow (as C. P. Snow) will say this:

> Dickens was like a mimic in a bar. As Frank O'Connor says in *The Mirror in the Roadway*, there is "a flight to the periphery of the story," where he is happy with the characters which, he knows from trial and error, he can mimic without thought and make his audience respond.

Lord Snow is not happy about mimicry: "The danger is, it is too satisfying; it is too satisfying even when there is no audience: it gives one the slightly inflated feeling that there is nothing left to say." Now, here is the very great difference between the two authors. Mr. Wilson is a superb mimic; he glories in taking people off, and much of our pleasure in the performance derives from the pure virtuosity. The setting of

[1] *Corridors of Power*. By C. P. SNOW. Macmillan, 25s. *Late Call*. By ANGUS WILSON. Secker and Warburg, 25s.

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Late Call is a New Town. St. Saviour's Church in Town Centre doesn't look at all ecclesiastical, and of its vicar the chief male character remarks: "You never get any of this dry-as-dust theological stuff from him that's done so much to keep people out of the churches. Quite the contrary. Last Easter he gave a sermon on the eleven plus." But this Easter he slips a disc and, says his wife, "We had to take what the archdeacon could send us at the last moment." The substitute is an aged Scot who preaches like this:

> "Said the one carlinwife to the other, 'Aye, Annie,' says she, 'I've been aye doing so muckle guid, I've no had time to set me down and mind who I am.' Ah! And she can sit on her buttie to all eternity, for buttie's all she'll have—there'll be no living soul to save. Is there nothing we can do to help us to God's Grace? Indeed there is.... Go out, not into the busy clamour of getting and spending, nor even into the soothing clamour of good works. No, go out into the dreadful silence, into the dark nothingness. Maybe ye are no but a wisp of straw, but if you go out to face the fire... then indeed may you be visited by that Grace which will save your soul alive. And now to God the Father...."

Writing this sermon must have been great fun, and Lord Snow may well regard it as an act of self-indulgence, but Mr. Wilson seems to me to be using our delight in it to sneak in an important theme which could not properly be stated with austere directness. His book is about a retired hotel manageress who goes to live with her widowed son, a secondary modern headmaster greatly devoted to good works and serving on committees and the production of plays like *Look Back In Anger*. His world is the familiar Pelagian one of salvation through action; it is necessary to oppose to it the Augustinian one of salvation through grace. Sylvia Calvert, the mother, cannot herself articulate the discomfort (admittedly qualified: this is a novel about a real person) she feels in her new environment. It is enough that she is the only one of the congregation to say to the preacher: "Thank you very much. I shan't forget what you said." The preacher shuts his eyes "against the sun and her talk" with his "Ah! Good! It's all old stuff, I'm afraid", and the theological clucking has led to the laying of a necessary intellectual egg.

"A FLIGHT TO THE PERIPHERY"—it's a disturbing phrase. There is a sense in which all genuine fiction represents such a flight. All of Dickens' novels have a hard centre but, by an artistic paradox, we can only come to know it after vigorous and joyful no-hands cycling round on the perimeter. A technique of pushing outwards produces, all art being an illusion, an illusion of closing in. Aldous Huxley was right when he said that it isn't a matter of *cogito ergo sum* but of *futuo ergo sum* or *caco ergo sum*. Naturally, there are dangers on the periphery, and Mr. Wilson bravely courts them. Immediacy sometimes means nothing more than topicality. The Festival of Britain and "Jolly D!" date *Hemlock and After*; the Piltdown hoax dates *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*; *Late Call* will need annotation one of these days—Elsie Tanner's column in the *TV Times*, Beatle haircuts, the CND. Mr. Wilson is always up-to-date, and critics in the popular papers are praising him for it while the rest of us merely worry. But in his best book he dives straight into the future. The beauty of *The Old Men at the Zoo* derives from the creation of new myths, not the exploitation of existing ones. And yet where Mr. Wilson deprives himself of living models for his impersonations, he is led—still concerned with the brilliant performance—to the making of grotesque dolls and ventriloquist's dummies. The crazy *dénouement* of *The Old Men at the Zoo*, with its near-cannibalism, Europe victorious over the UK, proposed gladiatorial displays in Regent's Park, is the price we pay for the absence of today's papers and tonight's television programmes. I personally prefer to pay it.

BUT THE SHARPNESS of Mr. Wilson's compassion for his characters is moving precisely because of the strict contemporaneity of its images. *Late Call* takes bigger chances than the other novels: it plunges into a world which Mr. Wilson knows to be heartbreakingly ephemeral, out of which the deracinated Sylvia Calvert chooses some of the rags which clothe the emptiness of her retirement. She is fat and has high blood pressure and can no longer manage an hotel; her husband, ranker-officer in the First World War, subsists on ancient anecdotes, the odd flutter, loud and obscene grouses about the decay of the times. Her son's with-it house is equipped with thermostats and an unintelligible labour-saving kitchen. She can escape into *Maigret* on the telly or a nice historical novel from the library (plenty of opportunities for mimicry here). But the only true escape is into country untamed by the New Town, where a farm cat slinks by with a half-dead rabbit in its mouth and a tree is struck by lightning. There is no timeless image for the new: the new is the here-and-now, the totally contemporary, with the jargon of the bowling-alley and the Pelagianism of the church you'd hardly know for a church:

> ...it was just a big room with everything very simple and quiet, especially the thin slotted glass

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windows through which the sun poured with a lovely sky-blue light. She picked up a card and read the prayer that was printed on it—"help us to avoid the easy jibe, the grouchy mood, and the martyred smile. Help us to forget ourselves in doing what we can for others and in doing it cheerfully. . . ." It all seemed sensible enough; lots of people found a great deal of comfort in religion.

THERE is little comfort in *Corridors of Power*, though to some the austerity will seem like a kind of extravagance. Instead of the goods that money can buy, we're presented with the money itself—a more blatant showing-off, some will say, than mimicry in a bar. The minutiae that make real novels are the taste of eggs and bacon, the bad tooth, and the pang of heartburn. George Orwell reminds us that, even in the swiftest anecdote, Dickens could not be content with "After the family had had dinner—"; he had to add the parenthesis "baked leg of mutton with potatoes under." In *Corridors of Power* real food is eschewed, not chewed. Lewis Eliot goes out to dinner a great deal—to country houses where political strategies are planned, to the Dorchester Penthouse, even to a Fishmongers' Hall banquet—but we're never told what he eats. Only once, when he dines with the Osbaldistons, who live "in a house detached, but only just detached, on the west side of Clapham Common," do we get the menu: clear soup, steak and kidney pie, lemon soufflé. It's significant that the senses come alive, however minimally, in a context which recalls days of struggle and humbler achievement. But in this world of high decisions there have to be apologies for the double row of privets and the front door with its panel of coloured glass:

> Inside the house, I was thinking that there was no need for Douglas Osbaldiston to live like that. . . . At the top of the Civil Service, he could have done much better for himself. But, just as some men of Douglas' origins or mine set themselves up as country gentlemen, Douglas did the reverse. It was done out of deliberate unpretentiousness, but, as with the bogus country gentlemen, it was becoming a little of an act. When, over dinner, we told him that we had been at Basset for the weekend, he whistled cheerfully, in excellent imitation of a clerk reading the gossip columns and dreaming of social altitudes inaccessible to him.

It seems essential to Lord Snow's purpose that, before his protagonists can function convincingly in the maze of policy, they must totally cleanse the sensorium of all middle-class accretions and, like Mr. Bloom's nymph, eat and drink pure electricity. The real world becomes

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a world of loaded emblems—the Athenaeum, the American Ambassador's house, a white-tie concert in the Inner Temple Hall (we're above such matters as what music is played there), "the barber's in Curzon Street." Lord Snow would agree with Dr. Johnson's Imlac that the imaginative writer's business is "to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the strokes of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest...." In some ways he goes back to the original Augustans, in whom the sweat of conflict is disguised as *in tanto discrimine* and the sweat of love is the "known flame."

But there seems to be a struggle between the true novelist's instincts and the puritanical desire to strip his characters and their environment of everything that does not directly illuminate the big central theme of power. Mrs. Heneker, who, when dinner is delayed, trumpets "Hungry," trembles on the edge of Dickensian caricature. In the early hours of the morning, the glamour of the great empty City of London is briefly felt. At the very end of the book, the spirit of H. G. Wells is invoked: "Under the town's resplendent sky we talked of the children and their future. We talked as though the future were easy and secure, and as though their lives would bring us joy." But, in general, the book breathes a spirit of artistic depression, as though soon there will be a public abandonment of belief in the viability of the novel-form. Lord Snow's progress isn't towards a more accurately realised world of the senses and the emotions, to a greater flexibility of language or a more subtle probing of character: it is towards a dissatisfaction with the novel as a mirror of life. He cracks the mirror but cannot show us the reality it reflected. Instead, he must set up little signs pointing outwards to Hansard and White Papers and newspapers headlines and interim reports. *Corridors of Power* is a shadow, and I think it is meant to be a shadow.

Or, to put it another way, we have left the brothers and have to put up with the strangers. The immense authority of this novel has more to do with Snow the public man than Snow the literary artist. The reading of trickier writers involves suspension of disbelief: we know they've never been in No. 10 Downing Street, but they build it up well from photographs, just as they re-create unvisited cities out of maps and guide-books, and untasted banquets with Escoffier's help. Snow doesn't have to persuade us that the life of high politics is really as his novel presents it: he has just stepped out of that life to report briefly on it, and the accuracy of the report is attested by the very plainness of its language: only a man who flies could allow himself to be so pedestrian. I'm well aware, however, that this ability to create a "parallel world" may be put forward as a testimony to Snow's great imaginative gifts. The period is 1955–58, but the Prime Minister in the story is not Harold Macmillan, nor did a Minister fall because he advocated abandonment of the Bomb and was disclosed as having a mistress. True historical events push in, like Suez, but the whole fabric of the plot has little to do with history, and—we need no author's disclaimer for this—the characters themselves don't touch actuality at any point other than the titles of their offices. But the Snovian Westminster and Whitehall don't represent an alternative to historical reality so much as a paradigm of it. Roger Quaife, the ambitious politician who falls, is not a fictional creation who forces us to accept himself and his ambience as of an order of imaginative reality quite as valid as factual truth: there's no magic, no suspension of disbelief. All the characters and all their acts are archetypes of the actual. The issues involved in the political machinations are as irrelevant to this novel's kind of truth as are the purely heraldic chrysanthemums on the desk in the Whitehall office. What counts is the grammar of power. But a grammar-book is not a novel.

A chill and unwelcoming wind blows through these corridors, the wind of exclusion. We're not wanted here, we who are merely ruled and unruling; the power that is allegedly exerted on our behalf is a remote pure working, and it is an impertinence on our part to mention its democratic provenance. The commons, as opposed to the chamber that represents them, have no place here, except as a distant abstraction that, surprisingly and unforgivably, is not totally behind the *New Statesman* on the Suez issue. Even when Shakespeare is most concerned with the wrestling of magnates, he does not forget the common man, but Lord Snow seems, in this field of strangers, to have turned his back finally on the brothers. If only a cloakroom attendant would make some salty remark, a waiter wink at a banquet, or a drunk accost Lewis Eliot in the street. There was a time when Roy Calvert would take the Bursar to the pictures or eat slice after slice of bread and jam and say how good it was. There used to be jokes; there was once, in *Homecomings*, a pathetic revelation of Lewis Eliot's physical needs. Now we're above all that, but I don't see how the novel can flourish in such aseptic air. Fr. Rolfe's masterpiece is about the Vatican, but it begins with a yellow cat asleep, a pain in the armpit, and cigarette-ash on the chest. And I don't see how Lord Snow, since he has opted for the great world of affairs, is going to reinstate

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the necessary world of small people and their small concerns.

THOUGH *Late Call* is authoritative with only a novelist's authority, yet it contrives to say something valuable about power and responsibility, and with an irony and compassion alien to the Snovian Olympus. Harold is only a secondary school head, member of committees, pillar of New Town society, but he voices the authentic difficulties of a statesman:

> "In bed! I wonder if it occurs to any of them with their feather beds of security and ladders of opportunity and hire-purchase homes and the rest of the clap-trap, that some of us have to keep awake however much it hurts, to see that the whole pleasant dream doesn't vanish overnight. . . ."

We're able there to pity Harold as well as despise him, since such an utterance is set in a context of failure to understand his own children, the primal ruled, and a social idealism which is a sort of emanation of his thwarted emotional needs. Whether we like it or not, it is such pathetic committee-men who, in a smaller figure than Whitehall and Westminster represent, best illustrate what goes on in politics, and Mr. Wilson's book shows us the agonies of building new societies in terms of humour and compassion. I would say that Lord Snow's novel is probably wrong in conception: it uses people to illustrate a thesis (this is where power lies; this is how power works), whereas Mr. Wilson starts with people and lets them breed a whole complex of these in our minds.

Despite all these strictures, *Corridors of Power* remains an impressive work, strong, highly idiosyncratic, in some ways mythopœic. The title passed into the language before the book itself was finished, and the art of the novel must, in the minds of those who regard all art as frivolous, be somehow ennobled by it, since it comes straight from the world of great affairs and speaks about this world with so virile and candid a voice. The book pushes on to its conclusion without deviating into self-indulgent picaresque by-ways, and the undecorated flatness of the language is as much a token of high seriousness as the unwillingness to give easy pleasure through whimsy, flights of humour, or descriptions of women's dresses. By comparison, *Late Call* must sometimes appear giggling and hollow, an abandonment of personality in a spate of juggler's tricks. Many novelists become ashamed of their novels, seeing in them too much disclosure of what the world thinks it best to hide, precisely an exhibition of drunken mimicry in a bar, to be deeply regretted on the morning after. Lord Snow need never be

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ashamed, since he sustains manly reticence and never gives anything away: he fulfils the British ideal by being both artist and man of affairs. The question is one of gain and loss. More novels like *Corridors of Power*, and the novelist must be admired more and loved less. A novel that shuts more doors than it opens can, when it has the weight and majesty of a Snow behind it, do more harm to the progress of the form than one dares think of. T. S. Eliot talks of the Chinese Wall of Milton's blank verse, impressive, authoritative and calculated to stem the free development of the more human and more flexible medium of the Jacobeans; the Snovian novel might be such a wall.

STILL, A GREAT FICTIONAL TRADITION is more or less fulfilled: no stream of consciousness, no symbolism, no surrealism, no word-play; neat set scenes, even chapter-headings. Mr. Wilson has chapter-headings, too, as well as a Dickensian interlude called "The Old Woman's Story." In the age of Boulez both are content with the technique of Brahms. Both are at the height of their reputation. Mr. Wilson will soon take J. B. Priestley's place, though Lord Snow will remain himself, creator of the most massive *roman fleuve* of the century. I think both are prized, and will continue to be prized, for the skill and integrity with which they have illuminated contemporary society and uncovered some of the forces which drive it. Whether this is the true function of the novel is a matter for debate. Some of us may prefer to see the advance of the art of fiction in other, less publicised, corners, where what endures in man is more important than what changes in society, and the wrestling with new techniques means nothing more than an attempt to probe deeper into the essence of the human personality. But we must remain grateful for the architectonic power that both Wilson and Snow exhibit, their ability to modify our way of looking at life and give shape to our inchoate visions of it. That we recognise the existence of a Snovian world and a Wilsonic world is the best testimonial to their importance. They are ornaments of the contemporary novel of the middle way.

Pillar of Society

Asquith. By ROY JENKINS. *Collins*, 45s.

IN A BRILLIANT pre-1914 essay on Asquith, published after 1914 in *Pillars of Society*, A. G. Gardiner compared Asquith with Pitt the Younger. Pitt lived for posterity as "the pilot who weathered the storm," the storm of a European convulsion. "Mr. Asquith will be remembered as the captain who weathered the storm at home." Both men stood out with "a certain simplicity and aloofness"; neither man was driven by a "fine frenzy" or was engulfed by a "tide of hot compassion." Pitt's limitations became fully apparent when his temperament and policies were contrasted with those of Fox. In the case of Asquith, Gardiner found his main symbol of contrast in a statesman of a previous generation, Gladstone, who believed, unlike Asquith, that he was "a vehicle of Sinaitic revelation."

The familiar contrast drawn at a later date between Asquith and Lloyd George was missing. Indeed, it needed the experience of war as much as the vicissitudes of politics to bring it out, after Asquith had been forced to face the hosts of Germany rather than the hosts of Ulster. In the light of that experience, Lloyd George's very different personal qualities commanded increasing interest. By 1916 Edwin Montagu, Asquith's close friend, was pressing for a more effective union of Lloyd George's "fertile, ever-working imagination and constructive power," and Asquith's "incomparable capacity for mastering a particular case at once, detecting the vital considerations, discarding the bad arguments, and giving a clear and right decision." Yet what Montagu thought of as complementary qualities were thought of by others as essentially antagonistic. Asquith and Lloyd George polarised opinion. This was the case of Pitt and Fox with a difference, for it was Asquith who never held office again after 1916.

No one who was not alive at the time remembers Asquith as the pilot who weathered any storm. Most readers of Gardiner, indeed, would turn first to his essay on Lloyd George with its flashing tribute to his "dynamic energy" and its haunting question "Where will his pragmatism lead him?" At best Asquith figures as "the last of the Romans," the title of one of Mr. Jenkins' last chapters; at worst he is clearly, if misleadingly, labelled "wait and see." Politely Gardiner had noted his "dislike of anticipating the future." "You cannot get him to look into the middle of next week. He takes the situation as it presents itself, and deals with it honestly and plainly." Less politely but just as incisively G. K. Chesterton expressed the same thought in a 1905 paradox. "We know, I say, what Mr. Shaw will be saying thirty years hence. But is there anyone so darkly read in stars and oracles that he will dare to predict what Mr. Asquith will be saying thirty years hence?"

Mr. Jenkins' lucid, fascinating and highly readable biography is a landmark in the historiography of Asquith for two reasons. First, it is a book written about Asquith by someone who did not know him, who was not drawn

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into the argument of 1916, who cannot remember what Haldane said to Grey or was told on the side what Northcliffe said to Lloyd George. In consequence, for Mr. Jenkins Asquith becomes a true historical figure. This shift in the biographer's experience necessarily carries with it shifts of emphasis and even of assessment. It also involves occupational hazards since many of the people who knew Asquith or without knowing him took sides for or against him are still alive, either feeding the old passions or checking the old contentions. Friends, relatives, admirers and opponents leap into the arena, and if the main spotlight is on the correspondence columns of the newspapers it also plays on some of the reviews. "Lloyd George knew my father" carries with it more meaning than "Asquith knew my father," but there are enough Asquithians around, including the outstanding one who can say "Asquith was my father," to judge a new biographer severely.

On the whole Mr. Jenkins emerges unscathed from this kind of critical scrutiny. He is more than fair to Asquith without going anywhere near idolising him. He extols Asquith's intellectual gifts, and seeks to do full justice to him even when there is a thick cloud of surviving discontent surrounding his actions. As a sensitive biographer, he never mistakes good public relations for good judgment or the semblance of conservatism for its reality. Yet he goes much further than this in positive terms. In face of Labour historians he minimises Featherstone; in face of Irish historians he disposes of Casement in a page; in face of what he calls the Beaverbrook historians he methodically re-examines all the "facts" of 1916, including the "ambiguous communications," and often reaches quite different conclusions. He pays tribute to Asquith's achievements before 1914, some, though not all, of which secured "the maximum of radical result" while entailing the "minimum of conservative opposition." He points to Asquith's qualities as a war-time Prime Minister, and defends him from many of the charges made against him then and since. Not least, he shows how in 1918 and the immediate post-war years Asquith retained his "sanity" and "finesse," as John Masefield put it, when many of his contemporaries were losing theirs.

Mr. Jenkins adorns this narrative with many appropriate compliments, both from Asquith and his friends. The Liberal Chief Whip, for example, writes in 1910 of how "under that modest, unassuming, almost shy nature—so

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often mistaken for coldness—the Prime Minister has a softness of character which attaches men to him humanly as firmly as his great intellectual gifts compel their admiration." George V gave him his complete trust during the most difficult periods of the War and when Asquith fell from power wrote that this was "a great blow" to him. When the War ended and with it Asquith's defeat at the general election, there must have been at least limited comfort in Augustine Birrell's remark, "You surely are better out of it for the time than watching Lloyd George lead apes to Hell."

Comments of this kind are supplemented from more private sources, particularly the vivacious descriptions of people and events written by Margot Asquith, and, perforce very selectively, the quite remarkable spate of letters Asquith wrote to Venetia Stanley, later Mrs. Edwin Montagu, between 1912 and 1916, a running commentary on politics from the inside. Indeed by carefully and sympathetically treating Asquith's private life, Mr. Jenkins illuminates his public life in much the same way, though not as fully, as Kenneth Young recently illuminated that of Balfour. He points to Asquith's refusal to be too serious about politics, to the "easy-going" side of his nature—as important as the power of his intellect, to his delight in golf and bridge, to the wide range of his reading, which in itself placed as big a gulf between himself and Lloyd George as Gladstone's reading had done between him and Joseph Chamberlain. He shows how at moments of crisis personal and political problems often converged, affecting both his mood and his decisions. The events leading up to the formation of the forced Coalition Government in 1915, for instance, coincided with the end of Asquith's epistolatory relationship with Venetia Stanley. And when it came to the bigger crisis of 1916 Asquith's tactics depended on a personal estimate of Balfour which proved to be utterly unreliable. At a very early stage of his life, when he was making "a sure thrust to fame," the death of his first wife occurred at a time when both his pattern of existence and his outlook on life were changing sharply. There was potential tension, if not strain, in the logic of what was happening.

Acute perception of inter-relationships of this order is one of Mr. Jenkins' sources of strength as a biographer. The second reason why his biography is a landmark in the historiography of Asquith is that it is written from the standpoint of a politician, moving in a world of power and understanding the terms by which power is acquired and exercised and the reasons why it is lost. Many of the best touches in this book—some of them ought to have been more than touches—are concerned with Asquith's skills and limitations as a politician and a parliamentarian.

His first speech in Parliament in 1887, we are told, was distinguished by its "front bench style." "Asquith succeeded in assuming that the interest of a statement lay in the fact that he was making it, and not merely in its own inherent wisdom." In relation both to his work as Home Secretary and his later career as Prime Minister, Mr. Jenkins notes with a degree of understatement Asquith's persistent tendency to be "a little too concerned with 'Athenaeum opinion' and not sufficiently concerned with a more general and less urbane public." When war broke out in 1914, there was an ominous ring in Asquith's introspection:

> "I have never before been a popular character with the 'man in the street' and in all this dark and dangerous business it gives me scant pleasure."

On questions of relationships within the Cabinet, doubtless Mr. Jenkins will be better equipped as a politician when he writes his next political biography. He is already shrewd enough, however, to note that perhaps the best way for a minister to irritate his chief is stubbornly to advocate a policy which the Prime Minister would half like to follow, but knows he cannot, and to do it by always threatening resignation, while never carrying the threat into effect. There is also an element of personal *cri de cœur* in his two terse sentences:

> "Politicians exist to exercise influence. Unless they believe that they can do so beneficially they have no *raison d'être*."

Such asides are much to the point. It would be possible, however, to penetrate far more searchingly than Mr. Jenkins does the surface of political events which provides him with the guiding lines of his biography. Given the historiographical significance of his biography, it fails in some respects to "place" Asquith in relation to what went before him or what has followed since. It is far too diffident also in summing up or for that matter in cataloguing other people's summaries. There are the briefest of pauses in Mr. Jenkins' narrative when he has led Asquith into office, into war and into retirement, but there is no final assessment. For this reason essays like those of Gardiner are still worth reading not as glosses on Mr. Jenkins' book but to some extent as basic sources. It is Gardiner, not Jenkins, for example, who quotes Joseph Chamberlain's comment on Asquith during the protectionist campaign of 1903—"he talks like a barrister from a brief."

In some respects the contrast between Chamberlain and Asquith is more revealing than that

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between Gladstone and Asquith or even that between Asquith and Lloyd George (with whom Chamberlain was often compared). Chamberlain's sense of "grass roots" policies, his candour about issues and strategies, his willingness to shift direction, and his powerful feeling that there was a direction in politics introduced new elements into English political life before the advent of the Labour Party. With the rise of the Labour Party "grass roots" politics developed in a different way and with a different sense of direction. Asquith seems outside all this, and since Mr. Jenkins spends relatively little time describing "ordinary" people's reactions to him, even ordinary Liberals' reactions or the reactions of the Liberal press, we seldom perceive clearly the "image" people outside the Athenaeum had of him. Although there are a few references to relationships between the *"laissez-faire"* Liberals and "collectivists"—and a few fascinating paragraphs about "Whig" attitudes and Asquith's distaste for money-making—there is no analysis of the "new Liberalism," no discussion of such issues as land politics on which Lloyd George, had he been able, would have fought the general election of 1915, no exploration of the provincial Liberalism which Mr. Jenkins implies was far less important a force in shaping his political career than his birth in Yorkshire might at first sight suggest. There is a whiff of Whiggery about the story which makes Morley, the little Yorkshire town where it all began, seem right off the map. Balliol is on the map more prominently than East Fife. The modern reader is left with the lingering impression that there was far more that Asquith, for all his distinction, did not know than what he knew, and that when it came to the national war-time crisis what Asquith did not know was more important than what he did know.

A different biographer may bring some of this out, for Mr. Jenkins, sensitive though he is to the personal qualities of Asquith as a pillar of society, is less sensitive to the dilemmas and disputes of 20th-century liberalism and less convincing in his general approach to war-time political exigencies. Curiously enough, despite his political stance, he seems also less urgently preoccupied with many of the problems, including Ireland, which Asquith with all his gifts failed to settle. He emphasises rightly and at times scathingly the stupidity and the irresponsibility of Asquith's Conservative opponents and the dangerous influence of sections of the press, but he does not dwell on the weaknesses in Asquith's own position.

A woman acquaintance of Gardiner once told him that Asquith had three great virtues. "He has no egotism, no jealousy, and no vanity." These were all negative virtues. Gardiner himself added, "He yields a place in the sun to all who can do the work that needs to be done, and envies no man the plaudits of the crowd." When something more than negative virtues were needed Asquith found it difficult to supply them, and although both he and Lloyd George ended their lives in political "failure," it was Lloyd George who figured the more prominently not only in the war-time story but even in the powerless Liberal epilogue.

Asa Briggs

Representation of Life

Story of a Life. By KONSTANTIN PAUSTOVSKY. *Harvill Press*, 25s.

STORY OF A LIFE opens with a death. "I was in my last year at school in Kiev when the telegram came saying that my father was dying." The author then goes on to describe, in the most direct manner, how he at once set off to see his father, who was marooned in a farmhouse on an island in the middle of the flooded Ros River. In the townlet nearest to the farm he tries to find a driver who will dare to take him across the river; at his Aunt Dosia's request he also tries to find a priest to accompany him, though he knows that his father is a freethinker. ("She believed in absolution, though not in any other rites of the Church.") None of the Orthodox priests will risk the journey, but he eventually manages to find a Roman Catholic priest who is prepared to do so, as well as an old, ironic Jewish driver, Bregman, who will "take on the devil himself." After some struggle and danger, they get across the river.

> My father could not speak. He was dying of cancer of the throat.
>
> All night I sat beside him. Everyone else slept. The rain stopped. Outside the window the stars burned gloomily. The river roared louder and louder. Its waters were rising fast....
>
> In the middle of the night my father stirred and opened his eyes. He tried to put his arms around my neck, but could not do it; he said in a whistling whisper:
>
> "I'm afraid ... your lack of character ... will destroy you."

The father dies later that night, and an old man, Nechipor, who lives nearby, is brought in to say psalms over the corpse. While Nechipor reads the psalms he picks at the melting wax of the candles with dirty fingernails, and sometimes falls asleep on his feet; then he gives a snore, wakes up, and goes on muttering inaudibly. From time to time he breaks off to have a smoke on the porch and to tell "simple

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stories which stirred his imagination": about a bottle of wine he had drunk the summer before, or about an "extraordinary American threshing machine which worked off a lightning conductor." The author's mother arrives the next day, before the funeral has taken place, but is unable to get across the river. From the far bank she sees the coffin being carried out of the house, and tries in a frenzy to wade across the causeway. But a "tall, gaunt" driver restrains her.

> We carried my father along the road to the woods. At a turning I looked back. My mother sat as before with her face hidden in her hands. No one spoke, but Bregman kept rapping his whip against his boot.
>
> Standing at the grave the priest raised his grey eyes to the cold sky and said clearly and slowly in Latin: "*Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine, et lux perpetua luceat eis.*"
>
> The priest stopped and stood listening. The river roared and above our heads tomtits twittered to each other in the branches of old elms. The priest sighed, and went on speaking about man's eternal longing for happiness and about the valley of tears....
>
> Scraping against the damp earth, the coffin dislodged some clods as it settled slowly down into the grave.
>
> I was seventeen.

The chapter ends there; the story is then taken up from the author's earliest years, when, as a child, he and his family had come to holiday in this same farmhouse; and the autobiography is carried through in sequence until he finally leaves school.

The quotations I have given above indicate clearly enough, I hope, the quality of the best passages of these memoirs; they also indicate why it is difficult to write about *Story of a Life* without finding oneself trying in some way or another to define the essential "Russianness" of the book. Paradoxically, it is just this quality which makes everything in it seem intimately familiar to us—not merely because we are already acquainted with the tradition in which Paustovsky is writing, but because the Russian tradition is so much one of a totally unabashed, unassertive intimacy and familiarity with the life it is concerned to describe. There is, after all, nothing specifically "Russian" about the juxtaposition in life of deep emotion, intense moral earnestness, an awareness of the endless processes of nature, and triviality, superstition, eccentricity and clownishness. But where writers in the West are inclined to wring all kinds of ironies and indignations out of such juxtapositions and simultaneities, the great Russian

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writers seem somehow never to be *affronted* by them; their art appears indistinguishable from the primary impulse to record, with a profound, tireless veracity, everything they see. Yet it is beyond doubt that the result is art of the highest order. In its own way, the whole of the first chapter of *Story of a Life* is a proof of the exactness of Matthew Arnold's remark about the Russians in general and Tolstoy in particular: "Great sensitiveness, subtlety, and finesse, addressing themselves with entire disinterestedness and simplicity to the representation of human life."

But, though it has many of the strengths of the great Russian masters, *Story of a Life* is not itself a masterpiece of the kind its first chapters led me to hope it might be. About half-way through the book there is a falling-off in its quality, a failure of the disinterestedness which we have by then learned to expect from the author. It comes at a point, in his account of his early adolescence, when his family unexpectedly breaks up; his father, a railway official, gives up his job and goes to live with another woman, and young Konstantin is sent away to live with an uncle and aunt; later, while still at school, he has to earn his living by giving lessons. This experience, and indeed all his dealings with the members of his immediate family (but for the description of his father's funeral), remain strangely indistinct, as though the author could not bring himself to look upon them with the same directness of gaze with which he was able to regard everyone else. Humanly speaking, this is understandable enough, especially as the little we are given of the history of the family, subsequent to the break-up, is almost unmitigatedly painful: there is only the mother's bitterness, the father's loneliness, guilt, and relatively early death, a sister's increasing blindness, poverty for them all. But, the rest of the memoir being as personal as it is, we cannot help feeling that too much is being held back from us; and, what is more damaging to the book, that the author himself is unaware of how much he is withholding, and of how much his evasiveness here makes other passages appear at times a little forced and sentimental.

Still, this criticism having been made—and one makes it by the standards the book itself has set—*Story of a Life* remains absorbing, full of vivacity and tenderness; an engaging account of an individual boyhood and a remarkable testimony to the continuity of the Russian literary genius. It is hard to believe, reading it, that there was so recently in Russian history a time when, as Pasternak once bitterly said, "there was no more poetry . . . when, to put it plainly, writing was at an end." But the continuity is perhaps a little less surprising in the light of the evidence the book offers of the esteem and veneration in which the great writers of Paustovsky's youth were held by an extraordinarily wide range of the population. There is a description of the scene in Kiev at the time of the death of Tolstoy, when restless, bewildered, mourning crowds, watched over by police and Cossacks, gathered together in the streets, and Paustovsky's entire class forced a much-hated and rigidly Orthodox divinity master to stand up in honour of the apostate writer. (The master never returned to the school.) There is also a touching account of the effect of the news of the death of Chekhov on the family circle; a cousin was sent off to Moscow to attend the funeral, carrying with him a basket of wild flowers picked on the estate where the family was holidaying at the time.

These memories are treated as straightforwardly, with as little solemnity or fuss, as others of a greatly different kind. A scapegrace uncle goes off to fight for the Boers against the British, during the Anglo-Boer War, while the passionately pro-Boer children of Kiev bribe the organ-grinders in the street to play a popular song of the time: *"Transvaal, Transvaal, my country burning in flames."* A beautiful young aunt, for whom everyone prophesies a brilliant future as a singer, and who seems to the boy an embodiment of "kindness, spontaneity, and joy," catches a chill while singing in the open air at a park, develops pneumonia, and dies. Another much older aunt, a spinster, wears among her Easter finery a silk rosette which, the author reports without surprise, "was a distinction she had been awarded as a girl for her exemplary conduct at her boarding-school." During the 1905 revolution he enjoys a holiday from school and marches about the streets of Kiev hand-in-hand with a girl he has never seen before, who tells him, "We are free as air now, do you realise that?" "Yes," he answers, unhesitatingly. Then the troops open fire on the crowds, the Cossacks gallop through them; the authorities begin a progrom, and the writer's family shelters "the mother of a Jewish doctor we knew—a bewildered old lady with her shawl slipping off her head, leading a speechless little boy by the hand." He falls in love and out of it; he reads as much as he can, in Russian and other literatures; always he responds, with the sharpest and most sensitive observation, to the changing scenes and seasons around him, whether in Kiev itself or in the various estates and seaside places where he goes for his holidays.

Ultimately, the best thing one can say about this book is that it manages convincingly to justify the simplicity and breadth of its title.

Dan Jacobson

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Chess and Jigsaw

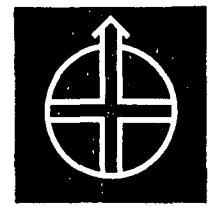
The Defence. By VLADIMIR NABOKOV. Translated by Michael Scammell. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson*, 21s.

HUMAN CHESS, a game played in Poland (and for all I know in Russia) is a good enough symbol for Nabokov's idea of novel-writing. Indeed he seems to have used it as such in *The Defence*. This is one of his early Russian novels, published in 1930 under the title *Zashchita Luzhina* or "Luzhin's Defence"; and it is, just as much as *Lolita*, the study of a perversion. It is played like a game. The opening moves of his hero's life, a series of conventional psychological gambits—a spoilt-child upbringing, quarrelling parents, maladjustment to school in St. Petersburg—lead him to the discovery of a perversion, the game of chess. First encountering the game in the company of his aunt, his father's delightful mistress, and falling in love with her himself, he explores the game in her forbidden home, heavy with the scent of her lover's bouquets. It is his first erotic experience, and he guesses instinctively it is something to conceal. However, his father, a kindly second-rate author, discovers his secret vice and, far from condemning, encourages it. He sees in it the fulfilment of a favourite fantasy of his, the sort of thing he writes about in his school stories, that he should be the father of a *Wunderkind*. Knowing obscurely he is doing wrong, he eggs Luzhin on in the career of infant chess-prodigy. Luzhin has a nervous breakdown, enabling him to leave his hated school, and before long he has left his father too, for the dubious protection of a "chess-father," and is quickly moving, a morose, infantile monster, up the international chess-ladder.

By now, however, as Nabokov remarks, the novel has taken a cunning move in the corner of the board. It is sixteen years later, and Luzhin, a celebrated emigré chess-master, is talking to a woman on a hotel terrace. It is the first time that he has done such a thing, and he finds it agreeable. For once, in an existence ruled out like a chess-board and experienced as a series of chess-cafés (all exactly alike) and hotel-corridors (square-tiled for preference), something irregularly-shaped has obtruded:

> suddenly, as in a fairground booth when a painted paper screen is burst starwise, admitting a smiling human face, there appeared from no one knew where a person who was so unexpected and so familiar, and who spoke with a voice that seemed to have been sounding mutely all his life and now had suddenly burst through the usual murk.

After an eccentric move or two, he proposes



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marriage, in peculiarly Luzhin-esque terms ("And therefore in continuance of the above I have to inform you that you will be my wife. I implore you to agree to this."), and the woman, a wealthy Russian emigrée in her twenties, who sees something pitiable and attractive in this uncanny monster, accepts.

Luzhin has been on the down-grade as a chess-player, and in the middle of the crucial game of his career, against the formidable new master Turati, he has a total breakdown. He returns to sanity by means of a perfect regression to childhood. His psychiatrist and fiancée implore him (like parents appealing to a child to give up masturbation) to forget the pernicious habit of chess, and he is all too glad to do so. The marriage takes place, and in the ideal mother-son relationship which results he happily resumes his truncated boyhood. His wife determines to interest him in the outside world, and obediently he practises his drawing (though he is best at cubes and cones) and plays games of "jolly geography" with her (though he still finds the irregular coast-lines puzzling, if charming).

And now for the end-game. Luzhin begins to be convinced he has not escaped his adjourned match with Turati after all. His idyllic life since his breakdown begins to reveal a sinister pattern. Every now and then, for all his wife's caution, some accident—a chess-game in a film or an overheard reference to his aunt—reminds him of chess, and suddenly he perceives it is no accident. "With vague admiration and vague horror he observed how awesomely, how elegantly and how flexibly, move by move, the images of his childhood had been repeated." Cursing himself for his carelessness, he begins to study his defence. He abjures drawing and jolly geography; the tangible world slips away from him, and he abandons himself to the beautiful and terrible harmonies of chess. His problem is to use chess-tactics *against* chess, his fatal vice. When, for a moment, he relaxes (and for instance, does the chess-problem in the newspaper) he finds that behind his back "another delicate move" has just been made in his life. The attack is pressed home. A heavy-weight piece is moved up against him, his old "chess-father" Valentinov, the very embodiment of his perversion. Valentinov, who plans to use him in a film, waylays him and carries him off in a taxi, but he escapes and hurries home, to commit suicide or "sui-mate." He throws himself out of the bathroom window, and as he falls he sees, outlined in the darkness, the pattern of the windows (dark and pale squares) all ready to receive him. "...he saw exactly what kind of eternity was obligingly and inexorably spread out before him."

I have no room to disentangle all Nabokov's closely-knotted symbolism (all, for instance, that is implied in that bathroom window, with its two chess-board-like squares, the azure pane opaque, the clear one pitch-dark). One strand I must mention, though. Luzhin as a child had one other passion, displaced by chess. This was for jigsaw puzzles, a game played with arbitrary and irregular shapes—in a sense, therefore, the antithesis of chess. He was very good at it and highly skilled at guessing the finished design from the tiniest indications. As he lies in the sanatorium after his breakdown he tries, like someone doing a jigsaw, to fit the images of his childhood into the gaps of azure in the hedge before his eyes. They won't fit. (It is the tragedy of a schizophrenic that he can't fit the different bits of his experience together.)

Nabokov's theme? It is a profound and despairing one—the theme, as I take it, of *Lolita* too. It is that the only alternative to perversity, with its magical and terrible privileges, is banality. Poor Luzhin lives surrounded by banality. He is a victim of his father's banal *Wunderkind* fantasies; his wife, admirably loving and courageous as she is, is another banal sentimentalist, forcing him into her own novelettish version of life. His parents-in-law's flat, which so enraptures him with its "Russian" quality, is utterly bogus. When his wife, hoping he might take an interest in politics, reads emigré newspapers aloud to him, he does his best to look attentive, all the time indulging forbidden chess-reveries—and he is right, emigré politics are twaddle, she feels it herself. The "life" which she is strives so tenderly to interest him in is not only childish (that would have been appropriate) but silly too.

Nabokov is a truly despairing writer. He really does, I think, see this antithesis between perversity and banality as exhausting the possibilities. And of the two elements in his own art —the jigsaw element, the creative leap from the part to the whole, and the chess-element, the perverse, inhuman exhibition of prowess in the invention of puzzles and strategies—he is, in mere despair, drawn to the second. Hence something characteristic in all his work. Every now and then he loses his faith in his actual human material. Suspecting that the jigsaw, when completed, will turn out to be like any other jigsaw, a tawdry banality, he forestalls the verdict. With his teeth set in contempt, he writes a nondescript passage, a perfect sample of stupid, commonplace novel-writing, to tell the reader he isn't interested in what's on the face of the jigsaw-pieces, only in how they fit. There is some of this contemptuous behaviour in all the novels of his that I have read, though least in *Lolita*. It is a defensive gesture, like the black arrogance of his prefaces, in the face of an unsolved problem,

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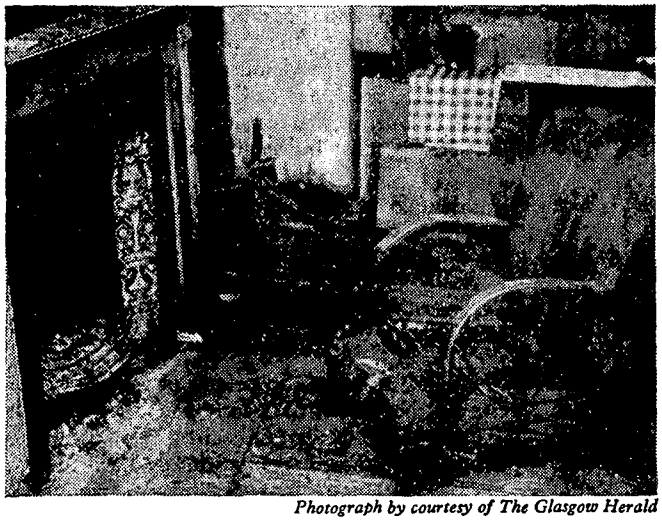

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and it damages *The Defence* a bit, especially in the second half. The novel is not quite a masterpiece; but it is, as Nabokov is the first to point out, an "attractive novel" and a very brilliant one.

P. N. Furbank

Instant Perfection

The Mystery of Moral Re-Armament. By Tom Driberg. *Secker & Warburg*, 35s.

Religion is not a hot selling-line. Concerns of the greatest antiquity and the highest repute have been finding it difficult to secure a market for their goods, even where, as in Britain, they enjoy royal patronage. In these circumstances, therefore, the real mystery of MRA is how without pillars of cloud by day or pillars of fire by night, without persecution and without martyrs, without canonicals or incense, and with only one small and, some would say, dubious miracle, it has made such an impact on so many men in so short a time.

The miracle took place in a church in Keswick, where the founder of the movement, Frank Buchman, claimed that he experienced a vision of Christ. Mr. Driberg shows that he was at the time tottering on the edge of a nervous breakdown, and suggests that what he saw may have been merely the product of a fevered imagination. The important fact, however, is that Buchman himself genuinely believed in what he saw and from then on acted as a man inspired to work for "a Christ-led world untrammelled by sin." The difficulty is that neither in appearance, manner, utterance, habit, judgment, and (as Mr. Driberg suggests) integrity, does he conform to one's normal idea of a holy man.

He had a taste for high society which must have made Ramsay MacDonald seem like an anchorite. Brown's Hotel was a station of his cross, Park Lane his Via Dolorosa. He was a master of the baroque phrase, of pomp and platitude, and even when conversing in homelier terms he could be unbelievably banal. Religion, he once told an interviewer, is "like a nice, thick, juicy steak with onions and French fries—you just can't help but like it...." Mr. Driberg does not dismiss him as a self-sanctified humbug in so many words, but leaves the impression that this is just what he was. He also shows that MRA often falls far short of its four absolutes of Honesty, Purity, Unselfishness, and Love, and that it can on occasion engage in some honest-to-goodness lying, but that only adds to the initial mystery. After completing the book—which I did at a sitting, for it has the tension and pace of a thriller—I was reminded of Boccaccio's story of the Jew who was so appalled by the viciousness of the papacy that he became a convert to Christianity in the belief that a faith which could flourish under such leadership must indeed be divinely inspired.

> MRA [writes Mr. Driberg] is irrational in its mystique and authoritarian in its methods; it rejects free discussion; it practises with insufficient discrimination the dangerous and often deadly, doctrine that the end justifies the means; and, by seeming to proclaim the possibility of instant perfection, it raises hopes that cannot be fulfilled.

These are listed as the defects of the movement, but do they not in fact account for its strength? Its mystique is certainly irrational, but then rational mystiques are notoriously hard to come by. How many of the major religions abound in them? Again, MRA may be authoritarian in its methods, but so, for example, is Catholicism. One of the main reasons why the Protestant churches have been suffering such a decline is surely the fact that they are not authoritarian enough. Democracy may be a political ideal, but Mr. Driberg seems to believe that it is also the expression of God's will on earth. Religion almost always involves an element of resignation, however, a belief that there are superior beings who, in some areas at least, can be trusted to think for us. This may be an imprudent or even a dangerous attitude; it has frequently led to harsh obscurantist excesses in the past. Where faith flourishes intellectual vigilance often decays: but that is the defect of all religions, not just of Buchmanism.

MRA proclaims the possibility of instant perfection. I would say that most men are far too impatient for any other sort, and that it is here that MRA exercises its strongest appeal. To adapt a slogan from the *Sun*, it is the only religion born of the age we live in. This is an impatient age. A generation which cannot wait ten minutes for a good cup of coffee is unlikely to wait a lifetime for a feeling of perfection, and it's the feeling that counts. *Real* perfection is perhaps never attainable, but the feeling may be attained easily and instantly provided the mood is right and one is in the presence of people similarly disposed. It can be a by-product of a fast, or some act of purgatory like the mutual confessional favoured by MRA. It is not important whether the sins confessed were ever committed. On the Day of Atonement, for example, an orthodox Jew seeks forgiveness for a list of forty-four sins. It would take a superman to commit half of them, but this need not necessarily diminish the moral efficacy of the prayers; and the Day of Atonement, if observed in the right circumstances, does induce a feeling of

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improvement in most, and perfection in some.

Mr. Driberg draws attention, with some pithy illustrations, to MRA's "preoccupation with Venus." But in this too it is a child of our times. If one can apply a name to an age then this surely is the Age of Sex. Sex, to use an expression popular with MRA, is "the Crowning Experience," the beginning of wisdom. *Copulo ergo sum*. And the task which Moral Re-armament has set itself is to obtain, if not sexual disarmament, then at least a test-ban treaty. SEX is writ large across all its thinking. An embezzler is dishonest; a thief, imprudent; a murderer, a psychopath; but a fornicator is immoral. (This, according to MRA, applies not only to the extra-marital fornicator. The inter-marital sort can also be immoral if he asserts his conjugal rights too zealously.)

A puritan conscience can tarry long after the forces which gave rise to it have passed, but one does not have to be a puritan to believe that sexual indulgence is wrong. Lord Chesterfield was not a puritan, nor was he the first to discover, though he was perhaps the first to record, that "the pleasure is momentary, the position ridiculous, and the expense damnable." Stealing can give one a sense of fulfilment: sexual indulgence usually leaves a sense of depletion, and among most men there is nothing like a severe bout of vice to dispose them to virtue. MRA is the natural resort of the post-coital penitent.

There is, of course, more to it than that. MRA is harnessing not only the sense of sin, but also the sense of disgust—a fast-atrophying instinct in some quarters. The "spontaneous" protests against violence and sex on television, "filth" in the theatre, the "happening" in Edinburgh may have been MRA-inspired, but in organising the protests MRA did undoubtedly speak for the strongly-held feelings of a great many inarticulate people throughout the country. In Britain, especially, to express decent instincts is often to be written off as a prude or pecksniff, and there is above all an unholy fear of being holier-than-thou, which is currently more likely to show itself as a fear of being less-profane-than-thou. MRA is not afraid of epithets, nor is it mealy-mouthed; and in the eyes of many people it has taken over important responsibilities which the established churches apear to have abandoned, although naturally it has far fewer inhibitions. Having long ago jettisoned Christ, it is not handicapped by any sense of humility; it has been able to pursue its aims with every kind of salesman's gimmick, short of trading-stamps redeemable in the hereafter. Yet even with this it would never have got so far but for its discovery that the way to a man's soul may be through his sex.

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Conversation with Simonov

With Günter Grass and Uwe Johnson

GRASS: Is there any point in reviewing in your literary journals books which have not been published in the Soviet Union?

SIMONOV: In the West books of ours are often discussed that have not been published there at all. There is a great need for more translations on both sides. However, one cannot force a critic who knows a foreign language and writes about its literature only to write about books that have already been translated.

GRASS: The critic should give a general survey.

SIMONOV: Naturally. If you are a German and understand Russian, then you would want to provide a survey of current Russian publications and present-day trends in Russian letters. You can't confine yourself to what has already appeared in translation in your country. The same applies to us.

GRASS: But it is difficult to compare the two situations since the two countries are so different and books are translated—or not translated—for quite different reasons.

SIMONOV: One of our critics, Knipovich, wrote an article about Kafka in the journal *International Literature*. He referred to a few extracts that have been published in Russian. For him *The Castle* is the most interesting of Kafka's novels. I can't express an opinion because I haven't read the book. But the article recommends it.

EIGHTEEN *months ago we published Herbert Luethy's plea for a new stage in the East-West dialogue. It was subsequently bitterly attacked by Soviet critics (see "Culture & the Cold War,"* ENCOUNTER, *June and August 1963). This conversation with Konstantin Simonov, a famous Russian novelist and playwright and an important Soviet spokesman, suggests that we may be moving, if slowly and haltingly, to something approaching a frank and open dialogue. It was conducted in Berlin by Günter Grass, the author of* The Tin Drum *and* Cat and Mouse, *and Uwe Johnson, the author of* Speculations about Jakob.

Stephen Spender's "Conversation with Lukács in Budapest" in last month's ENCOUNTER *suggested "the kind of dialogue 'between colleagues' from East and West that* ENCOUNTER *should now inaugurate...."*

GRASS: Yes, some things have changed. I think the discussion of literary matters in Russia has become more open. However, for a country that has always been receptive to Western literature it seems rather late to be only just beginning to print Kafka.

SIMONOV: My own opinion is that he ought to have been published long ago. Then the current assessment of his work would have been much more calm and collected.

GRASS: Is this greater receptivity possibly related to the fact that the somewhat one-sided outlook of "Socialist Realism" is now being relaxed?

SIMONOV: How shall I put it? Some things simply do not come within the field of vision.

GRASS: That seems rather naïve to me. After all, Kafka has been well known for several decades now.

SIMONOV: The more things come into the field of vision, the better. You say he has been well known for a long time now, but he is not well known to me. I can only regret that it is so.

GRASS: That's what I had in mind. What I mean is that a particular cultural or publishing policy opposes certain branches of literature for whole decades simply out of sheer ignorance (or maybe there are tactical reasons). And then one day there is a sudden openness....

SIMONOV: If we are speaking of ignorance, we should remember that it's mutual. There is ignorance on both sides.

GRASS: I agree, of course there is.

JOHNSON: Well, what can we do about it? Do you think a beginning can be made by personal contacts?

SIMONOV: I think personal relationships have always promoted cultural co-operation, and I am therefore in favour of personal contacts.

JOHNSON: What would that mean? Reciprocal invitations?

SIMONOV: I had a very interesting experience in Leningrad last year, where we had a meeting of COMES, the European association of writers. It gave me an opportunity to talk to German writers like Hans Werner Richter and H. M. Enzensberger. These conversations were very interesting and useful. My numerous conversations with Sartre, Moravia, and other writers were also most interesting, and I had the impression that they enjoyed their conversations with us too.

GRASS: But is not something happening that socialism has really wanted to avoid: the writer being given a specially privileged position? Thanks to his services to the State, thanks to his reputation and his achievement, he is able to enjoy things that are not available to the ordinary citizen.

SIMONOV: I was present at a conference with Sartre. There were about fifteen hundred people

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present. They discussed and argued, and I think Sartre himself found it all very interesting. But the really important thing is books. We must read one another's books. So long as we don't read one another, we shall not know one another.

JOHNSON: There we are back at the problem of translation.

SIMONOV: It is a difficult problem.

GRASS: But it is not a problem of the translators.

SIMONOV: No, it is a publishing problem, a problem of political relationships.

GRASS: Now we are away from books again.

SIMONOV: It's inevitable. We can't take politics away from books.

GRASS: But you did say that books are the most important thing.

SIMONOV: Yes, in spite of everything. The matter is not at all simple. If you want to publish some books because you value them highly yourself, you will still have to go to a publisher.

GRASS: Yes, indeed, but that's the only instance involved.

SIMONOV: I think you don't go to one publisher, but to several.

JOHNSON: No, in both our cases publishers listen to us.

SIMONOV: Always?

JOHNSON: Usually. There is a mass of printed matter coming out in Germany: the printing presses are busy. The difficulties lie elsewhere. For example, I read *Novy Mir*, and the stories (or extracts from novels) that are published there are rather different from what we are used to nowadays.

SIMONOV: How do you mean, "different"?

JOHNSON: The style is so old-fashioned. It is a kind of refined Balzac. But this is a question on which we should perhaps come to some agreement: what constitutes a "good novel"? There are barriers between East and West, but if we don't do anything about them, the whole concept of "World Literature" will be lost.

GRASS: And also the standards which are still to some extent intact. Professional standards.

SIMONOV: You know this question of old-fashionedness is debatable. There is also a tendency to make one's own particular taste axiomatic. For example, to listen to the theorists of the *Nouveau Roman* in France one might think they represented a predominant trend in contemporary literature. But we are not the only ones who oppose this trend. I believe French readers are also against it, and many writers too. There *is* a conflict of opinion—but not only between East and West. I think our quarrels are more concerned with politics than with literature.

JOHNSON: About contemporary authors one could say that on the whole they have adapted their style to the technical and psychological changes that have taken place in the outside world. This ought to constitute a kind of definition of "modern." Changes in style and language match changes in society. I do not find any sign of this in the texts published in *Novy Mir*.

JOHNSON: I would like to say something on the Kafka question. Of course, he is a great writer. But the expectations and the apprehensions which are connected with his work in your country are naturally exaggerated—simply because he was, alas, not read when he first came out. This shortcoming makes discussion so difficult to-day.

SIMONOV: I agree entirely.

GRASS: Are you not then well on the way to doing the same thing about the *Nouveau Roman*—from pure lack of knowledge? Since the books are not being published, all you have to go on is the concept itself: *Nouveau Roman*.

SIMONOV: Some things have been published: Nathalie Sarraute, and some of Robbe-Grillet. I have read excerpts from Nathalie Sarraute, and I must say that they did not seem to me to be particularly interesting.

JOHNSON: One must be able to read and assess everything straight away, without delay. Then there will be no rumours and no myths.

GRASS: I myself am a critic of the term *Nouveau Roman* and of many of its novelists. But one must have the books themselves before one! One must sense that the *Nouveau Roman* is made up of a variety of writers, that there is a vast difference between Claude Simon and Michel Butor (including a difference in quality).

JOHNSON: There is in any case no such thing as the *Nouveau Roman*. Although the term was invented by Robbe-Grillet, it is used mainly by the critics, not by the writers themselves.

SIMONOV: I think that the *Nouveau Roman* has issue in more talk than masterpieces....

There are, of course, some books that are hostile to our ideas, politically.

GRASS: Books written in the Soviet Union?

SIMONOV: Yes.

GRASS: Would you include Boris Pasternak?

SIMONOV: I was editor of *Novy Mir* at the time when *Doctor Zhivago* was submitted. I refused to publish the book. The editorial committee wrote a letter to Pasternak in which we explained why we did not want to publish it. This, quite briefly, is my standpoint: I am the editor of a journal; I am a Communist; I represent certain views. It appeared to me that the author of this novel only accepted the February Revolution, and rejected the October Revolution. That is why I refused the work. I explained this to Pasternak in a friendly way. Some of my comrades criticised me. They said: "You should

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have published the book but with a preface in which you explained that you represented a different point of view." I do not exclude that possibility. But in this case the fact is that I acted differently. And the rejection of the book resulted from my views.

GRASS: Your decision was responsible for the book not being published?

SIMONOV: Yes, in the journal *Novy Mir*.

GRASS: So it was not a collective decision? It was your purely private opinion that won the day?

SIMONOV: No. The decision was made by four of us: Konstantin Fedin, two other writers, and myself. We wrote a joint letter to Pasternak, expressing our collective opinion. The fact that I am talking to you here means that inevitably I have been speaking mainly about myself. I do not want to shift the responsibility for this decision on to others.

GRASS: But to return to my question about private publishers—would Pasternak have been able to go to another publisher?

SIMONOV: Certainly, he did submit the manuscript to other publishers.

GRASS: And they all turned it down for similar reasons?

SIMONOV: All I know is that they all rejected it.

GRASS: Aren't you sufficiently broadminded to publish such books? After all, Balzac's political opinions were regarded as distinctly reactionary at the time, yet his books were published, and happily so!

SIMONOV: I personally hold Pasternak in great esteem as a lyric poet. I have written articles about him as a poet. I have always encouraged the publication of his poetry, in spite of his political opinions. And you know, if I had felt that *Zhivago* was a work of genius, though written from a position to which I was opposed, I would have made a different decision and possibly have written a preface. As far as I am concerned it is a bad novel anyway, quite apart from the politics. I began with the politics because I did not want to evade the problem. I think Pasternak is an outstanding poet but a bad prose writer.

GRASS: Now the book came out in the West as a work of great political significance. I tried hard, however, not to read it as a work of primarily political import. My impression was that it is a conservative novel rather above the average. It contains long passages, such as the train journey to Siberia, which fascinated me. We in the West know a mass of literature in which this or that attitude to the February and October Revolutions of 1917 is taken. For me, therefore, the question of Pasternak's political attitude was of purely secondary interest. In this respect he said nothing new to me. I have been able to make up my mind without Pasternak. But I wonder if anyone has the right to obstruct the work of an author who has in any case made a name for himself as a poet, who has literary achievements to his credit, by a purely private decision, which is then wrapped up collectively. I suspect that the verdict of the State publishing house influenced other publishers.

SIMONOV: Possibly.

GRASS: That is why I would plead that publishers should be allowed to make up their own minds, without reference to anyone else, and that the decision of publisher *X* should not determine the decision of publisher *Y*. What we are discussing here—neither we nor Simonov can influence governments—is a test case, but based on the experiences which Soviet writers or writers in West Germany or West Berlin have had in their dealings with publishers. My basic point is that this collective summing-up of purely private opinions in State publishing houses may after all be an error. A writer should have the chance of finding a second, third, and fourth quite independent forum in which he could possibly publish his work.

SIMONOV: You have referred to a purely private opinion which was then summed up in a collective judgment. You may not have understood me exactly. I have deliberately referred to myself and my own opinions because I happen to be sitting in front of you here and because I carried the main responsibility, because I was the editor and not simply a member of the committee. We did not, however, come to a decision before we had all read and discussed the work. Naturally if a novel is rejected by a journal, this fact has an influence on other editors; but it is not necessarily a binding influence. Imagine you were a Communist.

GRASS: I'll give it a try.

SIMONOV: Imagine you had written a novel in which it was stated that the East German Democratic Republic ought to be recognised and that the two German States should form a confederation. Would it be easy for you to find a publisher?

GRASS: I'd like to pass that one on to Uwe Johnson.

JOHNSON: Yes, I have in fact written a story about a man who visits the D.D.R. and who is so overwhelmed by the reality of this country that in a careless moment he utters (in its epistemological sense) the phrase "Recognition." He meant it epistemologically, not diplomatically. But in fact he does support *de facto* recognition of the D.D.R. All I can say is that my publisher accepted the story straight away.

SIMONOV: Anyway, I will read your story immediately.

GRASS: And translate it.

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SIMONOV: I will see that the story is translated.

JOHNSON: So you see, we don't in fact have such difficulties.

SIMONOV: I think that there are some difficulties all the same.

GRASS: Yes, there are difficulties, but there are also ways of getting round them. I could name ten publishers who would not publish that story —but I could also name ten who would!

SIMONOV: Don't forget that publishers also have to think about the material side. There are books that are politically unacceptable to a publisher. But they may include a sensational element which will enable the publisher to earn something from them.

JOHNSON: In my case the publisher can't earn a thing.

SIMONOV: Are publishers merely humanistic capitalists?

GRASS: Anyway, cultural life is thereby served. Hence my suggestion that publishing houses in the Soviet Union should become private enterprises again.

SIMONOV: So you are proposing that we should keep our socialism but that publishers should form a capitalist enclave?

JOHNSON: It would not really mean any change in the set-up. It will still be the State's money.

SIMONOV: You know, publishing has a structure of its own in every country and all these various structures are well established. It is not really a question of restoring publishing to the private sphere. It is a question of greater initiative in the matter of translations. It is a question of informative conversations in socialist circles. In this sense you are quite right....

AUTHORS

Randall Jarrell (born Nashville, Tennessee, 1914), is critic and novelist as well as poet. His satiric novel *Pictures from a Institution* (1954), has been reissued as a Penguin. His essays have been collected in a volume entitled *Sad Heart at the Supermarket*....

Richard Lowenthal's two-part essay is from *Marxism in the Modern World*, edited by Milorad Drachkovitch, and to be published this spring for the Hoover Institution by the Stanford University Press. (Copyright, 1964–5 by the Board of Trustees of the Leland Stanford Junior University.)...

William Plomer is the well-known English poet and critic....

Colin Clark, author of the famous *Conditions of Economic Progress* (1937), teaches at Oxford....

Frank Tuohy's most recent novel was *The Ice Saints* (Macmillan).

LETTERS

Eysenck's "Verdict on Smoking"

I AM SURPRISED that Professor Eysenck should think it worthwhile to try to resurrect the "personality" hypothesis of lung cancer [ENCOUNTER, August] which has been carefully examined and, I had thought, finally discarded because it will not explain the facts.

For instance, it will not explain the extraordinary increase in lung cancer in recent years. Some of this may be apparent only and due to better diagnosis, but diagnostic methods have not changed appreciably in the last ten years yet the incidence tragically continues to rise year by year. The rate in women is now rising towards that in men as we should expect if it is due to cigarettes, but not if it is due to inherited personality.

The personality theory will not explain why the tendency to lung cancer falls off in those who give up smoking. Professor Eysenck suggests that they may be less extraverted and therefore less liable to lung cancer from the beginning. If so, the lower incidence of the disease should be at once apparent in ex-smokers, instead of gradually tailing off over the ten years. The personality theory will not explain the observable pathological changes in the cells of the mucous membrane of the bronchi in heavy cigarette smokers, which gradually revert to normal when smoking is given up. It will not explain the increased incidence of lung cancer in areas of high air pollution, which is nicely consistent with the smoking evidence, since cigarette smokers pollute the air in their lungs nearly all day long.

There is no firm evidence that cancer in other sites is due to inherited personality whereas there are plenty of examples of cancer being produced by the application of the products of tobacco combustion.

In fact the personality hypothesis is so unlikely as to be almost discarded *ab initio*. One would have to believe that the degree to which the extraverted personality was inherited correlated exactly with the level of cigarette smoking, which we know correlates very closely with the lung cancer rate.

Finally there is no difficulty in accepting that cigarette smoke which contains irritants, cancer-producing chemicals, nicotine and other ingredients may affect the incidence of more than one disease, such as bronchitis, lung cancer, and coronary heart disease.

Eysenck rightly points out that persons who smoke to excess differ in personality from non-smokers. No one doubts this. The same could be said of drinkers, but we do not therefore blame their parents when they cause deaths on the road. We try instead to stop drivers from drinking.

In short the case seems quite clear. Certain people are temperamentally disposed towards cigarette smoking, which in turn renders them

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liable to lung cancer and other illnesses. All the evidence points to the cigarette as the essential intervening stage in the process.

We know that cancer of the lung which causes three times the deaths due to road accidents is preventable.

Why not encourage people to prevent it instead of trying to revive untenable and discarded theories?

ROBERT PLATT

Royal Infirmary,
University, Manchester

SIR ROBERT seems convinced that cigarette smoking is "the essential intervening stage" in the process of generating lung cancer. So was another critic who advised me in the September issue of ENCOUNTER to read R. J. C. Harris' Pelican book on cancer to fill the gaps in my deplorable ignorance in these matters. I have now done so with much profit, as this is really a very excellent, well-written and clear book. I am all the more pleased, therefore, to find that Dr. Harris completely agrees with what I had said myself in the ENCOUNTER article. This is what he writes on page 47:

> "The evidence, then, which strongly suggests that lung cancer and cigarette smoking are causally related still lacks experimental verification."

Quite so. Perhaps Sir Robert would also take to heart this point. What I am asking for is proof which in the nature of the case must be experimental and based on physiology and histology and similar evidence. What I am given is surmise and probability estimates based on statistics and epidemiology studies subject to grave and damaging criticisms. To Sir Robert "the case seems quite clear." I cannot feel that anyone who is not an expert on statistics can really properly assess the evidence and the criticisms offered, and it is noteworthy that little agreement has been forthcoming with these claims from the professional statistical organisations in England or America.

This is not the place or the time to discuss in detail the criticisms that have been raised of the methodology and statistics used but I have prepared a detailed account in a book entitled *Smoking, Health, and Personality* which is due to be published shortly; perhaps critics will hold their fire until they can study the case in detail, and will then reply in the appropriate scientific journals.

One point Sir Robert makes, however, I would like to comment on. He says "There is no firm evidence that cancer in other sites is due to inherited personality." This is not correct, although it may seem to receive support from an unfortunate omission of two lines in my ENCOUNTER article. The work of Hagnell and of Coppen and Metcalfe which I quoted there had actually demonstrated the connection between extraversion and various types of cancer "in other sites"; the missing lines refer to the work of Kissen and myself demonstrating a relationship between lung cancer and personality.

One last point. Sir Robert is surprised that I should "try to resurrect the 'personality' hypothesis of lung cancer which has been carefully examined and, I had thought, finally discarded because it will not explain the facts." In another place he says that "the personality hypothesis is so unlikely as to be almost discarded *ab initio*." Due no doubt to my ignorance in these matters, I was not aware that the theory I had put forward had been carefully examined by anybody and had been finally discarded; perhaps Sir Robert will let me have the precise references. As regards his point that it is unlikely *ab initio*, so of course was the view that the earth was round, or travelled round the sun. Sir Robert can hardly consider this a scientific argument.

H. J. EYSENCK

The Maudsley Hospital,
University of London

Max Weber—Luethy's Reply

IN MY REVIEW of the old "Protestantism-Capitalism" debate [ENCOUNTER, January] I did not intend to write an essay on Max Weber (nor on Tawney), but rather on "the consequences of Max Weber" (which include Tawney, in whose defence I hope some knights will rise too).

I think I stated from the beginning how much Weber's original thesis has suffered from being torn out of the complex conceptual framework of his social philosophy. His essay on this subject is a very small part of his work, but the only part which has achieved world-wide fame, because the thesis of Protestant efficiency in economic life was in itself familiar at least since the times of Colbert and made its way easily without reference to Weber's more subtle implications. In its vulgarised forms, though always under the invocation of Weber's authority, it has long since become a stock-in-trade of sociologists, economic historians, and textbook authors. It is this commonplace I wished to attack, not Weber's "only authorised version" which, by the way, underwent several revisions. Max Weber was a giant of insight, and also of contradictions, and part of his greatness was his refined perception of the ambiguity of things and relationships. The mere catalogue of shades and nuances which Mr. B. Nelson [August] blames me for neglecting in Weber's thought is sufficient to show that no ordinary-sized essay would ever be able to do him justice. Especially so because Weber's thinking has been essentially a "thinking against" all simplifications, and because his best works are critical studies of other scholars' theories or concepts, which makes it difficult and often impossible to isolate Weber's own conceptions without simplifying them again in a way that would have provoked his scorn. The "ideal types" he conceived for his own subtle "model method" of thinking are wonderful constructions of a historically informed systematic mind, but unhappily they are at once too much of rationalised abstractions to correspond to historical reality, and try to incorporate too much of contradictory historical reality to be "ideal types" any more. This inherent ambiguity of his concepts, which exclude clear definition for reality's sake and

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Life & Letters Today (BARDOLATRY)

Stratford-on-Avon

THERE WAS *one protest, organised by schoolgirls, whose accusing banner read* OXFAM CHILDREN BEFORE SHAKESPEARE. *I am an Oxfam supporter [writes J. B. Priestley] and cannot be said to be indifferent to the world it is doing something to rescue from starvation. Nevertheless, I think these girls—bless their kind hearts!—are wrong. If we celebrate nothing until the whole world is put right, if we take no time off from brooding over its wide misery, then we might soon find ourselves further away from any solution. The present plight of the world comes largely from a failure of empathy and imagination. If we celebrate Shakespeare, then we hail in one astonishing man the enduring triumph of human empathy and imagination. Poetry and drama will not delay the arrival of square meals in Africa or Asia; they will bring them closer.*

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

London

EVEN SO *respectable an organisation as the Royal Shakespeare Company can run into trouble with the Lord Chamberlain. It has been told to delete from to-night's production of* The Rebel *at the Aldwych seven lines of forty from a poem by e. e. cummings. Two of the famous Lady Chatterley "four-letter words" are hinted at but not actually pronounced, and there is a reference to Christ. The lines have appeared in several anthologies and have been spoken in the B.B.C.'s "Monitor" programme without any complaint from viewers. To-night's programmes at the Aldwych will contain a slip giving the whole forty lines.* The Rebel *has been described in its preliminary publicity as "a dramatic entertainment consisting of poems, prose passages, and songs voicing the individual's defiance of the restrictions of society." Peter Hall thinks the incident "points up clearly the crazy censorship rules that still govern the theatre."*

THE GUARDIAN

London

NUREYEV *will be dancing Hamlet—an undertaking roughly equivalent to whistling the Mona Lisa—and yet another Shakespearean pseudo-event will be added to the already daunting list planned for the 400th anniversary. . . .*

Shakespeare's nearest modern equivalent would be Evtushenko in the shadow of the Kremlin. Spies, informers, torturers, and censors watched every move of writers and journalists. And if Shakespeare was also a Roman Catholic (note his sympathetic portrayal of priests, his harsh caricature of Anglican ministers), then he was an Evtushenko who was also a secret Old Bolshevik with Trotskyite leanings.

SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

Salisbury, Rhodesia

EVEN SHAKESPEARE *seems to be posing the question this week: How different in their attitudes and behaviour are the ruling groups in Southern Rhodesia and South Africa? For theatre companies have staged* Othello *to honour the poet's quatercentenary. In the Salisbury performance an Englishman plays the Moor of Venice, for it is privately explained that no African is competent enough; but he has stained his chest to provide the "sooty bosom" required by Shakespeare's lines. In the South African version, however, Othello remains unblemishedly white, for the audience cannot be expected to accept a man of any other colour as the central figure and military commander.*

THE GUARDIAN

New York

"Let every eye negotiate for itself, and trust no agent." —MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

O world! world! world! thus is the poor agent despised." —TROILUS AND CRESSIDA

"What does any writer need with a literary agent?" the writer was arguing. "Shakespeare didn't have an agent."

"Yeah," said the literary agent. "And what do his heirs get each time his plays are performed?"

Poor Shakespeare. He never knew the thrill of selling first North American serial rights. Never a book-club sale. Never a big score with the movies or TV.

But if Shakespeare were around now, and he had a smart, tough agent, he'd be wallowing in subsidiary rights.

The agent would peddle first serial rights to Hamlet *to* Esquire *("We'll get the same deal Mailer got—a big advance and a tie-in with a paperback publisher"). . . .*

N.Y. HERALD TRIBUNE

London

THE IMPRESARIO, *Emile Littler, is concerned about the sex, sadism and mayhem of modern plays and we wonder if he's got his sights on the right target. Was Juliet the original nymphet? Is it possible that Romeo was a Rocker, Tybalt a Mod? Just what were Hamlet's relations with his mother? Every schoolboy must want to know why Caesar must die so many times, whether Lear's outbursts are merely those of a frustrated author. Presumably, Mr. Littler would do something about abolishing Banquo's ghost. What does he intend for the unfinished Richard wooing the widowed queen over her husband's coffin? He surely cannot approve the imprisonment of Malvolio. But our main interest is how he stands on Hamlet, his "favourite play," with its poisonings, mad scenes, fights in the grave, four principals killed in the course of the play, five more at the final curtain.*

DAILY MAIL

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reject matter-of-factness for ideality's sake, has bewitched the whole debate on "Protestant ethic" and "capitalist spirit," and many other debates roused by Weber. Who can tell how much harm, for example, his ideal type of "charismatic leadership" has done to the German intellect? The study of Weber's work is an invaluable school of distrust against all clear-cut formulas, including those he himself, though reluctantly, could not avoid formulating.

May I reassure Mr. Nelson on one point: I never thought it necessary to defend the "Free World," or even "capitalism," against Weber's indictment or against his true or false followers. My plain conviction is that the whole construction of the Calvinist origins of capitalism has been a source of confused nonsense. I proposed to consider (*1*) that all the material, social, *and* spiritual conditions of a start towards modern economic and social development were present in Europe at the eve of the Reformation. (2) That there is no evidence of any impulse given to economic development by the Reformation within its first two centuries (*i.e.*, in a period within which it is reasonable to link effect to cause) and much evidence, on the contrary, that the outbreak of the religious schism was a crushing setback for all trends towards secularisation, rational thought, human emancipation, and economic progress. (*3*) That if this setback was finally more crushing and more lasting in Catholic than in some Protestant countries, this might be due to the "totalitarian" reaction of the Counter-Reformation (as distinct from pre-Reformation Catholicism) more than to any specific "Protestant values" (which neither Weber nor any of his followers have ever been able to define in a way which was acceptable to the different Protestant creeds). And (*4*) that if there is a decisive contribution of Calvinism and the post-Calvinist movements towards the making of the modern world and of modern man, it is the re-emergence of the *politically* active prophetic tradition, so overwhelmingly present in all the militant writing and preaching (and singing!) of the Protestant revolutionaries in France and England, as opposed to the structural and spiritual identification of the Roman Church and of its Lutheran and Anglican versions with the medieval "feudal" order of society.

Why should Mr. Nelson understand "Mosaic law" when I say "prophetic tradition"—and quote the dogmatic quarrels on the Torah code of Deuteronomy when I refer to the enormous echo of the Psalms and the Prophets in the whole life of the fighting Protestant communities, as expressed in their *cantiques*, sermons, manifestos, poetry, controversy, correspondence, and every act of daily life? If *this* is a "hoary half-truth which will not bear close examination in the light of the sources" —in contrast, no doubt, to Weber's tortuous and wholly unwarrantable trans-substantiation of the doctrine of predestination into economic dynamism —I can only admire the assurance of such "ideal type" knowledge which permits the wholesale denial of one of the most abundantly and unequivocally documented phenomena of European history.

HERBERT LUETHY

Zurich

More Thoughts on Mon

On from Boyd — By DOUGLAS BUSK

WE ALL OWE a debt to Boyd ["On from Mon," ENCOUNTER, March], and as my name is, I'm glad to say, as short as his, I may claim to add to his notes on new Mon. I should like to start with the fact that there is a new Mon which is still a much used tongue in south-east Asia. It is, I learn from the *Enc. Brit.*, close kin to Cam, Wa, and Ho, more near still to Moi and Khmer, but not, I am sad to say, to my pet tongue, Twi (in West Africa).

London

THE DALEKS *are coming back. Those mechanical monsters from outer space who were killed off in B.B.C. TV's "Dr. Who" science fiction series last month are being brought back to life.*

The reason? Viewers miss them. Children have written by the score to the B.B.C. saying they miss the Daleks' dialect—they spoke in monosyllables. DAILY MAIL

I do not see why SPLASK (the joint form of the names of the two men who boss ENCOUNTER) should call Boyd's work "a spoof." In all days the best men have tried in English to cut down the length of words. I hope that a book by me will soon be on sale; it will deal in the main with how to learn the tongues of those who do not dwell in the U.K., the States, or the Cwth. In the course of work on this book I had to delve in to English too and it may give some back ground to those who read ENCOUNTER, if I quote some lines from my book; I have changed my old English draft in to Boyd Mon. By the way, I feel that the Mon for "foreign language" should be "weird noise," "woise" for short.

Those whose own tongue is English must not boast. Short words should be, though oft are not, used in English, but this is easy for us. A speech that rates as one of the best e'er made in English has 266 words of which 190 are of one sound, 56 of two, and only 20 of more than two sounds. Such use of short words, rare in English, would be hard for e'en the most skilled in European tongues. To us it is hard to think that the (London) *Times*

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wrote on the "Gettysburg Address": "The ceremony was rendered ridiculous by some of the sallies of poor President Lincoln. Anything more dull and commonplace it would not be easy to produce."

One hopes that the *Times* gave more praise to the then P.M.'s speech of June 4th, 1940 ("We shall fight on the beaches") and that of June 18th ("Their finest hour"). The last clause of the first has 178 words, of which a mere 8 have more than two sounds; in the next out of 181 words 13 have more than two sounds. When the P.M. spoke to the French on October 21st, 1940, his last phrase in English had 73 words of which 2 have more than two sounds. This bold man then made his speech once more; this time in his own brand of French. This text is in fact more short and not true to the English one, yet please note that of 60 words 6 have more than two sounds.[1]

This speech is odd in one way; in the English the P.M. quotes the words of Gambetta about Alsace Lorraine after 1870: "Think of it always, but speak of it never." In the French he said that it was Thiers who had forged this well-known phrase. In fact it was Gambetta (a short form of what he said in a speech on November 16th, 1871, at St. Quentin). All this makes one laugh when one thinks that these two men were far from friends, that Thiers called Gambetta *"le fou furieux"* and Gambetta called Thiers *"le vieillard sinistre."*

On the whole it is safe to say that French words tend to be more long than the best English, but this does not mean that French can not be most terse in the way it says things and neat in thought. The German of this age, too, is less long than in the bad old days of the past.

It seems that the grand, strict rules of the best poets bring with them also short words—in English, of course, in French oft as well and e'en in German, which we tend to think of as a tongue with too much length of sound in each word. (Schiller's *Poesie* and Goethe's *Über allen Gipfeln* of the short poems show this well.)

THE SHORT WORD does not fit with old Greek, which is tight and neat, but has many sounds to each word. Take, *e.g.*, two odd quotes: Homer's *Odyssey*, Book VI, lines 41–46, has 42 words in the Greek, of which no less than 15 have more than two sounds. Murray's English (Loeb) has 63 and 5, Butcher and Lang 67 and 2, and Mackail's verse (a fine *tour de force*) 67 and 4. The first strophe of the Chorus in Sophocles' *Antigone* that begins πολλὰ τὰ δεινά has a mere 34 words but of these 13 have more than two sounds—the English verse (Storr, Loeb) 65 and 3.

We can find the same in Latin. Horace, Book I, Ode XXII (*Integer vitae*), has 98 words of which 37 have more than two sounds; the English prose (Bennet, Loeb) has no less than 157 words but a mere 11 of more than two sounds.

Of the English 15 are "the-s" or "a-s" which one does not find in Latin and of the 11 words that are more long all but half are names (*e.g.*, Lalage, Caucasus) in both tongues.

In English we can and should aim at words with one or two sounds in order to achieve a terse and taut phrase, but we should blame those who use strange words just for the sake of a short word. The Press is bad in this way. *The Times* calls an "Ambassador" an "Envoy" in head lines; it says "strike" in a head line, for the word is short. In the text it likes strange words of great length, which it thinks sound more rich, such as "industrial action" or "stoppage" for which there is nought to be said; but the worse case was when the *Times* in its text wrote of "military persons." In a head line it would have said "troops."

To end with, I feel bound to say that while it is good to strive for MON, we must not lame our tongue or put it on a crutch so that it has to move in jerks, dot and go one. English must be smooth and free to flex. In fact the best we can aim at is that we should not use words of more than two sounds.

[1] By French rules an "e mute" counts as a sound. The English would say that *"Cette belle dame"* had three sounds in all; in French there are six. I have used the "English" count.

India in Dispute

ONE COULD carry politeness a bit too far, which is exactly what Professor William Walsh has done regarding Indian Novelists in English [ENCOUNTER, October]. Instead of facing up to the obvious fact that most Indian creative writing in English is, at the very best, second-rate, he has gone on making agreeable noises about everybody, including in his list "a very distinguished Indian critic, C. D. Narasimhaiah." Anybody with some awareness of contemporary India will recognise *The Serpent and the Rope* for what it is; a cleverly contrived sham, making the best use of the myth of The Hoary Past, The Five Thousand Years of Tradition and Culture, The Eternal Immortal India, Forever Constant and Forever Changing, like The Flow of the Ganga from Times Immemorial. One could go on for ever (Raja Rao goes on for four hundred and eleven pages). It is all slightly sickening, and yet, it is these pseudo-Lawrencian metaphysical attitudinisations, based on bogus mysticism, that are apparently admired by Professor Walsh and taken up for specific praise. The pity of it all is that one is not quite sure that Professor Walsh is merely being nice. For aught I know, he may be deeply impressed with the whole stuff, though I take hope since I suspect he has not (sensibly enough) read the novel he is so lyrically eloquent about. The hero of *The Serpent and the Rope* is not Krishnan, but Rama. But this prosaic matter of fact is perhaps of no consequence when the subject under discussion is the Essence and the Being and the Soul and the Spirit of Immortal India.

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Sartre's Interview

I HAVE RECEIVED the September issue of ENCOUNTER and seen your translator's letter on page 94. May I point out that Jean-Paul Sartre's letter, as published in *Le Monde*'s issue of April 25th, 1964, was not addressed to the *paper* but to *"Madame," i.e.*, Jacqueline Piatier to whom the writer wanted to pay a personal tribute. Her original interview, as your publication suggests, was indeed excellent, and she deserves special mention.

CHARLES RONSAC

Opera Mundi,
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Alsace & Strasbourg

MAY ONE WHO lived in Strasbourg for thirteen years comment on F. R. Allemann's interesting and sympathetic treatment of an absorbing subject [ENCOUNTER, Nov. 1964]? I venture to think that he lays perhaps too little stress on the gradual Europeanisation of Strasbourg as an influence in the changing pattern of Alsace. This was slow in starting but in the last few years has taken quite a step forward. Much of this is due to the hard work and example of the Mayor, Pierre Pflimlin, but there are other deeper reasons.

For instance, Strasbourg not only has the Council of Europe with a 17-country membership: it also is the regular meeting place of the Six-Power Assembly, usually about six times a year. The presence of the Council of Europe and its extremely useful building has led to many European conferences taking place there which would otherwise go elsewhere. The University has a decided influx of foreign students, and there is a strong European slant to their work. The present Rector Magnificus, Dr. Angellos, is a noted *"Germaniste"* and the German language faculty at the University is excellent. Unilingualism, one must admit, is met with in many places: no country is more conservative in this respect than our own. It does not necessarily militate against learning a second language as all French children do after the transition from *sixième* to *cinquième*—the dividing line between primary and secondary education. Understandably there are more Alsatians to-day learning English than ever before, for which the twin influences of Americanism and the Council of Europe, whose second official language is English, may be held responsible. I do not personally think one can talk of Strasbourg save in terms of Kehl—the two towns are practically linked by the Rhine Bridge and a constant stream of workers and shoppers crosses the bridge daily, while the influx of German tourists into Strasbourg is formidable.

It is certainly right to think of Strasbourg as the bastion of French culture: just because of that it is strong enough to take the full tide of Europeanism of which the Germans and Anglo-Saxons form a substantial part. I found it difficult to follow Mr. Allemann at this point. My impression after fourteen years was of a territory devoted to France politically but increasingly proud of its European role. Strasbourg will never be as nationalistic as Brussels and therefore remains more fertile ground for the evolution of an active industrial and agricultural society set against a background of increasing European institutions. Like our forerunners of the League of Nations in Geneva, we in Strasbourg started by thinking in terms of our weekends in Paris. We changed very soon. There are very few who would wish to move the centre of Europeanism from Strasbourg today—either to Paris or Brussels.

Strasbourg and other principal towns, Colmar and Mulhouse, are made so continuously aware of their Europeanism that I do not see those who live there as culturally stagnant. Their character is cautious but they move around and their outlook is changing all the time. I would go so far as to say that the love-hate complex—French or German—is not only dead but transmuted. The old caterpillar has become the European butterfly.

COSMO RUSSELL

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Public Schools

IT SEEMS TO ME that there is an odd flaw in David Watt's interesting article on Public Schools [ENCOUNTER, May]. He writes as though the only non-State schools were the so-called public schools and as though all parents who opted for non-State education were influenced by snobbery or ambition.

The variety in the English educational system is remarkable— perhaps unique—and its more unconventional pioneers (hardly Tory-minded, since they include such figures as Bertrand and Dora Russell, Cecil Reddie, A. S. Neill, Kurt Hahn, Margaret Macmillan) have contributed much that has been later—much later—recognised and used by the State sector. Can one liquidate the Public Schools and put the State-over-all without limiting the freedom of private educational experiment? Certain benefits, one supposes, might follow if the State prohibited cigarettes, motorcycle licenses, foxhunting, night-clubs, shoddy films and periodicals and so on; but it is rightly held in this country that individual human freedom is, up to a point, more valuable than social righteousness.

Would Mr. Watt liquidate only Eton, Harrow, Marlborough and the rest, or would he also make it impossible for parents to have their children educated at places like Bedales, Bembridge, Dartington, Abbotsholme, Gordonstoun? At Quaker schools, vegetarian schools, Rudolf Steiner schools? Education, like the Press and art, cannot perform its creative and experimental functions if subjected to alien standards of politics and economics.

One may argue, of course, that to be able to send one's children to unconventional fee-paying schools is an "unfair" advantage (though the only "fair" society is a completely controlled—and hideously dull—one). Yet many of these non-conforming parents are less well-off than their working-class neighbours, while a high proportion of working-class parents have not yet begun to think of education as anything but a route to a good job and high pay, and scorn "progressive" schools.

Finally—I hold no special brief for the Public Schools, but I have observed just as much snobbery, conformism and false values among State products as I have among Etonians. Is this really a question of schooling?

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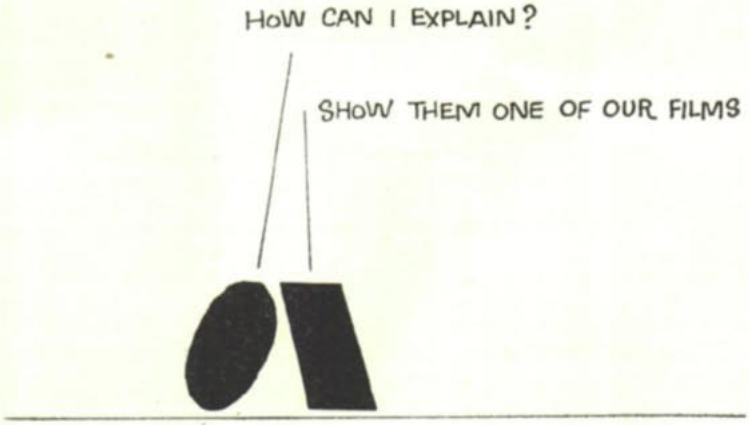

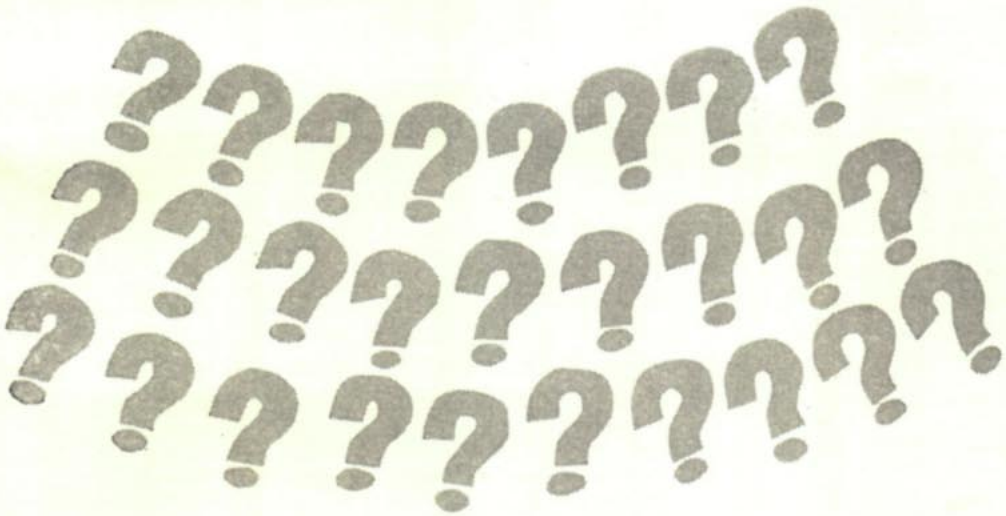

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